

THE
PERSIAN TALES.

A
NEW TRANSLATION,

From an Original VERSION of the
Indian Comedies of *MOCLES*.

WHEREIN
All the STORIES, formerly printed in Three
Volumes, are now reduced into One.

By *EDWARD BUTTON*, Gent.

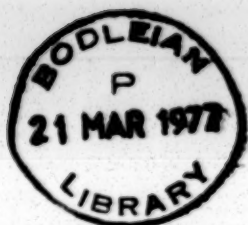
A Tale shou'd never be too long.

PRIOR.

D U B L I N :

Printed for G. and A. EWING, W. SMITH,
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M DCC LXI.



T O
Her ROYAL HIGHNESS
The Princess *ELIZABETH*,
Second Daughter of
Her ROYAL HIGHNESS
The Princess Dowager of *W A L E S*.

May it please YOUR HIGHNESS,

IT is with much diffidence I presume to publish this NEW TRANSLATION of the PERSIAN TALES, under your patronage : but when I recollect the many amiable accomplishments of your Royal Parents, and see them all united in their illustrious progeny ; I am apt to flatter myself, you will readily excuse this laudable ambition, of attempting to aspire to your favour.

MEN of genius and invention have, among civilized nations, in all ages, gained the favour and esteem of the great, the opulent, and the magnanimous. This author, tho' a *Mahometan*, has had the good fortune to merit the approbation, and en-

couragement, of the politest courts in CHRISTENDOM. He has not only been taught to speak all the oriental languages, but is made the darling of *Europe* ; carested in *France*, and admired in *England* : he, having found out the art of mingling pleasure with instruction ; takes us gently by the ear, and leads us imperceptibly on, to the end of our journey, without the least fatigue. At every stage he provides for us fresh entertainment ; and the road is all along beautified with the most agreeable objects ; so that the further we travel, the more we are delighted.

As he treats of the refined passions, he has always been introduced into the best company. They, and they only, are pleased with his conversation, whose souls are enlightened with the force of imagination ; who have time and capacities to reflect upon the many surprizing incidents which occur ; and will endeavour, as far as in their power lies, to equal fiction, by truth.

Who is so void of common sense, as not to observe, there are many young ladies of distinction, early taught to be very circumspect and curious in the exterior ornaments
of

of the body ; while the interior faculties of the mind are left unregarded ; barren, and uncultivated as a wilderness ?

BUT this is far from being the case of YOUR HIGHNESS, who is blessed with a tender and ROYAL GUARDIAN, nearly interested in your education ; whose first care is to inculcate the principles of virtue, and to leave nothing undone, which may add to the lustre of Your beauty, or is necessary for the support of Your high station.

IF, therefore, the following noble instances of friendship, constancy, benevolence, filial duty, and conjugal affection, may be deemed worthy of YOUR HIGHNESS's immediate perusal ; age will mature your parts, and lead you on to those spacious fields of learning, which afford more exercise, and superior delight.

WHAT may still further recommend the ensuing stories to YOUR HIGHNESS's protection, is, the masterly strokes of genius, judgment, and regularity, that run through the whole.

ALL the characters, sentiments, and pas-
A 3 sions,

fions, are deduced from nature. And though some of the incidents appear fabulous, and romantic, our author is herein less culpable, than any of the ancient and most celebrated writers of epic poetry.

NOTHING herein is advanced, which, in the least, tends to the prejudice of religion and virtue; for he, being thoroughly convinced, that the sincere discharge of moral and social duties, was the only means to ascertain peace of mind, and happiness in this life, has endeavour'd to inculcate those truly Christian principles, in the most exalted and most engaging manner imaginable.

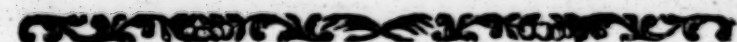
I HAVE nothing more to add, but my hearty prayers for the long continuation of YOUR HIGHNESS's life, and to subscribe myself, with the wth most submission,

YOUR HIGHNESS's

most humble, and

most obedient Servant,

The Translator.



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The INTERPRETATION of some Eastern
Words and Expressions which occur in
the Course of these T A L E S.

A.

A G A, the chief of the eunuchs.

Arafate, a mountain near *Mecca*, where sacrifices are made by the Mahometans, who believe that *Adam* and *Eve*, after they were turned out of paradise, one to the east, the other to the west, and had been in search of each other for 120 years, at length met on this mountain.

Afas, archers.

Ajeka, a tree which grows in the island of *Ceylon*, whose fruit is a great rarity, and exceeding wholesome.

Atemadoulet, the grand visier of *Persia*.

B.

Behind the curtain of chastity, the women's apartment, into which men are not suffered to enter.

Beringbusin, the Chinese name for the prophet *Jacmouny*.

Bouzes, priests.

C.

Casmire, a little kingdom, between the *Indies* and that of *Thebet*.

Calate, signifies a robe of honour in the *Arabic*, which in the *Turkish* language is called *caffetan*.

Cay-

Cayfaccattaddabri, a monster of the age.

Caoua, exempts.

Chourva, a kind of soup served up with bread in it.

Colao, the chancellor.

Canume, the same as princefs.

Cangiar, a dagger.

Capi-Aga, door-keeper of the king of *Persia*'s chamber.

Casoda, the king's chamber.

Casodali, *Persian* pages of honour.

Cocnos, a bird greatly esteemed.

D.

Debirkbassa, cabinet secretary.

Degala, the river *Tigris*.

Deffs, tabors.

F.

Faquirs, persons pretending to great austerities, but for the most part hypocrites.

Faquaa, a cooling liquor made of barley and raisins.

G.

Giulous, a feast kept on the day of the king's coronation.

H.

Hulla, a man who espouses a divorced woman.

Hamman, public baths.

Houries, the daughters of paradise, who, Mahomet promised, should never grow old.

Hadits, the proverbs of Mahomet.

Horde, a large number of tents, which make a city among the *Tartars*.

Jaxartes,

I.

Jaxartes, the river *Sibon*.

I divorce thee once, the form used by the eastern people when they put away their wives.

K.

Kenekba, a flowered damask.

Kesaya, an idol worshipped at *Casmire*.

L.

Lalla Ilallah, a cry which the *Persians* make at a funeral, signifying there is no other God but God.

M.

Masters were appointed; the sons-in-law of the kings have two mandarins for preceptors; and till such time as the king's daughter has a child, the husband pays homage to her on his knees four times a day.

Mabramas, napkins.

Martabani, green china ware.

N.

Nayb, the cady's deputy.

Nine Hells, the *Chinese* believe there are 9 hells, thro' which our souls pass before they come again into the world.

O.

Oda Bacchi, master of the pages.

P.

Prince of the faithful, the title of the califfs.

R.

Thy Rose, The eastern people believe the nightingale is in love with the rose.

Rommanaschi, a food made of pomegranate seeds.

Rice-wine, of an amber colour, as strong as *Spanish* wine.

S.

Schirbeha, the sum of money which the bridegroom pays the father for his daughter or intended wife.

Serendib, the island of *Ceylon*.

Seal of Solomon, to which the Mahometans attribute wonderful virtues.

T.

Talagaija, a tree bearing a berry, of which women make necklaces.

Tambouras, small lutes, with a long neck, chiefly made use of to accompany voices.

Tziberica, a fish near five feet long, in taste resembling salmon.

X.

Xaca, whose disciples held there were no future rewards or punishments.

Z.

Zuluffis, the six officers over the king's pages.



T H E

PERSIAN TALES.

TOGRULBEY, formerly the king of *Cas-*
mire, had two children ; a son and a daugh-
 ter. The prince's name was *Farrukrouz*, a
 young hero, adorned with every good quality. His
 sister, *Farruknaz* was exceeding beautiful, and might very
 well pass for a *Venus* : Nay, she was so superlatively fair,
 and her looks so bewitching, that she inspired love into
 all men who beheld her ; whose passions proved fatal ;
 for most of them lost their senses, or fell into despair,
 which imperceptibly occasioned their destruction.

WHENEVER she went abroad to take the diversion
 of hunting, she appeared unveiled. The people fol-
 lowed her in numbers, and expressed the great pleasure,
 with which they were affected at the sight of her, by
 their loud acclamations. She commonly rode on a
 white *Tartarian* horse, speckled with crimson spots, in
 the midst of a hundred slaves, that were all likewise
 unveiled, and mounted on black horses ; who, altho'

B

they

they might every one of them pass for women of uncommon beauty ; yet their mistress alone, engaged the attention of all the spectators. Every person was eager to approach her, regardless of the number of guards with which she was encompassed. The soldiers, with drawn sabres, could not keep the croud at a distance. In vain they wounded ! In vain they killed those who approached too near her ; a fresh supply of unfortunate gazers continually succeeded, and seemed to die with pleasure under the eyes of the princess.

TOGRULBEY, much affected with the calamities which were drawn upon his subjects by the charms of *Farruknaz*, resolved to keep her from the sight of men. Accordingly, he commanded her not to stir out of the palace ; so that she was no more seen by the people. Nevertheless, the report of her surprising beauty, was industriously spread over all the east. Kings and princes were enamoured by the voice of fame. In a short time intelligence was brought to *Casmire*, that all the courts of *Asia* were sending ambassadors, to demand the princess in marriage. Before they arrived, she dreamed a dream, which gave her an aversion to all men in general. In her sleep she saw a stag taken in the toils, and disintangled by a hind ; the same hind, soon after falling into the like snare, instead of being assisted, was by the same stag abandoned.

FARRUKNAZ awaking, was exceedingly affected with her dream ; and looked upon it to be ominous. She imagined the great *Kesava* himself was instrumental to her destiny ; that he intended by these presages, to make her believe, that all men were traitors, and repaid
th

the tenderneſs and affection of the female ſex, with ſlight and ingratitude.

PREPOSSESSED with theſe notions, and dreading her being given up to ſome one of the princes, whoſe ambaffadors were daily expected, *Farruknaz* applied to the king her father; and without telling him, how much her heart was ſet againſt men, conjured him upon her knees, never to diſpoſe of her in marriage againſt her own conſent. *Togrulbey*, moved by her tears, replied, “ No, daughter, I will never force your inclination; and tho’ it is uſual to marry perſons of your quality, without conſulting them, I ſwear by *Kesaya*, that no prince, not even the heir of the *Sultan* of the *Indies*, ſhall ever eſpouſe you without your conſent.” The princeſs, well acquainted with the ſolemnity of this oath, retired with a joyful heart; but at the ſame time determined within herſelf never to marry.

SOON after, ambaffadors arrived from ſeveral courts. Every one pleaded the alliance of his principal, and boated the ſuperior merit of the prince, whom he was ſent to propoſe. *Togrulbey* behaved with great politeneſs to all of them; but declared to them at the ſame inſtant, that his daughter’s hand was at her own diſpoſal; and he had ſworn by *Kesaya*, that he would not give her in marriage againſt her own inclination. The princeſs having previously reſolved to reſuſe all offers, the ambaffadors returned full of concern for the ill ſucceſs of their embaffy.

TOGRULBEY obſerving they departed with grief, began to be apprehenſive his daughter’s obſtinacy

would induce their respective masters to become his enemies, and reflecting that the oath he had taken might occasion a future war, he instantly sent for his daughter's nurse. "*Sutlumemè*," says he, "I must tell you, I'm under great uneasiness, on account of my daughter's conduct. What can be the reason of her aversion to marriage? Have you instilled into her these notions; speak?" My liege, replies the nurse, "I am no enemy to man; and this aversion of her's proceeds from a dream. A dream!" says the king, much surpris'd! "What is it you tell me? and pausing a while, "he adds, no, no, I can't believe you. No dream could ever have the power to make so strong an impression upon her." The nurse hereupon told him the dream, adding, this, my lord, this is the dream which so strongly works upon the princess's imagination.

THE king's amazement increased by this discourse, not being able to conceive, how the foregoing dream could so powerfully operate upon the disposition of *Farruknaz*. My dear *Sutlumemè*, says he, how shall we contrive to conquer this distrust, with which the mind of the princess is prepossessed? Is it possible to bring her to reason? My lord, says she, leave the management of this affair to me, and doubt not of success. "By what means do you propose to bring it about, says *Togrulbey*?" I have furnished my memory, replies the nurse, with a great variety of entertaining stories, the relating of which will not only divert the princess, but at the same time take off the ill opinion she has conceived of man. By shewing her that there have been many faithful lovers; she shall insensibly be made to believe, there are such still living in the world. The king approved

approved the project; and the nurse had nothing now to do, but to find out the most favourable opportunities of putting it into practice.

FARRUKNAZ commonly passed the afternoon with her father, the prince her brother, and all the princesses of the court, to hear the slaves who lived in the palace sing and play upon all manner of musical instruments. *Sutlumemè*, therefore thought the morning the most proper season for her design, and fixed upon those hours, which the princess set apart for bathing: accordingly, the day following, as soon as *Farruknaz* went into the bath, the nurse addressing her, said, I have a story replete, with events of an extraordinary nature; if my princess will allow me to tell it for her entertainment, I doubt not but it will prove diverting. The princess, not so much to satisfy her own curiosity, as to oblige her women, who begged to hear the story, ordered *Sutlumemè* to begin, which she did in manner following.



The History of ABOULCASEM *of* BASRA.

IT is allowed by all historians that the *Califf Haroun Arraschid* would have been the most polite, as well as the most powerful prince of his time, if he had not been insupportably vain, and much addicted to anger. He would frequently say, there was no prince in the universe had so much generosity as himself.

GIAFAR, his prime visier, no longer able to bear his vain boasting, took the liberty of accosting him

thus : My lord and sovereign ! Monarch of the earth ! let not your slave offend you, in representing to you the folly of praising yourself. Leave this to the strangers that croud to your court, and to your own subjects. Let them tell forth your good qualities. Let it content you, that the last of these are proud of being born in your dominions ; and that the first look upon it as their greatest happiness to have quitted their native country, and live under your protection.

HAROUN provoked at the visier's speech, looked at him with an angry countenance, and demanded of him to say, whether he knew any prince to compare with him for generosity. Yes, my lord, answered the visier, there is a young man in the city of *Basra*, whose name is *Aboulcasem*, who, tho' a private person, yet lives in greater magnificence than your majesty, and is more generous. At this the califf's eyes sparkled with indignation. Art thou ignorant, says he, that a subject who tells his sovereign a lye, is guilty of death. I speak the truth, replies *Giafar*. The last time I was at *Basra*, I saw this person, and went to his palace, where, my eyes, tho' accustomed to view your treasures, were astonished at his riches ; where my soul was charmed with his generous behaviour. At these words *Arraschid* became outrageous, and raising his voice, insolent slave, says he, to bring a private man into comparison with me ! Your impudence shall not go unpunished : then making a sign for the captain of his guards to advance, he commanded him to seize the visier, and retired to the apartment of his wife, the princess of *Zobeide*, who observing him in a rage, said. My lord, What is the matter ?

matter? Who has caused your anger? He informed her of all that happened, and complained of his minister's insolence. The queen, a princess of great discretion, represented to him, that he ought to stifle his resentment for a while, and send somebody to *Basra*, to enquire into the truth of the matter. If it proved false, the visier should be punished; if otherwise, it would be unjust to treat him as a criminal.

THE califf's anger was thus abated. He approved of *Zobeide's* advice, and said, I will yet do more. The person whom I intrust with this affair, may, perhaps, have an aversion to *Giafar*, and impose upon me; I therefore will myself go to *Basra* incog. and know the truth; I can get acquainted with this young man, whose generosity is so notorious, and if what has been related proves true in fact, I will heap favours upon my minister; but I swear if he has advanced what is not true, his life shall pay for it. *Arraschid*, pursuant to this resolution, went privately from his palace by night, mounted a horse, and began his journey, without suffering any of his courtiers to attend him. When he came to *Basra*, he put up at the first inn he met with, where he was received by a grave old host. Father, says he, is it true, that there dwells in this city a young man, whose name is *Aboulcasem*, who surpasses emperors for his grandeur and generosity? Yes, sir, answers the host. If I had a hundred mouths, and every mouth as many tongues, I should not be able to tell all his generous actions. The califf weary with his journey, and wanting sleep, betook himself to his bed.

He rose early the next morning, and walked about the city till the sun arose. At length coming to a taylor's shop, he enquired for the dwelling of *Aboulcasem*. Whence come you, says the taylor? You must be an entire stranger in *Basra*, indeed! not to know *Aboulcasem's* house, which is better known than the palaces of kings. The califf answered, I am an utter stranger; and know no soul in the city: You will oblige me, in sending one of your domesticks to shew me the way to this great man's house. The taylor instantly order'd one of his apprentices to conduct him thither. The mansion was very large, built of hewn stone, with a portal of green marble. The prince entering the court, saw a great number, as well slaves as freemen, diverting themselves at their sports, while they waited their master's orders. He called up one of them, and said, Brother, I request you to go and tell your lord, that a stranger desires to speak with him. The slave seeing that *Haroun* was no mean person, ran to his master, who immediately came into the court to receive the stranger, took him by the hand, and led him into a spacious hall. Here the califf said to this young man, whom he had heard so well spoken of; "Sir, I came hither on purpose to see, whether you deserved the encomiums which are so lavishly bestowed." *Aboulcasem* very modestly replied to his Compliment, and seating him upon a sofa, demanded from what country he came, what was his profession, and where he lodged? The emperor made answer; I am a merchant of *Bagdad*, and have taken up my lodging at the first inn which I came to on my entering into the city.

AFTER

AFTER a ſhort converſation, there enter'd into the Hall twelve white pages, who carried vaſes of agate, and rock cryſtal, enriched with precious ſtones, and filled with the moſt exquisite liquors. They were followed by twelve ſhe-ſlaves, extremely beautiful, ſome of which had in their hands *Cbina* baſons, heaped up with various fruits and flowers; others bore boxes of gold, containing conſerves of a delicate flavour. The pages taſted the liquors before they delivered them to the califf. He taſted of them, and tho' he had been before acquainted with the moſt delicious liquors which were produced in the eaſt, he confeſſed, he had never taſted the like. Dinner at hand, *Aboulcaſem*, conducted the ſtranger into another apartment, where there was a table furniſhed with the choiceſt diſhes, ſerved up in gold-plate.

DINNER over, the young man took the califf by the hand, and led him into a third room, more richly adorned than the two former. He had ſcarcely ſeated himſelf, before there came in a vaſt number of golden veſſels, enriched with diamonds, and filled with all ſorts of wines, accompanied with chargers of *Cbina*, full of dry ſweet-meats. While the prince and his hoſt regaled themſelves with the moſt exquisite wines, ſingers and miſtreſs entered, and a concert of muſic began, with which *Haroun* was tranſported. "I have, ſays he, (aſide) in my own palace, very extraordinary voices, but muſt confeſs, they are not comparable to theſe; but I'm aſtoniſhed to comprehend, how a private Perſon ſhould be able to bear the expence of this magnificence." The prince more particularly attentive to one voice, with the ſweetneſs of which he was raviſhed; *Aboulcaſem* left him, but

returned in a Moment, with a wand in one Hand, in the other a tree, the trunk of which was of maffy Silver; the branches and leaves of emerald, and the fruit, with which the branches were loaded, was rubies. The pourtraiture of a peacock, finely wrought in gold, was placed upon the top of the tree, whose body was filled with amber, aloes, and other rich perfumes. This tree, he placed at the feet of the Emperor, and with his wand touched the peacock's head, who, instantly spread out his wings and tail, whirling round with surprizing velocity: As he moved round, the perfumed effluvia issued from the pores of his body, and dispersed grateful odours around the room.

Now the califf's attention was wholly employed on the peacock and the tree; but observing his steady attention, *Aboulcassim* carried them suddenly away. *Arraschid*, a little provoked at his host's behaviour, and reflecting upon the cause of it, imagined that *Giafar* was mistaken in him, when he gave him the character of a polite and generous young gentleman.

WHILE his thoughts were busied in this manner, *Aboulcassim* returned into the hall, and brought with him a little page, who was exceeding beautiful, and arrayed in cloth of gold embroidered with pearls and diamonds, who held in his hand a cup made out of a single ruby, full of wine of a purple colour. He was ordered to approach the califf, where prostrating himself upon the floor, he presented to him the cup, which the prince accepted, and drank, and returned it to the page: But to his great surprize perceived that it still continued as full as it was before. He instantly took it back again, and drank it up; but on its being returned to the page, saw it full again.

Haroun.

Haroun amazed at this Incident, forgot the tree and the peacock ; and deſired to know by what means this wonder could be effected. *Aboulcaſem* only replied, that the cup was the handywork of an experienced ſage, who had dived into the arcana of nature ; and taking the page by the hand, led him off, and left the prince a ſecond time abruptly. The califf diſpleaſed, thought within himſelf, that the young man was certainly touched in his brain ; to bring him curioſities, which he took pleaſure in looking at, and inſtantly ſnatch them away from his ſight. Well, *Giaſar*, ſays he to himſelf, I will teach you to make a better judgment of mankind ! He began now to think meanly of his hoſt, when he entered a third time, followed by a damſel covered with jewels of all kinds, whoſe beauty by far excelled her attire. The califf was ſtruck with amazement at the ſight of ſo divine an object. On making her obeſſance, and drawing nearer, ſhe charmed him ſtill more. He bid her ſit down ; and *Aboulcaſem* called for a lute, which was made of the wood of aloes and ſantal, of ivory and ebony. He put the inſtrument into her hand, which the fair ſlave play'd upon ſo exquisitely fine, that *Haroun*, who was himſelf a good judge, cried out in exceſs of paſſion ; Oh ! young man ! how worthy of envy is thy ſituation ! even the commander of the faithful is not ſo happy ! But as ſoon as *Aboulcaſem* perceived that his gueſt was ſo much delighted with the damſel, he led her off likewise. This gave the califf freſh occaſion for reſentment. He could ſcarce contain himſelf within due bounds ; however, on the young gentleman's return, they paſſed the time agreeably enough till ſun-ſetting ; when *Haroun* ſaid to him ;

“ Sir, I admire your behaviour : I am confounded at the
 “ entertainment

"entertainment you have given me: Give me leave to retire: I wish you a good repose." *Aboulcasem* bowed with an air of condescension, and without opposing his intention in the least, waited upon him to the door, and asked his pardon for not entertaining him according to his quality.

As the califf was returning to his inn, contemplating the magnificence in which *Aboulcasem* lived, he seemed very much to call his generosity in question; and thought the visier had no reason to make the aforesaid comparison: For, said he, has this man made me the least present? Tho' I was lavish in the commendation of the tree, of the cup, of the page, and of the damsel. My admiration certainly ought to have caused him to make an offer of one of 'em. This man, I perceive, has no other quality but ostentation: 'Tis true, he takes pleasure in shewing his riches; but for what reason? Why, only to gratify his pride and vanity: I am not at present inclined to pardon *Giafar* for the lye he imposed upon me.

BIG with these reflections, he enters the inn: But how great was his surprize! He there found several pieces of rich tapestry, magnificent tents, pavilions, a great number of slaves, and freemen, fine horses, mules, and camels; and more valuable to him than all these, the tree, the peacock, the beautiful slave with the lute, and the little page with the cup.

ALL the servants prostrated themselves before him, and the damsel presented to him a roll of silk paper, in which was wrote as follows:

"OH!

“ Oh ! my dear, my amiable guest, whom I have
 “ not as yet the honour to know. I’m fearful I have
 “ not received you with that regard which is your due.
 “ In your own goodness, let me implore you to forget
 “ and forgive all faults I have been guilty of in my en-
 “ tertainment, and not punish me with the refusal of
 “ those trifles I herewith send you. The tree, the cup,
 “ the peacock, the page, and the little slave, were
 “ your’s of course, because you admired them ; for
 “ when any thing pleases my guests, it is no longer
 “ mine, but from that moment becomes their own pro-
 “ perty.”

WHEN the califf had read this letter, he began to ap-
 plaud the liberality of his host, and was convinced within
 himself, that he had judged too rashly. Millions of
 blessings, said he, fall upon *Giafar* ! To him alone I
 owe my reformation ! Ah ! *Haroun*, pride thyself no
 more in thy magnanimity ! No more boast of thy gene-
 rosity ! One of thy own subjects excels thee in both !
 But recollecting how a private person should be able to
 make such presents, he thought it necessary to ask, how
Aboulcasem came by such vast riches, and resolved not
 to return to *Bagdad* before he was satisfied in this par-
 ticular. How comes it to pass, says he, that a subject
 should live in greater affluence than his sovereign ?

RESOLVED to satisfy his curiosity, he leaves all his
 domesticks at the inn, and hastens to the young man’s
 house, where, finding him alone, Oh ! too generous
Aboulcasem, says he, the presents you have made me are
 of so considerable value, that I fear, by accepting them,
 I shall abuse your good nature. Permit me, therefore,

to return them, and accompany me to *Bagdad*, where I will publish your greatness of soul, and unparalleled magnificence.

SIR, says *Aboulcasem*, with a dejected look, if you refuse my presents, some of my actions have given you offence. No, replies the prince; heaven be witness that I am charmed with your politeness; but your presents are too costly. They surpass even those of kings; and if you will be advised by me, reflect that your wealth may one day fail, from your boundless generosity. Sir, answered the young man smiling, I'm overjoyed to find that you do not refuse my presents on account of any misbehaviour of mine, with regard to you: To make you, therefore, more inclinable to accept of them, I must inform you, that I can every day give away the like, and far richer, without any personal inconvenience. You, perhaps, may be amazed at this Assertion; but your wonder will cease, when you hear the adventures of my life.

HERE he led *Haroun* into an apartment a thousand times richer than any he had before entered. The room was exquisitely perfumed. At the upper end there was erected a throne of massy gold, with silk tapestry before the foot-stool. *Akraschid* now fancied himself in the palace of some more powerful monarch. The young man obliged him to mount the throne, and seating himself by his side, he began the account in the words following.

The Life and Adventures of ABOULCASEM.

MY father was a jeweller of *Cairo*, whose name was *Abdelaziz* : He had amassed vast riches ; and fearing that he might one day fall a sacrifice to the avarice of the sultan of *Egypt*, he quitted his native country, and settled here, where he married the only daughter of the wealthiest merchant in this city. Of this marriage I am the sole issue, and by inheriting all my father's riches, together with my mother's, after their decease, I found myself exceedingly opulent. I was very young when they died, and finding I had enough to gratify the prodigality of my temper, I was so very extravagant, that in less than three years I spent my whole patrimony. Then, Sir, I began, tho' too late, to be sensible of my error. After this, I quitted *Basra*, determining to retire elsewhere, and spend the remainder of my days in obscurity. I imagined my deplorable situation would be more supportable among strangers than among my acquaintance. Accordingly I sold my house, and joined myself to a caravan of merchants, with whom I went as far as *Mouzel* ; from thence to *Damas* ; and arrived at last at *Grand Cairo*. On my first entrance, the beauty of the houses, with the grandeur of the mosques, caused my surprize ; but soon reflecting that I now was in the city where my father was born, tears trickled down my cheeks : I sigh'd deeply, and said to myself ; Oh ! my father, was your now alive to see the wretched condition of your son, in that very place where you enjoyed a fortune to be envied, How vast must be your grief ?

BRO with these reflections which pierced my very soul, I went to the banks of the *Nile*, and found myself behind the sultan's palace, where I saw a young lady in the window, with whose beauty I was charmed. I gazed, she perceived it, and retired. Night approaching, I took a lodging in the neighbourhood. I had little sleep: the beauteous object was always before me, and I became deeply enamour'd of her. I wish'd a thousand times I had never seen her, and that she had never seen me. The day following I placed myself again under her window; but she did not appear. This caused me great anxiety, but did not in the least discourage my intention. The day after I returned again, and was more successful. She appeared, and seeing my eyes earnestly fixed upon her; Insolent man, says she, are you ignorant that your sex is forbidden to stay under the window of this palace? Fly away, for if the sultan's officers see you, they will put you to death. Regardless of fear, I fell prostrate on the ground, and rising, said, Madam, I am a stranger: I know not the customs of *Cairo*, and tho' I was ever so well acquainted with them, your beauty would put it out of my power to shew any regard to them. Rash man, says she, tremble lest I should send for some slaves to punish your insolence; and then disappeared.

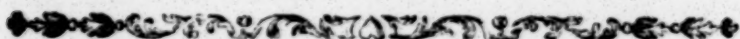
I EXPECTED to be seized by the guards every minute, but insensible of the danger, returned slowly to my lodgings. It is not to be conceived, how much I suffered this night. My brains were on fire, and my thoughts confounded. At length I dropped into a dose, and lost myself for some minutes; when I awaked, the hopes of once more beholding the fair object, and to
be

be looked upon by her with a more favourable eye, which I had little reaſon to expect, abated the rage of my diſtemper. I went again the following day to the banks of the *Nile*, and poſted myſelf on the very ſame ſpot, as I had done before. The young lady inſtantly appeared, but gave me ſuch a look, as made me tremble. “ Wretch ! ſays ſhe, How dare you return hither, after the menaces which I have pronounced ; away ! once more moved by compaſſion, I tell you, that if you do not get away in a moment, your fate is inevitable. Tremble, audacious youth ! the lightning is ready to ſtrike you dead. Inſtead of going off, I gazed upon her the more, with actions full of tenderneſs, and replied : O, faireſt of women ! Can you imagine, that a wretch like me, is afraid to die ? alas ! I had much rather die than live, if I live not for you. Since you are ſo obſtinate, replies ſhe ; Go, and ramble about the city till night, then return hither again. This ſaid, ſhe vaniſhed, leaving me tranſported with love and joy.

I QUITTED my ſtation ; the pleaſure of expectation obliterated all my miſfortunes. This aſſignation made me ample amends for all my former inadvertencies. I went home, and employed the whole day, in perfuming, and decking myſelf out to the beſt advantage. When night came on, conducted by love, I found my way thither in the dark ; where was a rope hanging down from the window, by the help of which I gained admittance into my charmer’s apartment. I went thro’ two chambers, and came into a third, which was magnificently furniſhed, in the middle of which a throne of maſſy ſilver was erected : but neither the curioſities, nor coſtly furniture, had the leaſt effect upon me. The lady

lady alone took up all the faculties of my mind, and oh! sir, sure never eyes beheld so beautiful an object?

SHE obliged me to sit upon the throne, and placing herself by me, demanded who I was. I told my story with the utmost sincerity, which she listened to with the strictest attention. On perceiving her touched with my unhappy circumstances, my love increased to such a degree as is not to be expressed. Madam, said I to her, How miserable soever I am, I have no longer reason to complain, since you have condescended to pity my misfortunes. She owned that if I was smitten at the sight of her, she likewise was pleased in looking at me; and added, since you, sir, have informed me of your history, you shall not be ignorant of mine.



The History of DARDANE.

I WAS born at *Damas*, and my name is *Dardané*; my father was one of the prince's visiers who now reigns there, whose name was *Behrouz*. He was a minister who made the good of the people, and the honour of his master, the motives of all his actions. Such as were governed by other principles became his enemies, and did him all the ill offices which they could with his royal master. By these means *Behrouz*, after many years service, was banished the court, and retired to a house near the gates of the City, where his whole time was taken up in my education: but alas! he did not live to see it perfected; for I was a child when he died. Soon after my mother turned all his effects into ready cash, and was so unnatural as to sell even me to
a mer-

a merchant who dealt in slaves; and then went to the *Indies*, with a young man whom she loved; and the merchant carried me with several other slaves to *Cairo*. We were all richly clothed, and when he presented us to the sultan of *Egypt*, he seemed to take a particular liking to my person. He came from his throne to me with expressions full of commendations of my beauty. Then turning to the merchant: My friend, says he, so long as you have furnished me with slaves, you never brought me one so beautiful as this before. Make your own price; I can never pay too dear for so lovely a creature. In short, the prince overjoyed, paid the merchant a large sum for me, and sent him away with his other slaves: then calling the chief of his eunuchs; *Keydkabir*, says he, conduct this sun into a separate apartment. I no sooner entered, but several slaves, both old and young, came to me; some presenting rich attire; others bringing refreshments of all kinds, and the rest with lutes to play upon for my diversion.

I HAD not been here long, before the sultan came to visit me, and to make a declaration of his love. The rude and artless answers which fell from me, instead of causing his displeasure, increased his passion, and I became his favourite sultaneß. This created a jealousy in all the slaves who thought themselves equal to me in beauty; and you cannot conceive by what various artifices they have, for these three years, endeavoured to work out my destruction. But their malice has hitherto been defeated by my prudent conduct: It is not that I am content with my situation, for I do not love the sultan, and am not ambitious of grandeur. The vexations I create in my rivals, by the
pre-

precautions I take, give me far greater pleasure than the love of the sultan, tho' I must allow he is an amiable prince. And whether we are not masters of our own inclinations, or that my heart was by fate set apart for you, believe me, sir, you are the first man I ever looked upon with pleasure. On this frank confession, I vowed eternal love, and pressed her no longer to delay my happiness. The eagerness of my passion, expressed in the most moving accents, began to melt her down into tenderness. But oh! in the very instant she consented to yield to my desires, we were surprised with a loud knocking at the chamber door. O heavens, says the lady, I am betrayed! It is the sultan himself! If the cord had been fastened to the window of the room in which we were, I might have escaped; but the sultan was now in that chamber, out of which hung the cord. All I could do toward my safety was to hide myself under the throne; while *Dardané* opened the door.

THE sultan entered in a furious manner, attended by several black eunuchs with flambeaux in their hands. Wicked woman, says he, What man have you here? He was seen to climb up by a rope to your window, which hangs here still! The lady was struck speechless; her fear rendered it impossible for her to think of proper expedients. Search well about, says the sultan; the villain shall not escape my vengeance. The slaves soon found me out, and dragged me on the floor to their master. Impudent wretch, says he, Are there not women enough in *Cairo* to satiate your lust? Do you pay no regard to my palace? Fear confounded me. I knew not where I was; and I believe, sir, if you had been at *Bagdad*, and the great *Haroun Arraschid* should have

have caught you in his ſeraglio, you would not at that inſtant have been maſter of your reaſon. The ſultan drew his ſabre, to gratify his revenge. I continued kneeling before him, expecting immediate death. But in the very inſtant he was going to take off my head, there entered an old mulatto lady, who prevented the ſtroke. What, ſir, are you about, ſays ſhe? Don't you ſtrike theſe wretchès; ſtain not your hands with the blood of the vulgar. They are unworthy that honour, and ſince one of them has had the insolence to be wanting in his duty to you, and the other to betray you, give orders for their being both thrown into the Nile. The ſultan followed the old lady's advice, and the eunuchs caſt us headlong from the window of a tower into the river. I was ſtunned with the fall, but ſoon recovered my ſenſes, and, with much difficulty, gained the ſhore. After this eſcape I began to reflect upon the fate of the young lady, which terror had for ſome time made me forget. I inſtantly leaped into the river, and ſwimming with the ſtream endeavoured with all my might to diſcover, if poſſible, the corps of this unfortunate lady; but finding my ſtrength decay, I was obliged to get to land, and ſave a life, which I had hazarded to no purpoſe. Perſuaded within myſelf that the favourite ſultaneſs was drowned, I wept bitterly. Alas! ſaid I, Had it not been for me, the fair *Dardani* had been yet alive! Hating the ſight of *Cairo*, after this unlucky adventure, I took the road toward *Bagdad*.

AFTER a few days journey I came to the foot of a mountain, late one evening, near which ſtood a town of conſiderable note. I laid myſelf down upon the bank of a rivulet, to paſs the night. I ſlept well, by
which

which rest my mind was quieted, and my strength restored. At the rising of the sun I awaked, and heard somebody groan at a small distance ; on listening, I perceived it to be the complaints of some woman that had been ill used. I made directly towards the place, and saw a man at work with a pick-axe and spade, making a pit in the ground. I hid myself behind a bush to watch his motions. When he had made the hole deep enough, I saw him lay something in it, cover it up, and go away. The sun being now risen, I went to that same spot of earth to satisfy my curiosity. I took out some of the mould, and discovered a large sack of linen cloth all bloody, in which was a young woman just expiring. I readily distinguished by her dress, tho' much stained with blood, that she was some person of quality. Struck with horror ! What cruel wretch ! said I, has dealt so inhumanly by this young lady ? The lady, whom I thought past recovery, hearing my exclamations, said to me, O Mussulman ! be charitable and assist me. Give me a drop of water to quench my thirst, and ease the bitterness of my pain. I ran instantly to the fountain, filled my turban with water, and brought it to her. She drank, and opening her eyes, fixed them full upon me. O young man, said she, whom providence hath sent to my relief, help me to stop the blood ; if thou can'st save my life, thou shalt not repent it. I took my turban to pieces, and tore off a part of my garment, to bind up her wounds. Finish, said she, the charitable work, bear me into the town, and take me to a surgeon. Fair lady, replied I, I'm a perfect stranger, and have no acquaintance in the town. Should I be asked how I came to be found with a damsel almost deprived of life, What shall

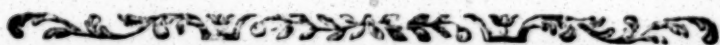
shall I answer? Say, replied she, I am your sister. Fear not the consequence.

I CARRIED the lady into the city upon my shoulders, and went with her to lodge at an inn, where I ordered her to be put into a bed with all speed, and sent for a surgeon to probe her wounds; who assured me, they were neither mortal, nor dangerous, and that he would recover her in a month. While she was in a mending condition, she wrote a letter, and delivered it to me, saying, Go to the place where the merchants assemble, there enquire out *Mabyar*, give him that letter, take what he gives you and return. I soon found out the gentleman, who read the letter with great attention, kissed it, and placed it upon his head. This done, he took out two purses filled with sequins of gold, and delivered them to me. I went immediately back to the lady, who ordered me to hire a house, and we both went to live in it. When we were settled, she wrote a second letter to *Mabyar*, who gave me four purses filled with pieces of gold. By the lady's order I now bought wearing apparel for her and my self, with a number of slaves to attend us.

I PASSED for her brother, and lived with her as if I had been so in reality. Notwithstanding her charms, *Dardané* employ'd all my thoughts: Nay, I would have quitted this lady, but she begged of me to stay, saying, Have patience, I have yet occasion for your service. You shall soon know who I am, and fear not, but I shall be able to recompence your good offices. I continued with her, and out of pure generosity did every thing which of me was required. I longed to know how she came to be assassinated; but it was in vain; I requested of her to tell me her history.

history. Go, says she, one day, giving me a purse of sequins, find out a merchant whose name is *Namabran*; tell him you come to buy some rich stuffs: He will shew you several sorts; chuse out of them some pieces, and pay his own price for them; then shew him the highest Respect, and bring me the stuffs. I found *Namabran* sitting in his shop. I saw a man of exquisite features, with short crisped hair, black as jet. He had in his ears pendants, and large diamonds on his fingers. I sat down by him, and asked him to shew me some stuffs: he opened several pieces, of which I chose three. He fixed a price upon them, which I paid; and taking my leave in the most respectful manner, I gave the goods to be carried home by my slave. Two days after, the lady gave me another purse to buy more stuffs; but remember, added she, not to stand with him about the price. As soon as the merchant saw me, and I had mentioned my business, he brought me his richest stuffs, out of which I took what pleased me best, threw down my purse, and desired him to take what he thought convenient. Pleased with my generosity, he desired I would honour him with my company some day to dinner. I readily consented, and said, To-morrow, Sir, if you please: and he replied, I should highly oblige him. On bringing this news to the lady, she fell into transports of joy. Fail not to go, said she, and invite him to your lodgings the next day. I will provide a sumptuous entertainment. I knew not what to make of this her excess of joy on the occasion. I saw she had some design in her heart, tho' I could not guess what. I was punctual in going to dine with the merchant, who entertained me elegantly. Before we parted I told him my place of abode

abode, and hoped he would accept of a treat from me the day following. He came to his time, and we ſpent the evening together. The lady kept herſelf concealed during the whole repaſt. As ſhe deſired me to amuſe *Namabran*, and not to ſuffer him to return home that night, I ſtayed him in oppoſition to his will, and we drank till midnight, when I waited on him to a chamber. Hear I took my leave, and retired to my own apartment. I had not been long aſleep before the lady awaked me. She held in one hand a torch, and a dagger in the other. Arife, young man, ſaid ſhe, come and ſee thy gueſt weltering in his blood. I got on my clothes in an inſtant, followed her into the merchant's room, and ſeeing him extended breathleſs upon the bed, ah! barbarous woman, ſaid I, How could you commit ſo horrid a crime! How could you make me instrumental to your rage! Young man, answered ſhe, grieve not, you have aſſiſted me to be revenged upon a traitor. He is the cauſe of all my miſfortunes, which I ſhall relate.



The fatal Effects of JEALOUSY.

THE king of this city is my father. Going one day to the publick baths, I caſt my eye upon *Namabran*, as he was ſitting in his ſhop. I was inſtantly ſtruck with his beauty, and could not drive him out of my thoughts. I endeavoured to combat my paſſion, and flattered myſelf I ſhould be able to conquer my love by the aſſiſtance of reaſon: but alas! all my endeavours prov'd vain. My paſſion grow-

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ing

ing more violent, threw me into a fit of sickness, which would have certainly killed me, had not my governess been better skilled in the cause of my distemper than the physicians. She discovered the true source of my indisposition. I related to her the manner of my falling in love, and by what she picked out of my words, she became convinced that I was passionately fond of this miscreant. She pitied my condition, and promised me her assistance to relieve my misery. In consequence of this promise, the one night found means to introduce the young merchant into the seraglio in the apparel of a woman, and led him to my apartment. The sight of him raised transports in my heart, and I had also the pleasure to observe that he was no less transported at his good fortune. I kept him here several days concealed in my closet, and my governess conducted him out again with the same success she introduced him. Under this disguise he made me frequent visits. One day I took it into my head to pay him a visit in my turn, and pleas'd myself with the thoughts of surprising him, not doubting but to make him sensible of my fondness for him. Accordingly I went out of the palace, thro' bye-ways, which I knew, and came to his house; when knocking at the door, a slave demanded who I was, and my business. I am, said I, a young lady of the city, and must speak to your master. He is at present engaged with another lady, replied the slave, come again to-morrow. On hearing these words, jealousy, kindled a fire in my breast, too violent for reason to extinguish. Instead of retiring, I rushed into the house, and running forward to a hall where were lights, I saw the merchant sitting at table with a beautiful young damsel. At this unexpected sight my indignation was raised

raised higher. I flew with all the strength I had upon the damsel, and doubtless had torn her to pieces, had she not made her escape; nor did I only aim my vengeance at my rival, but fell also with the like fury upon *Namabran*. He instantly threw himself at my feet, asked my pardon, and swore he would never be false to me again. His oaths and submission appeased my rage. I sat down and drank with him till I became intoxicated. When I was in this condition, the traitor gave me several cuts with a knife, I fainted with the loss of blood, and he imagining I was dead, tied me up in a sack, and carried me on his shoulders out of the city, to the place where you found me. Here he dug a pit to put me into, and unmoved with my tears, or with so much compassion as to kill me, before he laid me in the ground, the barbarian buried me alive.

THAT other merchant called *Mahyar*, to whom you carried my letters, belongs to the seraglio. I told him I wanted money, gave him a short account of my adventures, and enjoined secrecy, till I had taken my full revenge. This, young man! is my story, which I was unwilling to acquaint you with sooner, lest you should have scrupled to assist me in bringing the villain to justice. I am persuaded, if you have a detestation for men of treacherous hearts, you will applaud my resolution, for piercing that of *Namabran*. You shall go to the palace with me in the morning; the king my father loves me, and is passionately fond of me. I will confess my fault, and hope he will give me pardon; and I dare promise he will load you with benefits.

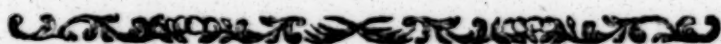
I REPLIED to the princess, Madam, I ask no gratuity for saving you ; but am grieved that I have been instrumental to your vengeance. You have abused my complaisance in making me an accessory to the murder. Had you engaged me to avenge your wrongs with honour, I would readily have hazarded my life in your service. — In short, tho' I thought *Namabran* deserved his fate, I was so much concerned at my being drawn in to betray him, that, setting at nought her promises, I abandoned the lady ; and the next morning before day I went out of the town. When *Aurora* appeared, I saw a caravan of merchants encamped in a field at some distance : I hastened to it, and finding they were going to *Bagdad*, I went with them. When I arrived there, I found myself reduced to very scanty circumstances. Of all the money I brought away with me, but one sequin of gold remained, which I changed into aspres, and bought fruit, sweet-meats, and balsam of roses. With this little merchandize, I every day frequented a shop, where persons of quality resorted to drink cooling liquors ; to all whom I presented my basket. Each took what he fancied, and every one gave me a little piece of silver. This petty trade furnished me with the necessaries of life.

ONE day, as I was presenting my goods to the guests in the shop, in the corner of a room sat an old gentleman, who, observing that I took no notice of him, called to me : Friend, says he, how happens it that you never offer me some of your wares. Upon this I gave him my basket, out of which he took an apple, and bid me sit down by him. He asked me
who

who I was, and my name. Pardon me, Sir, ſaid I ſighing, I cannot oblige you without renewing my grief. This put a ſtop to the old man's importunity. He changed the diſcourſe, and, after a long converſation, he took a purſe with ten ſequins of gold out of his pocket, and put it into my hand, and walked away. This his liberality ſurprized me; perſons of the firſt rank having never given me near the value of one ſequin. I went again the next day, and ſaw my benefactor in the ſame ſituation: I addreſſed him firſt; he took a little balm, and making me ſit down by him, ſo earneſtly preſſed me to give him my hiſtory, that I could not poſſibly help gratifying his Curioſity.

AFTER I had related to him every circumſtance, he told me, that he was a merchant of *Baſra*, and knew my father; that he had no child, nor hopes of any, and adopted me his ſon, ſaying, Be comforted, my boy; you ſhall find me a father, richer than *Abdelaziz*, and who will love you with as much tendereſs. I returned him thanks for the honour he did me, making profeſſion of my duty, and followed him. When we came out, he ordered me to throw away my basket, and took me to a ſpacious houſe, in which he aſſigned me an apartment, ordered me a variety of rich dreſſes, and ſlaves to attend me; ſo that I began to forget my miſery. When he had ſold off the cargo which he brought to *Bagdad*, we ſet out together for *Baſra*. My friends, who never expected to ſee me again, were aſtoniſhed to find me adopted to the moſt ſubſtantial merchant in the city. I pleaſed the good old gentleman, and was charmed with his temper. He told me he was equally happy,

and I seemed worthy of his favour. I therefore hardly ever quitted him, and confined myself to his company.



ABOULCASEM *Re-inflated.*

NOT long after, the good old man given over by his physicians, ordered every soul but me to retire. Then said, It is now time, my son, to discover to you an important secret. Had I nothing but this house, and the riches in it, to leave you, I should think it but a moderate fortune ; but all this, together with all the wealth I have amassed thro' the whole course of my life, tho' a very considerable trader, is nothing in comparison of a treasure which lies here hid, and which I shall discover to you. I do not pretend to say how many years ago, by whom, or by what means it came hither. This I know ; my grandfather discovered it to my father, who, when he was dying, intrusted the secret with me. But added he, I have one piece of advice to give, and be careful how you disregard it. You are naturally generous : when you find your abilities sufficient to gratify your inclination, you will squander away your riches. You will make presents, and do good to all who shall ask your assistance. This conduct I should greatly approve, if you could continue to practise it without danger ; but it will one day cause your ruin. I foresee you will live in so splendid a manner, as to draw upon you the envy of the king of *Basra*, or the jealousy of his avaricious minister. They will imagine you have treasure concealed, and spare no pains to discover it.

To

To prevent this miſfortune, act as my grandfather, my father, and I have done. Follow the buſineſs of a merchant, without the ſhew of grandeur. Never draw the eyes of the world upon you by your vaſt expences.

He then acquainted me with the place where this treaſure lay, ſaying, whatever notion you may form of the riches laid up there, they will ſurpaſs your Imagination. When he died, and I his ſole heir had paid the laſt debt to his aſhes, I took poſſeſſion of this houſe and its appurtenances in part, and went to viſit the treaſure; at which I was amazed. If it be not inexhauſtible, ſure I am, it is impoſſible for me to ſpend it; tho' heaven beſtowed on me a longer life than ever was yet granted to any mortal. 'There is not one inhabitant in *Baſra*, who has not taſted of my bounty. I keep open houſe for all, and ſend no one away diſcontented. And can I make a better uſe of it than to relieve the needy, entertain the ſtranger, and enjoy thoſe pleaſures of life moderately, to which I am inclined by the dictates of nature?

THE people really believed, from my firſt ſetting-out, that I was going to ruin myſelf a ſecond time. But how were they ſurprized, when, inſtead of ſeeing my affairs decay, they perceived me to flouriſh more and more every day. They could not conceive how it was poſſible I ſhould increaſe riches by giving them away. At laſt a report was induſtriouſly ſpread around the city, that I had found a treaſure. Hereupon the lieutenant of *Baſra* came to pay me a viſit, ſaying, he was come to demand where the treaſure lay that ſupported me in ſo great magnificence. I

was shocked at this speech, and made him no Reply. He judged rightly, from seeing my confusion, that the rumour spread of me was not groundless. But instead of pressing me to discover it, said, Signior *Aboulcasem*, I exercise my office with judgment; make me a present worth my acceptance, and I'll give you no more trouble. How much will content you, replied I; ten sequins of gold paid me daily, says he. I answered, that is too little, I will give you one hundred. Call every day, and my treasurer shall count them out to you. The lieutenant overjoy'd, cried out, I wish you had found a thousand times more: I promise never more to molest you. I advanced a considerable Sum, and he departed.

Soon after the visier *Aboulfatab Waschy* sent for me, and taking me into his closet, said, O young man, I am informed that you have found a great treasure, one fifth of which belongs to God, and you must give it to the king. Pay that down, and you shall remain in peaceable possession of the other four. I answered, I own I have found a treasure, but by the great God who created us both, I will never tell where it is, tho' I were torn to pieces. But I will oblige myself to give you every day a thousand sequins, provided you will give me no disturbance. He complied as readily as the lieutenant, and sent a servant, to whom I paid thirty thousand sequins for the first month. The visier, fearing, I believe, lest what had passed, might come to the ears of the king, chose to tell him the story himself. The king sent for me, and with a smiling Countenance said, O young man! why will you not shew me your treasure? Do you think I shall rob you of it? Long may
your

your majesty live, answered I. But as for my treasure, tho' my flesh were to be torn off with hot pincers I will not discover it. I will pay your majesty two thousand sequins of gold every day, if you will accept of them. If you judge it more for your interest to put me to death, I am ready to suffer all the torments you can inflict rather than satisfy your curiosity. On speaking these words, the king looking at the visier asked his opinion; who answered, Sir, this is a treasure of itself, let him live in his present magnificence, if he is punctual in his payments. His majesty followed the visier's advice, and after several caresses, let me depart. By these agreements I continued to pay every year more than one million and sixty thousand sequins of gold.

WHEN the young man had made an end of relating his adventures, the califf having an ardent desire to see the treasures, said, It seems to me impossible there should be treasures enough to support your generous way of life. If it be not too great a request to make, I should desire a sight of that which is in your possession, on giving my word and solemn oath, that I will not abuse the trust you place in me. *Aboulcasem*, with sorrow in his countenance, replied, Sir, your curiosity causes me great anxiety. I cannot comply with it, but upon such conditions as will seem to you very severe. Be they what they will, replies the califf, I'll submit to them. You must be content then to let me conduct you hood winked and unarmed, with a drawn scimitar in my hand, to give you a mortal wound, if you offer to violate the laws of hospitality. Let me intreat you then, says the califf, to let us go instantly. I cannot comply with that, answers the young man.

Stay with me this night, and when all my domesticks are asleep, I will come to your apartment, and accompany you. This said, he called for his servants, and led the prince to a magnificent chamber, by the light of a great number of tapers, which were carried by slaves in golden candlesticks. The slaves undressed the emperor, and retired, after they had placed the tapers at the head and feet of the bed, which being made of perfumed wax, caused an agreeable smell.

HAROUN, big with the expectation of being called by his host, could get no rest; he came to him about midnight, when all his domesticks were fast asleep, and said, Sir, I am now ready to wait upon you. Let us go then, says the califf, rising. I am ready to follow you, and I swear by heaven and earth, that you shall never have cause to repent of your civility. He helped the prince to put on his clothes, then tying a bandage over his eyes, said, Your behaviour shews you to be a person of some rank, and I am sorry to use you in this manner. The emperor interrupting him, answered, I approve your Precautions, and take nothing amiss. Now *Aboulcasem* led him down a back stair case into a garden of vast extent, and passing thro' several serpentine walks they went down where the treasure lay concealed. It was a large vault, whose entrance was covered with one entire stone. Before they came to it, they went down a long dark passage, at the far end of which was a large hall, that shone like carbuncles. In the middle of this room the young man took the bandage off the califf's eyes, who was struck with astonishment at what he beheld. Near him stood a basin of white marble, which was fifty feet round, and thirty deep; it was full of wedges of gold, and round about it rose
twelve

twelve pillars of the same metal; upon which were placed twelve statues of precious stones, curiously wrought.

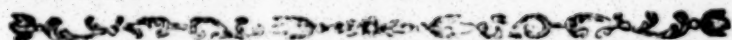
ABOULCASEM led the prince up to the basin, saying, Look at this quantity of gold. It has not yet sunk two inches. Can you imagine that I can waste all this during my life. *Haroun*, paused a while, and answered; 'These riches are immense, but you may consume them. When I have emptied this, says *Aboulcasem*, I'll have recourse to what I shall carry you to next. Then leading him onward into another hall more amazing than the first, he shewed him several coffers of scarlet brocade, set with an infinite number of pearls and diamonds. Here stood another basin of marble, tho' neither so deep nor so wide as the first, which was full of rubies, of topazes, of emeralds, and all kinds of precious stones. The califf could scarcely persuade himself that he was awake; this appeared to him a piece of delusion. While he was gazing on this beautiful scene, the young man bid him look at two persons upon a throne of gold, who, he informed him, were the original proprietors of all the treasures, saying, These were a king and queen; on whose heads were crowns adorned with diamonds. The statuary had wrought them so well, they seemed still alive, and lay at full length, with their heads inclining to each other: a table of ebony stood at their feet, upon which the following words were very legible. "During the course of a long life, I amassed together all the wealth that is here laid up. I took, and sacked several towns and castles. I conquered kingdoms, and defeated all my enemies. I was the most powerful monarch upon earth. But my power, grandeur, and opulence, at last yielded to death. Whoever shall see me in the condition I now am, let him reflect

“ reflect that I once was living like himself; and that
“ he will one day die, and be like me. Let him not fear
“ that this treasure will fail. It is inexhaustible. Let
“ him make use of it to acquire friends, and to lead
“ an agreeable life. For when his hour cometh, his
“ riches cannot save him from the common fate of all
“ mankind.”

— WHEN *Haroun* had read this inscription, he said to the young man, You judge right. Live as you do. The old merchant's advice is not to be regarded: but, added he, What king was it that possessed these immense riches, the inscription does not inform me; I should be glad to know his name. To this the young man made no reply; but took him instantly into another hall, in which were many things of great value; and among others, several trees like that of which he had made him a present. The prince would willingly have spent the whole night in examining these subterraneous curiosities; but *Aboulcassim* fearing to be observed by some of his servants, desired *Haroun* to return before day, in the same manner he came.

THEY accordingly crossed over the garden, and went up the back stairs to the chamber where the emperor had lain. The tapers were still burning, and they conversed together till sun rising. When I consider what I have seen, says *Haroun*, I doubt not but you have in your house the most beautiful women of the east. Sir, replies the young man, I have slaves of more than ordinary beauty, but cannot love one of them. My dear *Dardane* engrosses all my affections. I reason with myself, and say she is dead; I ought to think of her no more: but her lovely image is always before my eyes;
for

for her sake I am miserable in the midst of opulence, and dissatisfied with all this profusion. I had rather enjoy my *Dardanè* in a cottage, than live without her in a palace. *Haroun* admiring his constancy, advised him to use his utmost endeavours to conquer so vain a passion; returned him thanks afresh for all favours received, then went to the inn, and began his journey home to *Bagdad*, with the presents he had received from *Aboulcasem*.



ABOULFATAH'S Treachery.

TWO days after the prince's departure, *Aboulfatah* having advice of the magnificent presents which *Aboulcasem* daily made to strangers, and at the same time being astonished at the punctual payments of the several sums to him, the lieutenant, and the king, resolved to spare no pains to find out this inexhaustible treasure. He was one of those wicked ministers who stick at no crime to accomplish their design; and having a daughter of about eighteen years of age, exceeding beautiful, whose name was *Balkis*, he determined to make her a sacrifice to his avarice. She had a heart disposed to every virtue, and prince *Aly*, the king of *Basra*'s nephew, having demanded her of her father, and, loving her to distraction, was to marry her as soon as affairs would permit.

ABOULFATAH order'd her to come to him into his closet, and said to her, Daughter, you must deck yourself out in your best Apparel, and go this Night to *Aboulcasem*. Make it your business to please the young
man;

man ; use every artifice to captivate him, that he may discover to you the treasure he has found. *Balkis*, confounded at this discourse, with indignant looks, shewed how much her soul abhorred the treachery ; said, Sir, do you consider to what dangers you expose your daughter. Think of her disgrace. Reflect upon your own honour. Be silent, replies the visier, no force of reason shall alter my resolution ; you shall obey. Here young *Balkis* burst into tears, and cried out, My dear father ! stifle this your passion of avarice, which goads you on, to rob an innocent person of that which you have no right to. Insolent girl ! says the visier, does it become you to judge of your father's actions. Say no more ; and I swear, if you come away without seeing his treasure, I'll plunge this dagger into your heart. *Balkis* finding she must enter upon this dangerous enterprize, retired to her chamber, dressed herself richly in cloth of gold and jewels ; but took no care to display her charms to advantage ; which was indeed useless.

WHEN it was dark, and *Aboulfatah* imagined it was time for his daughter to go to *Aboulcasem*, he conducted her to the door very privately, and there left her, after having repeated, I will certainly kill you, if you do not execute the commission with which you are charged. She knocked, and desired to speak with the young man. The door was instantly opened : a slave led her into a hall, where his master was laid upon a great sofa, regretting the loss of *Dardanè*. As soon as *Balkis* appeared, he rose to receive her, made his compliments, and obliged her to sit down upon the same sofa, where he asked the reason of her condescension to pay him a visit. She replied, Having heard, Sir, that you are a gallant

gallant young man, I come to be merry with you. She immediately took off her veil, and notwithstanding his indifference, he could not reſiſt the force of her beauty. Fair lady, ſays he, I thank my ſtars for this fortunate adventure. Supper coming on, they both went into another room, and ſeating themſelves at a table, furniſhed with meats of all kinds, *Aboulcaſem* made all the attendants withdraw, that no one ſhould know who the lady was. He waited upon her himſelf, filled her wine in a cup ſet round with diamonds and rubies. The more he looked upon her, the more he liked her. He converſed with her, and the lady, whoſe wit was brilliant as her beauty, answered him with ſuch life and ſpirit, that he became a victim to her altar ; and when ſupper was over, he threw himſelf at her feet, and ſaid, Madam, if your eyes at firſt wounded me, your diſcourſe has made an entire conqueſt.

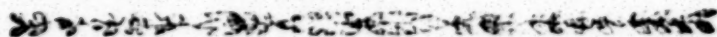
THIS ſaid, he kiſſed the hand of *Balkis* ſo ardently, that ſhe fearing herſelf in danger, turned pale as death, ſcarce able to ſupport herſelf, tears on a ſudden flowed down her cheeks. What has befallen you, Madam, ſays *Aboulcaſem* ? Whence proceeds your grief. Am I wretched enough to have ſaid, to have done any thing that could diſpleaſe you ? Tell me what has occaſioned this ſtrange metamorphoſis ? *Balkis* answered, I have already carried the deſign too far. Perſidy, grief, fear, and modeſty, are fighting within me : I am not able to bear up againſt them. Speak I muſt. Know, Sir, I am a young lady of quality ; my father knows you have hidden treaſure, and obliged me, on pain of death, to diſcover where it was concealed. Conſider, Sir, I have a prince for my lover, whom I am paſſionately fond of, and to whom I ſpeedily expect to be joined in marriage ;

marriage ; which induces me to believe the action, imposed on me by my father's command, is to you detestable. I came hither with great reluctance, which nothing but the fear of death could surmount. Madam, replied the young man, you shall never have cause to repent your opening your mind to me. You shall not die. You shall see my treasure. And what impressions soever your beauty may have made upon me, I readily relinquish all the hopes I had entertained, since they give you uneasiness. Without a blush, Madam, revisit the happy lover, for whom you preserve yourself, and afflict yourself no longer. *Balkis* answer'd, Sir, it is not without reason you are accounted the most magnanimous of men. I have experienced your generosity, and shall never be at ease, till I have found out a method to retaliate your favours.

AFTER this, *Aboulcasem* conducted the lady into the same room where the califf had lain before, and continued there with her till the house was silent. Then having tied a bandage over her eyes, said, Madam, I must be thus free with you, for I cannot shew my treasure upon any other condition. Do what you please, said she, I put my trust in you, and will follow wherever you lead me. *Aboulcasem* taking her by the hand, led her down the Back-stairs into the garden, and bringing her to the vault under-ground, uncovered her eyes. Every object she saw, raised her amazement : but what chiefly attracted her eye, were the original owners of the treasure. She read the inscription, and observing there was about the neck of the queen, a necklace of pearls, about the size of a pidgeon's egg, she could not forbear expressing her inclination towards it. *Aboulcasem* immediately took it off, and tied it round the neck
of

of the princess, because her father, by this means, might be convinced, that she had seen the treasure ; and as a further proof of it, bid her take some of the best jewels home with her also. While she was amusing herself with the variety of wonders she saw under-ground, he put the bandage upon her eyes again, and led her back into a hall, where they talked together till day-light. The lady having again renewed her assurances, that she would never forget his generosity, took her leave, and gave an account of what had passed to her father.

THE visier, kept awake by avarice, waited his daughter's return with impatience. But when he saw her return with the necklace, and when she shewed him the jewels, his heart leaped with joy. Well, daughter, said he, and have you seen the treasure ? Yes, Sir, replies *Balkis*, and to give you a just idea of it ; I must inform you, that if all the kings of the earth should bring their riches together, they could not equal it. She then told him of the young man's generosity and politeness. He was not at all taken with his virtue. He would much rather his daughter had been dishonoured, than not to have known where the treasure was concealed.



GIAFAR restored.

DURING these transactions *Haroun* was on his journey towards *Bagdad*. As soon as he entered his palace, he sent for *Giafar*, told him the particulars of his journey, and said, Thou knowest an emperor should never be outdone in courtesy. Should I return to *Aboulcassim* the most valuable things in my treasury, they would

would fall far short of the presents he has made me. What shall I do to requite his generosity? Sir, says *Giafar*, if you will be advised by me, you shall this very day write to the king of *Basra*, and order him to resign his government to young *Aboulcafem*. Dispatch the courier immediately, and in a few days I will follow, and give your Credentials to the new king. The king highly approved his advice, and said to the minister, This will be a means to gratify *Aboulcafem*, and at the same time to do justice upon the king of *Basra*, and his vizier, who have concealed from me the great sums they have drawn from him. They have done violence to him, and are not worthy of the employments they hold. He accordingly wrote immediately to the king of *Basra*, and sent away the courier; then went to *Zobeide's* apartment, to acquaint her with the success of his journey, and to make her a present of the little page and the tree, with the peacock. He also gave her the damsel, whom *Zobeide* thought so very charming, that she smiling said to the emperor, She preferred this beautiful slave to all his other presents; the prince kept the cup only for himself. All the rest of the things he gave to *Giafar*, and ordered him to be ready for his journey in a few days.

WHEN the courier arrived at *Basra*, he instantly delivered his dispatches to the king, who was very disconsolate on the perusing them; and soon after shewed them to the vizier. What fatal orders, says he, have I received from the commander of the faithful; may I obey them! You may, says *Aboulfatab*, get over this trouble. *Aboulcafem* must be ruined, without taking away his life. I will make every soul in the city believe he is dead, and keep him concealed, so as he shall never
be

be diſcovered ; by which means you may continue on the throne, and get all his riches into your own poſſeſſion : for when I have him in my power, I will inflict ſuch puniſhments on him, as ſhall oblige him to diſcover the hidden treaſure. Do as you will, ſays the king, but what answer ſhall we ſend to the califf ? Leave that to me, replies the viſier ; the commander of the faithful ſhall be kept in ignorance, as well as the reſt of the world.

ABOULFATAH engaged ſome courtiers, who knew not his intention, to accompany him on a viſit to *Aboulcaſem*. He received them according to their quality, and entertained them magnificently. He ſeated the viſier in the place of honour, and paid him all imaginable reſpect. While they were all at table over exquisite wine, the traitor *Aboulfatab* watched his opportunity to convey into the cup of *Aboulcaſem*, a powder, which took away his ſenſes in an inſtant, and threw him into a lethargy, that made him appear like a dead corps.

HIS ſervants came to ſupport him ; but ſeeing all the ſigns of death upon him, they laid him on a ſofa, and the houſe was all in tears. All the gueſts were ſtruck with horror, and even *Aboulfatab* counterfeited an immoderate grief. He tore his garments, and the whole Company followed his example. After this he ordered a coffin to be made of ivory and ebony ; then ſeized upon all his effects for the uſe of the king. All perſons of both ſexes in the city put on deep mourning, and came before the gates of his houſe, with their heads uncovered, and their feet bare. There was nothing but cries and lamentations heard in the ſtreets. The rich and poor were alike concerned in his death ; the
first

first lost a friend, the last a benefactor, whose charity never ceased ; so that his death caused an universal grief.

THE wretched *Aboulcasem* was put into a coffin, and by order of *Aboulfatab*, was carried out of the city to a burying-ground, where there were several large tombs and monuments ; particularly one very magnificent, in which the visier's father and his family were deposited. In this monument the coffin was laid, and the perfidious *Aboulfatab* smote his breast, and mimicked all the actions of a man distracted with grief and despair.

THE people all returned to the city when night approached ; but the visier and two of his slaves remained in the monument. They made a fire, heated some water over it in a silver basin, and, taking *Aboulcasem* out of the coffin, with this warm water chafed his body. In a short time he began to recover his senses, and recollecting *Aboulfatab*, said, Ah ! Sir, where are we ? To what a wretched condition am I reduced ? Wretch as thou art, replied the minister, it was I that brought you hither, to have you in my power ; and I will invent new punishments to inflict upon you every day, except you discover to me the hidden treasure. I am in your power, answers *Aboulcasem* ; do with me as you please ; but I will never tell you where my treasure lies.

SCARCE had *Aboulfatab* made an end of speaking, before he commanded his slaves to hold fast the prisoner, while he drew out from under his robes, a scourge made of thongs, cut from a lion's hide, with which he lashed him with so much violence, that the young man fainted away. The visier seeing this, order'd him to be put again into the coffin, and then, locking the
door

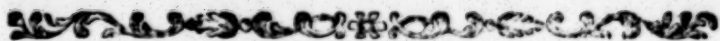
door of the monument, retired. On the morrow he went to the king, saying, Yesterday, Sir, I put the courage of *Aboulcasem* to the proof, tho' he still remains obstinate; I believe he will not long be able to endure the torments I have prepared. The prince, who was altogether as cruel as his minister, replied, Your Conduct has given me great satisfaction: I hope you will soon be enabled to make the discovery. The courier must be instantly sent back: What shall we write to the califf? Write him word, says *Aboulfatab*, That *Aboulcasem* was so transported with joy on receiving his message, that he made an extravagant entertainment, and died with excess of wine. The king approving his advice, instantly dispatched the courier to the commander of the faithful. *Aboulfatab* now flattering himself that the young man would certainly make the discovery, went his way to torment him afresh; but, coming to the monument, was surprized to find the door open, and *Aboulcasem* fled. He hastened to the king, and told him what had happened. The prince, struck with a panic, said, O *Wafchy*! what shall we do? The young man has escaped, he will go directly to *Bagdad*, and there make his complaint to the califf.

ABOULFATAH, in the greatest distress imaginable, said, Oh! that I had killed him Yesterday. However, let us not despair; tho' he has taken his flight, he cannot be gone far. Let us make diligent search thro' the city and parts adjacent, and I hope we shall find him. He accordingly assembled the soldiers, divided them into bodies, put himself at the head of them, and strictly searched the country round. While they were in quest of *Aboulcasem* in the villages, woods, and mountains, the visier *Giafar*, now on the road, met the courier, who said

said to him, 'Tis to no purpose, Sir, to go to *Basra*, for the young man is dead, and buried two days ago. *Giafar*, who had promised himself the pleasure of presenting the new king with his credentials, was extremely afflicted. His eyes ran down with tears, and, thinking it needless to continue his journey, returned back to *Bagdad*.

UPON his arrival, he accompanied the courier to the palace. Ah! *Giafar* says the emperor, your speedy return forebodes some ill tidings. Commander of the faithful, replies the visier, *Aboulcasem* is dead.

WHEN *Haroun* heard this, he cast himself from the throne, and there remained for some time, without any sign of life. On his recovery, he cast his eyes about for the courier, and demanded his dispatches. The prince perused them with great attention, shut himself up in his closet with *Giafar*, and having shewed him the letter from the king of *Basra*, said, This does not seem very probable. I fear he and *Aboulfatab* have put the young man to death. *Giafar* was of the same opinion, and answered, Sir, I think it adviseable to put the king and his minister under an arrest. Then replied *Haroun*, take ten thousand of my horsemen, march directly to *Basra*, seize the two criminals, and bring them to me. I will avenge the death of the most generous of all mankind. *Giafar* obeyed, and marched to *Basra* with these forces.



ABOULCASEM's *escape*, and Balkis's *gratitude*.

LET us now return to the young man. After he had remained a long time insensible, and began to revive, he perceived somebody taking him out of the coffin, and laying him upon the ground, imagining it was *Aboulfatab*, or some of his slaves, he cried out, Spare your vain tortures, all you can do shall never oblige me to disclose the secret. Fear not, answer'd one of them who assisted in taking him out, we come to deliver you. Hereupon the young man opened his eyes, and seeing the young lady to whom he had shewn his treasure, said, Madam, is it to you I stand indebted for my life? Yes, sir, replied she, it is to me and prince *Aly* my lover, who stands by me here. I acquainted him with your generosity, and he was desirous, at my request, to preserve you from perdition. It is true, says the prince, and I would hazard my life a thousand times sooner than so great a man should suffer death.

ABOULCASEM, by virtue of some cordial to him administered, having recovered strength, and finding himself alive, *Balkis* addressed herself to him in the following manner: Sir, said she, I am the daughter of the visier, and was not deceived with the false report of your death. I guessed my father's design, and prevailed with one of his slaves to let me into the secret. He was one of the two that attended *Aboulfatab*, and has the key of the monument in his possession. He delivered it to me: I instantly told prince *Aly* of it, who as instantly, with
some

some of his most trusty servants, accompanied me hither ; and, thanks to heaven, we have rescued you.

GREAT God ! says the young man, is it possible that hard-hearted man should have a daughter endued with such humanity ! Here prince *Aly* interrupted him, Saying, We have no time to spare, Sir, when the visier finds you not in the monument to-morrow, he will make diligent search after you ; I therefore will conduct you to my house, which is a place of safety ; you can never be suspected of being there. *Aboulcasem*, disguise yourself in the habit of a slave, and go along with us. After this they left the door of the monument open, and returned into the city. *Balkis* went home, and delivered the key to the slave, while *Aly* conducted the young man to his house, and concealed him so artfully, that no enemy could approach his presence. Here he remained till the king and the visier had given him over for lost. Prince *Aly*, now furnishing him with gold and jewels, mounted him upon a fine horse, and bid him go where-ever he pleased. *Aboulcasem* returned him thanks for his kindness, assured him of a grateful remembrance, and after mutual embraces they parted, the prince praying heaven to be his guide. The young man took the road to *Bagdad*, and arrived there in a few days. Here his only business was to find out the merchant whom he had entertained at *Basra*, and to tell him the Hardships he had undergone. Not being able to find him out, he ran over the whole city, examined every face he met to no purpose. Weary with wandering to and fro, he sat down to rest before the califf's palace. The little page, whom he had made a present of to this prince, standing at the window, happened to see him, and ran to the emperor, crying,

crying, Sir, I have just now seen my old master of *Basra*. *Haroün* answered, Thou art mistaken. Thou hast taken some other person for him. He is not alive. No, no, Commander of the Faithful, added he, I know him well, and am certain it is the very gentleman. Tho' the califf did not believe the child, he determined to examine into the matter, and sent one of his officers with the lad, to see if the man was the real *Aboulcasem*. He sat in the same place, in hopes of catching the little page looking out again, who being now fully convinced, that it was his old Master, threw himself at his feet. *Aboulcasem*, raising him, asked if he had the honour to belong to the califf. Sir, says the child, it was the commander of the faithful himself you entertained at *Basra*. It was to him you gave me. Come along with me, the emperor will be glad to see you. The young man was exceedingly surprized, but at last agreed to go with the page and the officer into the palace, who conducted him to *Haroün*. The prince was sitting upon a sofa, but being greatly moved at the Sight of *Aboulcasem*, rose hastily from his seat, and held him fast in his arms, not being able to speak thro' excess of joy.

WHEN he was recovered from the transports which such an unexpected sight occasioned, he said to him, O young man! lift up thine eyes, and view thy happy guest. It was me thou mad'st so welcome at *Basra*. It was me to whom thou gavest presents which kings cannot equal. *Aboulcasem*, now lifting up his eyes, remember'd him. O! my sovereign lord and master! cries he; O monarch of the world! Was it you that came under the roof of your slave! This said, he cast himself on the floor at the emperor's feet, who raised him, and made him sit by him on the sofa. Is it possible,

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said the prince, that you are still alive! How comes this to pass? *Aboulcasem* related to him the treachery of *Aboulfatab*, and by what means he had escaped his fury. *Haroun* listened to his story with attention, and when it was ended, said, I have been the cause of your last misfortune. When I returned to *Bagdad*, I was at a loss how to return my obligations to you. To this purpose I sent a courier to *Basra*, demanding the king to resign his crown to you. He, instead of obeying my orders, resolved to take away your life. This, you may be assured was *Aboulfatab's* intention. The hopes of forcing you by torture to discover your treasure, were the only reasons for prolonging your life. But you shall be avenged. *Giafar* is marching with a large body of my troops to *Basra*; he shall, by my order, seize your persecutors, and bring them hither. In the mean time, you shall stay here, and be served by my officers like myself.

He now took the young man by the hand, into a garden abounding with most beautiful flowers. Here were several basins of marble, of porphyry, and jaspar, wherein there were numbers of the very best species of fishes. In the middle of the garden stood twelve pillars of black marble, which supported a dome, whose inside was vaulted withfantal, and wood of aloes; and formed an aviary, inhabited by the choicest singing Birds, who filled the ambient air with great variety of melody. Under this dome were the baths of *Haroun Arraschid*, where the prince and his guests washed themselves. Orders were now given to clothe *Aboulcasem* in the richest garments, and the califf conducted him to a room, where he obliged him to sit down and eat at his own table.

After

After they had plentifully regaled themſelves with ſoops and wine, the emperor led *Aboulcaſem* to *Zobeide's* apartment. She was there ſitting on a throne of gold, attended by all her ſlaves. They were all taken up with a particular damſel, who far ſurpaſſed the reſt in beauty, and ſung an air to the following purpoſe: “ *That we ſhould love but one; but that we ſhould continue to love as long as we live.*” While ſhe ſung, the damſel, whom the young man had given to the califf, play’d upon the lute. As ſoon as the empreſs perceived the prince and *Aboulcaſem*, ſhe deſcended from the throne to receive them. Madam, ſays *Haroün*, I am come to ſhew to you my hoſt of *Baſra*. The young man immediately proſtrated himſelf before her. While he continued in that poſture, a ſudden noiſe was heard among the ſlaves; and ſhe, who had juſt ended ſinging, caſting her eyes upon *Aboulcaſem*, gave a thriek, and fainted away.

HAROUN and *Zobeide* turning towards the ſlave, the young man raiſed himſelf up, looked at her alſo, and fainted away immediately. The califf, willing to aſſiſt him, took him up in his arms, and ſoon brought him to himſelf. As ſoon as he recover’d his ſenſes, he ſaid, O commander of the faithful! you have already heard of my adventures at *Cairo*. This is the ſlave that was thrown with me into the *Nile*. This is *Dardané*! Is it poſſible, ſays *Haroün*! heaven be praiſed for ſo happy an event! *Dardané*, by this time, having regained the uſe of her ſenſes, would have thrown herſelf at the feet of the califf, which he prevented, by aſking by what miracle ſhe was preſerved alive, after ſhe had been plunged into the *Nile*.



DARDANE'S escape.

COMMANDER of the faithful, said she, I fell into the net of a fisherman, who was at that instant drawing it out of the water. Much surprized on seeing what he had taken, he took me home, and in some hours restored me to myself. When I gave him a true account of what had befallen me, he trembled for fear, lest the sultan of *Egypt* should be informed of my delivery from death. Thinking his own life in danger, for preserving me, he took the first opportunity of selling me to a merchant of slaves, who was coming to *Bagdad*. The merchant presented me to the princess *Zobeide*, who paid him his price. While *Dardané* was speaking, *Haroün* fixed his eyes upon her, and observing her uncommon beauty, cry'd out, *Aboulcasem*, I no longer wonder that you have so long the memory of so beautiful a creature! I render thanks to heaven, for giving me an opportunity of paying my obligations to you. *Dardané* is free from this moment. I believe, Madam, continued he, turning to the empress, you are not unwilling to set her at liberty. No, replies she, I rejoice at it, and with the two lovers may taste the sweets of a perfect union, after their former mishaps.

THIS is not all, replied *Haroün*, their marriage shall be consummated in my palace, and there shall be public rejoycings for three days in *Bagdad*. I cannot do too much honour to my host of *Basra*. *Aboulcasem*, throwing himself at the emperor's feet, replied,

As you are, sir, superior to all other princes by your rank; so are you also in your generosity. Give me leave, sir, to tell you where my treasure is, that I may this day put it into your possession. By no means, replies the califf, enjoy it yourself in peace, I ask not so much as is my right; live and make use of it as you did formerly.

Now *Zobeide* asked *Aboulcasem* and *Dardane* to entertain her with their adventures, and afterwards order'd them to be written down in letters of gold. In the mean time *Haroun* gave orders for the celebration of their nuptials with extraordinary pomp. The public rejoycings were not ended when the visier *Giafar* returned with the visier *Aboulfatab* in bonds. As for the king of *Basra*, he died with grief, on their not being able to find *Aboulcasem*.

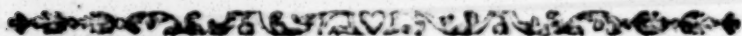
GIAFAR having given an account of his commission to his master, there was a scaffold order'd to be erected before the palace, and the wicked *Aboulfatab* was condemned to mount it. All the people, who knew his crime, cried out with impatience for his execution. And now the executioner stood with his sabre ready to strike off the head of the delinquent; when *Aboulcasem* falling prostrate before him, said, O commander of the faithful! let the wicked *Aboulfatab* live. Let him be an eye-witness of my happiness, see the favours you heap upon me, and he will be sufficiently punished.

OH! too generous *Aboulcasem*, cries the emperor; How well do you deserve a crown? How happy will the people of *Basra* be to have you for their king?

Sir, says the young man, I have yet one favour to ask. The throne you design for me, may I presume to beg it for prince *Aly*? Let him reign with the lady who delivered me from the cruelty of her father. While I am blessed with your protection, I need no crown, and may be envied by the greatest monarchs.

To recompence prince *Aly* for the services he had done to *Aboulcasem*, the califf sent him his credentials, and constituted him king of *Basra*: but judging *Aboulfatab's* crime too heinous to be forgiven, commanded *Giafar* to shut him up in a dark tower during his life. When the inhabitants of *Bagdad* were informed, that it was the injured person, who begged the life of his betrayer, they extolled him to the skies.

A FEW days after *Aboulcasem* returned to *Basra* with his beloved *Dardané*, attended by a detachment of the califf's guards, and a great number of officers.



*The History of King RUZVANSCHAD, and of
the Princess CHEHERSITANY.*

RUZVANSCHAD, a king in *Cbina*, went one day a hunting, and happened to meet with a white doe, speckled with blue and white spots, with rings of gold upon her feet, and on her back a yellow satten, border'd round with silver embroidery. The prince, eager to pursue the game, put his horse to full speed, in hopes of taking the doe. But she ran with such rapidity, as eluded his pursuit; and he had lost all thoughts of recovering her again, till she came in sight of him.
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She repoſed herſelf by the ſide of a fountain, to reſt from her late fatigue. Upon ſeeing her the ſecond time, he put his horſe to full ſpeed ; but his endeavours to take her were fruitleſs. The doe obſerving him to approach her, riſing lightly, after making two or three bounds upon the earth, plunged herſelf into the water, and diſappeared.

THE king of *China* inſtantly leaped from his horſe, and made diligent ſearch after his prey ; but not being able to diſcover it, was ſtruck with amazement, and his viſier, with the other attendants, were no leſs ſurprized. The king, after a ſhort pauſe, ſaid, he could not imagine that what he ſaw was a real doe, but rather a nymph, who in that ſhape made it her delight to delude the hunters. The courtiers were of the like opinion.

RUZVANSCHAD, in the interim, fixed his eyes upon the fountain, and ſighed. I am reſolved, ſays he, to paſs the night here. Curioſity obliges me to watch this nymph : I think I ſhall ſee her anon riſe out of the water. He accordingly ſent back all his retinue excepting the viſier. They laid themſelves down upon the graſs, and talked about the white doe till night came on ; when the king, tired with the chace, began to want ſleep. *Mueſin*, ſays he, to the viſier, do you watch while I go to reſt. Never turn your eyes from the fountain, and if any thing happens, awaken me. The viſier, much fatigued, began to grow drowſy, and ſoon after fell aſleep likewiſe. They both chanced to awake at the ſame time ; ſtarting up at the ſound of a raviſhing harmony, which ſeemed at no great diſtance from them, they caſt their eyes

round, and saw a magnificent palace finely illuminated. *Muefin* whispers the king, what can this mean? This, sir, says the visier, is something more than natural! Would to heaven we had abandoned the fountain! This palace is, perhaps, a decoy, made by some magician to take your majesty. Be it what it will, says the prince, fear not; let us go to it.

MUESIN, seeing his master not in the least terrified, said no more. They both went up to the palace, and found the gates open. They entered into a large hall floored with *China*, furnish'd with sofa's and tapestry of gold brocade, perfumed with the choicest odours. Seeing no person here, they advanced forwards into another, where sat a young lady upon a throne of gold, covered with jewels. She was of a surpassing beauty, and seemed attentive to fifty or sixty damsels, some of whom were singing, and others playing upon the lute. Their habits were rose-colour'd taffata, thick sown with pearls, and they stood before the throne. *Ruzvanshad*, tho' transported with the music, was much more so with the lady. When the damsels saw the prince, the music ceased. After paying his obeysance, he went into the middle of the hall, and thus addressed the lady. "O charming princess! ruler of hearts! the very sight of whom has added to the number of your slaves the sovereign lord of *China*. May I humbly crave the name of so wonderful a nymph, whose beauty is so irresistible?" The lady smiling, answer'd: 'I am a doe, who lead Lyons captive: I am the game which you this day pursued, and which jumped into the fountain.' But, Madam, replies the prince, What am I to think of this metamorphosis? How
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can I be convinced that what I now ſee is not a falſe appearance? This, ſir, replies the lady, is my natural ſhape, which I can change when I pleaſe. I ſhew myſelf to men, and vaniſh from their ſight. That I may form myſelf into what ſhape I will, is a prerogative given to me by heaven, even from my birth.

THIS ſaid, ſhe deſcended from the throne, went to the king, took him by the hand, and led him into an upper room to a table cover'd with the choiceſt delicacies. Here ſhe made him and the viſier ſit down, placing herſelf between them. *Mueſin* ſuſpected ſome ill event; but the king was ſo captivated with her beauty, that he became incapable of reflection. He would have carved for her, but ſhe reſuſed ſaying, Do you two eat, the very ſinell of meat, or perfumes, is nourishment ſufficient for me and my attendants.

WHEN the prince and his miniſter had done eating, two damſels preſented to each of them a cup of agate, filled with wine of a purple colour, which was replenithed as ſoon as they drank it. They brought the lady wine alſo, but ſhe would not drink it, and only ſinelled to it; which had the ſame effect upon her, as the liquor itſelf had upon her gueſts. Warm-ed with the liquor, the king ſaid a thouſand paſſionate things to her. The lady replied, Tho' you are a being, ſir, far inferior to mine, I cannot help loving you. To let you know the value you ſhould ſet upon the conqueſt you have made, I am willing to inform you who I am. There is an iſland in this ſea called *Cbeheriſtan*, which is inhabited

by genies, and governed by a king whose name is *Menoucher*; I am his only daughter, and my name *Cheberistany*.

"Tis now three months since I left my father's court, purely to see the different countries inhabited by the sons of *Adam*. I like to travel, and have encompassed the whole world; being now upon my return, I happened to see you hunting. I gazed upon you, and found a sudden disorder within myself. My breast heaved; I sighed, and in spite of my reason, became your captive. I yielded to the tender emotions of my heart, which stay'd me here; and now only studied how to make myself agreeable to you. For this purpose, I took upon me the form of a white doe. You pursued me, and when I had thrown myself into the fountain, you cannot imagine with what pleasure I saw you examine the water. I took this for a good omen. When I found you resolved to stay there all night, I was transported at your uneasiness. While you slept, I raised up this palace to receive you. The genies that wait on me, built it in an instant. She was going on when a damsel enter'd in great trouble. The princess observing in her looks the sorrowful news, burst into tears. The prince of *China*, pierced to the heart at her grief, was impatient to know the cause of it; when the damsel, who was just arrived, came up to the princess, and said; O queen! you know that the genies, tho' their term of years is much longer than the sons of *Adam*, are nevertheless subject to death. You have lost the king your father, hasten therefore to receive the homage of your new subjects. The
grand

grand visier my father commanded me to bring you without delay.

MAIMONA, answers the princess, it is enough. I will recompence your father's zeal, and go with you this instant. Adieu, prince, said she to *Ruzvanshad*. Then reaching out her hand, he kissed it with transport; and she added, I must leave you; but be assured, a day will come, when I will meet you again. After these words she disappeared. The light of the tapers that shone in the palace was all gone, and darkness ensued. The king and the visier remained till day-break, which gave them a fresh surprize. They fancied themselves to be still in the palace, but found nothing but a barren desert around, without any appearance of a house.

MUESIN, says the prince, casting his eyes about, Is this all a dream? No, no, says the visier. The lady, we have seen, is some foul sorceress, who, to inspire you with love, has taken the form of a fair nymph; and all those damsels are so many demons devoted to her charms. But the king would not be prevailed upon to forfeit the good opinion he had conceived of the lady. He returned to his palace, resolving to keep up a lively and tender remembrance of her. And, indeed, he was so far from forgetting her, that he abandoned all his pleasure, and took no delight to hunt, but in the place where the white doe was, in expectation of seeing her again.

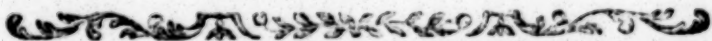
He had now loved this lady almost a year, and began to fear that his love was fixed upon a phantom; when

when he resolved to travel, in hopes that variety of objects might insensibly wear out the impression she had made upon his mind. He left the management of his kingdom to the vizier, and set out one night by himself upon a fine horse, with a saddle and bridle covered with gold, and enriched with rubies and emeralds. His habit was very magnificent, and he girded about him a large scimeter, in a scabbard studded with diamonds.

HAVING passed over his own territories, he arrived on the borders of *Thebet*, and made for the capital of the kingdom. When he came within two short days journey of it, he stopped a while under a tree. Scarce was he alighted from his horse to repose himself, when he perceived a lady under another tree hard-by, who seemed to be about eighteen years old. She lay upon the ground with her head reclined on one hand. By the air of her countenance, he thought some misfortune had befallen her. Tho' her garments were torn, her beauty appeared, and it was easy to see, that she was a person of some rank. *Ruzvanshad* approaching her, offered her his assistance, and asked who she was. She answer'd, "I am the daughter
" and the wife of a king, and yet I am not what
" I say: and I am a princess; and am not what I
" am."

THE king knew not what to make of the young lady, and imagined she had lost her senses. Madam, says he, recollect yourself; I will serve you as far as in my power lies. Sir, says she, it is no wonder you look upon me as a distracted woman. What I told you may seem to be void of sense; but you will
pardon

pardon me, when you know my misfortunes, which, in return for your generoſity, I will relate.



*The History of the young King of THEBET,
and of the Princeſs of the NAIMANS.*

I AM the only daughter of a king of the *Naimans*. When he died, I was proclaimed queen by the general conſent of my ſubjects, tho' but four years old. During my minority the government was put into the hands of the viſier *Aly-Ben-Haytan*, who married my nurſe, and whoſe capacity was very well known. This wiſe miniſter had the care of my education. He inſtructed me in the art of government, and when I was almoſt ripe to manage it, fortune, who gives and takes away crowns as ſhe pleaſes, roſſed me from a throne into the moſt wretched condition of life. Prince *Mouaffac*, my uncle on the father's ſide, who was thought to have been ſlain in a battle againſt the *Mogols*, came into the country of the *Naimans*. Some of the grandees who had formerly been in my intereſt, ſeconded his ambition, and raiſed a rebellion which the viſier could not quell. All my ſubjects were ſeduced, and declared for *Mouaffac*.

As ſoon as the uſurper was crowned, his chief buſineſs was to ſecure my perſon, with intention to kill me; but the viſier *Aly*, and my nurſe his wife, contrived to convey me from the tyrant's fury. They carried me ſafe from *Albaſin* by private roads to the borders of the kingdom of *Thebet*. We ſettled in the capital,

capital, where the visier set up for an *Indian* painter, and I passed for his daughter. He was a great master in the art of painting, which he had learned in his youth, and soon acquired applause. Notwithstanding we had with us jewels, and might have appeared in splendor, we were satisfied with a meaner station, as if we all depended upon *Aly's* pencil. We were afraid of *Mouaffac's* spies, and dreaded his suspicion.

IN this situation we lived two years. I insensibly forgot my former grandeur, and every day imbibing new sentiments agreeable to my misfortunes, I rendered this obscurity to me habitual. I looked upon my self as the daughter of a private man, and if at any time I recollected the high station of which I was once possessed, I considered it only as a burden from which I was disengaged. I forgave fortune, that took from me the cares which attend on sovereign power, and enjoyed a perfect tranquillity. Would to heaven I had passed all my days in this happy condition. But it was not my lot. The decrees of fate are irresistible, and it is as much in vain to avoid ill fortune, as it is impossible to prevent it.

THE visier had finished some pieces so well, as caused the admiration of all that beheld them. The king heard of them, and came in person to see them. He was so very much pleased with the performances, and with *Aly's* conversation, that he staid some time. While they were talking, I, led by curiosity, came into the room; not imagining the king would take the least notice of a painter's daughter. But I was mistaken. He fixed his eyes upon me, while he continued discoursing with the visier, and I retired. The next day he came again, and repeated his visits every day, under pretence of looking after

after paintings. He insisted to go into all the rooms, and never failed to come into that where I was. He said nothing to me, tho' I plainly discovered by the ardour that sparkled in his eyes, the sentiments of his heart.

IN a subsequent visit he made the visier an offer of a large pension, with an apartment in his palace, pretending that he had a mind to keep so rare an artist in his own dominions. *Aly* guessed at the motives of this proposal, and saw its consequences. I see, says he, my queen, the king of *Thebet* loves you. This passion, not my paintings, have caused him to make these offers. We must go to reside in the palace, where he will daily entertain you with his love: but remember your birth, and instead of yielding to him upon dishonourable terms, resist his tenderness, unless he will make you a partner of his crown. If he has other hopes, we shall find means to elude them. I promised to follow the visier's advice; but never told him I had remarked the king's love before. Much less did I tell him the effect this discovery had upon me. The prince was young, beautiful, and fine shaped, and I could not help being touched with the same passion, which I had inspired in him.

I HAD determined to conceal my inclinations, if the prince's view was no other than to tempt my virtue; but he spared me this trouble. Soon after I came into the palace he declared his love to me, in the manner I could wish. From the first moment I saw you, says he, I was charmed with you. You have taken up my thoughts ever since, and I cannot live without you. But, how strong soever are my desires, think not that I shall ever treat you as a slave. I shall pay you the same respect as if you were the daughter of the king of *China*, and

as a pledge of my faith, I will place you on the throne of *Thebet*. I thanked him for the honour he intended me, and gave him my history, with which he was sensibly affected. Dear princess, says he, It is evident that heaven has reserved for me the glory of avenging your cause. The traitor *Mo affac* shall suffer severely for his usurpation. Consent to be married to me this day, and I will send ambassadors to declare war against him tomorrow. I renewed my thanks, and confessed to him, if my eyes had made any impression upon him, his likewise were not without their influence over me. He was charmed with this confession, kissed my hand with eagerness, and swore eternal love. He espoused me that very day, and our nuptials were celebrated throughout the city with great rejoycings.

THE very next morning, pursuant to his promise, the king sent ambassadors to the country of the *Naimans*, who, on their arrival at the court of *Moüaffac*, told that prince, their master had espoused me, and demanded him to restore the kingdom to me, and in case he refused, to declare war against him. *Moüaffac* bid him defiance, and immediately orders were given to levy men through all the kingdom of *Thebet*. A numerous army was soon raised, and when the troops were in a readiness to march against the *Naimans*, there came deputies from the people, to assure me of their obedience, and to inform me of my uncle's death. Hereupon the king disbanded his army, and resolved to send *Aly* to rule in my name. He was now ready to set out, when an adventure, the most unexpected that can be imagined, put a stop to his journey.

I WENT one evening into my cloſet, and ſitting upon a ſofa, to read a chapter in the alcoran, which when I had finiſhed, I roſe to find the king, who was gone to bed. On a ſudden I ſaw a frightful apparition before me, which vaniſhed in a moment. I ſcreamed out, and awoke the king, who ran to me, and demanded the reaſon ; which I told him ; and, fortified by his preſence, was inclined to believe that the phantom, which appeared to me, was only the coinage of imagination, heated with reading. The prince, pausing awhile, replied, I am more ſurprized than you ; I cannot conceive how you can be in my bed, and in this cloſet, at the ſame time. Sir, ſaid I, I do not underſtand you. Nay then, added he, come to the bed, and you will ſee the moſt ſurprizing ſight in the world. Coming to the head of the bed, I beheld a young lady, who reſembled me to a miracle. O heaven ! cried I, what prodigy is this ? — Ah ! traitreſs, ſays the lady, what impudence is this ? What is thy deſign, thou wicked forcereſs ? Doſt thou believe the king, my huſband, is to be deluded by thy artifiſes ? My huſband ſees plainly thou art but a wretch. Then addreſſing to the prince, added, cauſe this perſidious creature to be ſeized, and caſt into a dungeon, and to-morrow let her be burned, to expiate her criminal purpoſes.

If the perfect reſemblance, which this woman has of me, ſays the queen of the *Naimans*, aſtoniſhes me ; her insolent manner of ſpeaking ſurprizes me ſtill more. Inſtead of making her an adequate anſwer, I burſt into tears, and afterwards ſaid, to the king, Sir, I had reaſon to believe after my deſtiny was united to yours, my miſeries were at an end. But alas ! ſome demon, envying my happineſs, borrows my form, and reſolving to paſs
for

for me, has attained her ends. View me well. If your wife still remains dear to you, sure you may distinguish her from any impostor. I call heaven to witness that I am the queen of the *Naimans*.

HERE the lady in bed again interrupted her. You say false, says she, you are a wicked woman, as is seen by your behaviour. Cease, says the king to us: I am at a loss to recollect my wife. One of you seeks to seduce me. I am afraid, under my present uncertainty, that in punishing the deceiver, I should execute my vengeance upon the innocent.

IN this doubt, he called in the chief of the eunuchs, and commanded him to confine us in separate apartments, where we lay all that night. In the morning the prince sent for *Aly* and his wife, and told them what had happened. They desired to see us both together, not doubting but they should be able to know me. But upon examination, they could not distinguish the true from the counterfeit person. Moreover, my nurse remembering that I was born with a mole on my knee, looked at us both, and found us both marked alike. They then began to interrogate us separately. The lady answered their questions just as I did; but my nurse looked upon my answers to be the more exact, and decided in my favour.

HER decision was of small service. For the king having assembled all the visiers, they judged the lady who was in bed, was the real queen, me the sorceress, and ordered me to be burnt at the stake. The king was against this cruel sentence, lest he should put his wife to death by mistake, ordered me only to be stripped of my robes,

robes, to be covered with old clothes, and put out of the city. I am come thus far, supported by the alms of well disposed persons. This is my history. I hope you will not think I spoke like one out of her wits, when I told you, " That I am the daughter and the " wife of a king, and yet that I am not what I say : " That I am a princess, and am not what I am." Here the queen of *Thebet* concluded. *Ruzvanschad* comforted her, and said, madam, your miseries are at the height. From this day your fortune will change for the better. One of our poets says, when any thing arrives at full perfection, it touches upon the period of declension ; and that the extremes of misfortune border upon felicity. Expect ruin, says the same author, when thy happiness is compleat, and prepare for joy, when adversity presseth. Heaven in this manner has chequered human life. To convince you of this truth, hear the following story.



The History of CAVERSCHA.

THE king of *Hyrkania*, whose name was *Codovende*, had a visier called *Caverscha*, a man of superior knowledge, and great experience. Going one day to bathe himself, as he was standing over the water, he dropped his ring into the bath, which, instead of sinking, floated upon the surface. Struck with this prodigy, he ordered his servants to convey all his riches out of his house, and hide them in a place where he directed, saying at the same time, The king my master will soon send to have me apprehended. His officers had not carried them all off, when the captain of the guards

guards came with soldiers to the house, and told him he had orders to carry him to prison. The visier went with him, while the soldiers seized all that was left behind. This unhappy minister, whom the king had imprisoned upon false reports, lay several years in chains, and was denied the liberty of seeing his friends.

He had for a great while desired leave to eat some *Rommanaschy*, but was refused it, to make his confinement more severe. One day the keeper brought a mess out of pity, in a *China* basin. The visier highly rejoiced, was now preparing to eat it, when two rats, as they were fighting fell into it; so that he was not able to eat. But he sent orders to his domestics to go and take his riches from the place where they were hid, and carry them back to his house; because, said he, the king will soon release me, and re-establish me in my former grandeur. *Codovende*, set him at liberty that very day, and sending for him, said, I am convinced of your innocence, have ordered your enemies to be strangled, and reinstate you in your former dignity.

Now the friends of *Carverscha*, who knew what had passed, asked him how he could foretell that he should be imprisoned, and afterwards set at liberty. When my ring floated upon the water, said he, I judged that my glory was arrived to the highest pitch, that my good fortune, incapable of any increase, was now, according to the decrees of heaven, about to change into adversity. When I was in prison, and begged so long for *Rommanaschy* without success, I plainly saw my ill fortune would continue; but when it was brought, and the rats fell into it, they presaged to me, that my extreme misery would be turned into joy.



The History of RUZVANSCHAD.

BE cast down no longer, madam, continues the king, you are now upon the brink of happiness. Follow my example. Alas ! I cannot tell, whether I am not plagued with a frightful demon, as well as you. Here he discovered himself, and related the story of the white doe, &c.

SCARCE had he ended his narration, when they saw a young man on horseback, almost naked, riding full speed. He passed so near them, that the queen knew him, and cried out, O heavens ! see my husband ! But he never cast his eyes that way. He seemed to be in great confusion, and in the midst of his hasty flight, often looked behind him, as if he was fearful of being pursued.

RUZVANSCHAD and the queen of *Thebet* looked earnestly after him, but before he got out of sight, they saw another horseman, spurring on after him. The rider of this last was richly cloathed, and had in his hand a drawn sabre, stained with blood, impatient to overtake the other. The princess, when she saw him likewise, cried out, O heaven ! see my husband ! The king of *China*, confessed his astonishment, and owned he never saw two persons more alike. Sir, replies the queen, hence you may be convinced, that what I told you concerning my self is no fiction.

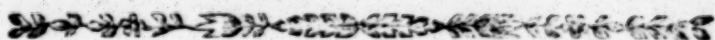
WHILE they reasoned upon the singularity of this vision,

vision, a third person appeared, who, tho' he ran with the same speed as the other two, yet he passed not without taking notice of *Ruzvanabad* and the queen. This was the visier *Aly-Ben-Haytam*. He and the princess immediately knew each other. He alighted from his horse, and throwing himself at her feet, said, Ah! madam, do I see you. Thanks for ever be to heaven for your preservation. If for a time it suffers vice to reign, and abandons the innocent, it is only in the end to make justice more exemplary. The king has slain the impostor, and, to complete his vengeance, now pursues a wretch, who by the power of charms assumes his likeness. I have not time to inform you of all that has passed at court, since you were cast out in so disgraceful a manner. Haste, madam, mount this instant, let us try to overtake him. No, sir, said the king of *China*, fatigue not the queen. Do you stay with her, and I will undertake to join the king your master. This said, he vaulting lightly into his saddle pursued him.

WHEN he was gone off, *Aly* asked the queen who he was, who told him he was the king of *China*. Now, says the princess, tell me after what manner the forceress was discovered. This morning, says the minister, the king and I went out to hunt, attended only by one slave. We were not far from home, before the king bethought himself, that he had forgot to tell the queen some matter of importance, so we returned. The king quitted his horse at the gate, where he ordered me to wait, and ran up the back stairs to the queen's apartment. I saw a man run down with a turban, almost naked, and very like the king. Ah! sir, said I, as soon as I saw him in this condition! Instead of making any answer, he ran to his

his horse, like a person terrified, mounted instantly, and galloped away. Fearing some mischief had befallen him I followed, and heard a voice behind me, calling, stay, visier, stay. Turning my head, I saw the king coming out of the castle, with fury sparkling in his eyes, and a scimeter in his hand. He ran in haste to meet me. Visier, says he, we have turned out the queen to take in a detestable woman, who by magick has taken her form. I have killed the traitress, and must do the like to the villain who assumed my likeness. He then mounted his horse to follow the enemy, and continues to hunt him down.

WHILE *Aly* related these things to the queen, *Raz-vanschad* followed the king of *Thebet*, who, pushed on by his resentment, at length overtook him, and giving him a cut in his shoulder with his scimeter, felled him to the ground, then leaped from his horse to finish his destruction. But the wretch begged his life, which the king granted upon condition he would tell him who he was, by what means, and for what reason, he appeared in his likeness, and a full account of all he wanted to know: Sir, answered the man, if your majesty pleases to pardon me, I will give you full satisfaction. And to convince you of this, I will begin, by resuming my own natural shape. This said, he took a ring off his finger, and appeared in the figure of a frightful old man. The king of *Thebet*, much surprized at this sudden transformation, was impatient to hear what more he had to say. Sir, added the wretch, you now see what I really am, and to satisfy you to the utmost, I will give you a particular account of my life.



The History of MOCHEL and DILNOUAZE.

MOCH^{EL} proceeded ; I am the son of a weaver of *Damas*, and my name is *Mochel*. My father was rich and covetous, and I being his only heir, found my self, at his death, master of a considerable fortune, for one of my birth. Instead of managing my income for the best, or making business my pleasure, I made pleasure my business. I kept company with women, but was particularly obliging to one young lady, whose inclination was as great towards me. She was witty and fair, but too much addicted to fraud and artifice. She had as many lovers as there are days in the year, and each of them thought himself the first in her favour, as she told him in private. Deluded by the fair promises she made, I believed all my rivals efforts were vain, and that I was the happy man. This fond notion increased my love, and love increased my expences. I sent *Dilnoaze* presents very often, which were of so considerable value, that in four years I was intirely undone. My rivals also endeavoured to preserve her affections by gifts, and in short she grew rich with the spoils of her lovers.

WHEN I had spent my all, I expected, as is usual among these sort of creatures, to be turned quite off from her presence : but she, tho' surprisngly interested, and a thorough-paced coquet, said to me one day, Perhaps, you imagine I shall now discard you. No, no, though you now make me no presents, I love you best, and seeing you are first ruined, I will in my turn let you ex-

experience my generosity. I intend you shall share with me all I receive from your rivals, and to repay you with interest what you have spent upon me. She gave me store of gold and silver, and I thought my self richer than ever. She put her whole confidence in me, and for many years we cohabited in this manner. Age now grew insensibly upon her, which deprived her of all her lovers. This was a great affliction to her. She grew inconsolable on being forsaken. What shall I do, said she ? I must either end my days, or go into the desert of *Pbaran*, and find out the sage *Bedra*. She is the most knowing magician in *Asia*. All nature is liable to her enchantments. I know her abode. She, perhaps, will give me something to make men love me in my old age. If you please, answered I, let me keep you company. She accepted the offer. We took Provisions, some presents for *Bedra*, and pursued our journey to the desert.

AFTER we had travelled two days, *Dilnoûaze* shew'd me a mountain at a great distance from us, saying, the woman magician lives at the foot of that hill. We went forwards, and, coming to the place, beheld a spacious cave, out of which flew a thousand ominous birds, or rather winged monsters, who filled the air with their hideous cries. When we came to the mouth of it, there was an iron lamp, by the dim light of which, we saw a little old woman sitting upon a large stone. This was *Bedra* : she had a large book open upon her knees, and read before a furnace of gold, wherein stood a pot of silver, filled with black earth, and boiling without fire. We entered, and after paying a profound reverence to the old woman, gave her the presents, when *Dilnoûaze* spoke thus : Hail ! *Bedra*, to whom

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such power is given, I am come to implore your aid : I need not tell you my errand : you know it. I do, replies *Bedra*. Then fetched two phials, and carried them out of the cave. She then placed them upon the ground, and cast into each a gold ring, then opened the book, and read some magic words. While this was doing, we saw fire break out of one phial, and out of the other a black smoke ; which spreading itself thro' the air, ended in a clap of thunder.

WHEN all was silent, and nothing more came out of the phials, *Bedra* took the rings out, and put one on *Dilnoaze's* finger, saying, Go, woman, abandon thy heart to joy. The ring which I gave you, so long as you have it upon your finger, has the power of giving to you the shape and features of any woman you have a mind to resemble. Only wish that you may represent any wife, or virgin, and in that instant you will be so like her, that it will be scarce possible to know one from the other. To you, *Mochel*, I give the other ring, which has the same virtues. This said, she put the other ring on my finger.

WE paid our compliments to the magician, took our leave, and returned to *Damas* to try the experiment. We first wished to resemble persons we knew, and found ourselves like them in every thing. *Dilnoaze* soon after assumed the form of the most beautiful ladies in the city, to prostitute herself to her lovers. I also used my ring for diversion, and sometimes for theft, by now taking the likeness of one man, and anon of another. Having followed this Way of life for a considerable time at *Damas*, we left *Egypt*, and arrived at length in the land of the *Naimans*. There we had intelligence
that

that a young princess was on the throne, and that the visier *Aly-Ben-Haytam*, governed the state in her name; that his absolute authority caused animosities among the people, who wished to see the prince *Mouaffac* in the country, who was killed, as they thought, in a battle fought at *Mogalistan*. Here, says *Dilnawaze*, is a fair opportunity of getting a Crown. Take upon you the form of prince *Mouaffac*.

THIS, thought I, is no hard task. When I had previously informed myself of every particular circumstance relating to *Mouaffac*, I wished myself like him, and instantly became his very image. I first shewed myself to his friends, who received me with joy, and to whom I made known my design. They promised me assistance. Soon after the whole kingdom was up in arms. The people of *Albasin* opened the gates of their city to me, proclaimed me king of the *Naimans*, and swore obedience. For my greater security, I resolved to sacrifice the young queen and the visier to my ambition. But *Aly* saved his own life and that of the princess, by leaving the kingdom with as much secrecy as diligence. In the mean time I remained in quiet possession of the throne, and *Dilnawaze* passed for my queen. Our days were all days of pleasure, till we learned, sir, from your ambassadors, that you had espoused the queen of the *Naimans*, and would declare war against me, if I did not instantly give up the crown which I withheld from her so wrongfully. I returned a haughty Answer, as if I set you at defiance; but at the same time was much terrified. I immediately consulted *Dilnawaze*, what was most adviseable to be done in this affair. We considered that you was greatly

superior in power, determined to quit the throne, and resolved to avenge ourselves upon the queen of *Naimans*.

THE method we took was this: I took the form of a sick person for some days, then borrowed that of a corpse, to persuade the people I was dead. My funeral was celebrated, and *Dilnoüaze* came by night and opened the sepulchre where I was laid; after which we departed out of *Albasin* in our natural shapes, and took the road to *Thebet*, where we saw the deputies enter, which were sent to the queen to inform her of the death of prince *Mouaffac*, and assure her, they acknowledged her for their lawful sovereign. Upon this news you disbanded the army, and determined to intrust the visier *Aly* with the government of the *Naimans*. Now I and *Dilnoüaze* got one evening into the palace in the form of one of the queen's eunuchs, and she in that of a young slave. After this we got into your apartment when you was in Bed, and the queen in her closet reading in the *Alcoran*. When your lady was coming out of her closet to you, I put on the appearance of a terrible phantom. She cried out, and I vanished. I need not trouble you with what followed, when I this day counterfeited the resemblance of your majesty. This, sir, is my history. I agree, that for these foul crimes I deserve death; and if your majesty pleases to punish a wretch who owns himself unworthy to live, I willingly submit. The king answered, I should rid the earth of such a monster! But since I have given thee my promise to spare thy life, I will not forfeit my word. I will only take the ring, that fatal instrument of thy

thy wickedness, and may thy decrepid age be thy punishment.

THE king had scarce done speaking, when he observed *Ruzvanschad* making up to him with full speed; and judging by his attire, that he was a person of rank, as such consider'd him. *Ruzvanschad* alighted from his Horse, saluted him, and said: Prince, I am the messenger of good news: The queen lives; and notwithstanding her banishment from *Thebet*, you have it in your power, to see her this night. O heavens! says the king, is it possible that she should be alive after the hardships she has suffered. But, as you, sir, continued he, seem to be informed of the wonders which have been done in my court. Tell me, sir, who you are, and let me know how much I'm obliged to you. I am a stranger, says the king of *China*, and at a fitter opportunity shall tell you my name. I found your queen by accident. She told me her sad story, and the visier *Aly* informed me of the rest. He is now with the princess, and I came to conduct you to her. Full of impatience to revisit his true wife, the king of *Thebet* left the wretched *Micbol* upon the place, after he had taken from him the ring, and instantly returned with *Ruzvanschad*.

THEY rode together to the place where *Aly* and the queen sat. The king quitted his horse in a hurry, and opening his arms to receive the princess, she made forward to embrace him. Madam, said he, What notions must you have hereafter of a husband, who has treated you so inhumanly. But alas! To what height soever I have carried my cruelty,

you should not hate me, since I have avenged you of your enemies. Sir, replies the queen, let us forget what is past, your mistake is pardonable, and your error a sufficient excuse for my sufferings. No, says the king, my error is inexcusable. Whatever resemblance that accursed woman might have borrowed of you, I ought to have distinguished, by the sentiments of your heart, and your wit; in both which she was very deficient.

THEIR first transports, occasioned by this unexpected interview, being over, the queen asked her husband, how he came to be undeceived. I went, says the prince, privately up the back stairs to your apartment, and saw a man in bed with my supposed wife. Enraged, I drew my scimitar, to make a sacrifice of the lovers. The man eluded the blow, and ran away. Instead of pursuing of him immediately, I resolved to rid myself first of a perfidious wife. She was now got up, and fell at my feet for pardon. As she stretched out her hands, I cut off one, which had a ring upon the finger. She no sooner lost that but her beauty disappeared, and I saw a frightful hag before me. Ah! Prince, said she, by cutting off my hand, you have robbed me of that beauty which deluded you. Deprive me not of my life, I have sufficient punishment in seeing you disabused. No, no, wicked sorceress, said I, thou hast been the cause of my treating the queen so unworthily, who must by this time have finished a wretched life. After these words I raised my scimitar, and struck off her head; then pursued the cursed wretch, who had borrowed my form and features. And it was the will of heaven that he should not escape my vengeance. The queen thus

thus far ſatisfied; he went on to relate what paſſed between him and *Mochel*, which the princeſs and the viſier heard with equal attention and ſurprize. When the king had finiſhed his narration, he turned to *Ruzvanchad*, ſaying, Noble ſtranger, who have ſo generously contributed to my happineſs; what marks of gratitude does your heart require of me? ſpeak. When *Ruzvanchad* was preparing to make answer, the queen prevented him, ſaying, I perceive, ſir, you know not to whom you addreſs this diſcourſe. He is the king of *China*. When the king of *Thebet* was thus informed, he aſked his pardon, and they embraced ſeveral times; then went together to the king of *Thebet's* palace; where he was entertained in a princely manner for ſome days, then taking leave of his royal hoſts, went to his own dominions.



The Continuation of the Hiſtory of RUZVANSCHAD, and of the Princeſs CHEHERISTANY.

RUZVANSCHAD, now being ſafe arrived at his own palace, told the viſier the ſtrange adventure of the king and queen of *Thebet*. *Muezin* was aſtoniſhed at it, and repreſented to his maſter that *Cheberiftany* was alſo an enchantreſs, which the king now began not to doubt of.

ONE morning when all the nobles came to the palace as uſual, and waited for this prince, no perſon could tell where he was, or what was become of him. All they knew was, that he fell aſleep upon a ſoſa the night before, and had not been ſeen ſince.

Several weeks passed without the least intelligence of him. All the courtiers grieved for the loss of their sovereign. They dyed their faces yellow, gave themselves up to mourning, and strewed roses before the throne.

THE visier who loved his master exceedingly, grew disconsolate for the loss of him. While they grieved in this manner, *Ruzvanschad* was completing his happiness in the island of *Cheberistan*, where he was carried by the order of *Cheberistany*. This princess, after she was proclaimed queen, applied herself to the affairs of government, but soon finding that her love for the king of *China* daily increased, and being very sensible of his constancy, resolved to perform her promise. To this purpose she ordered him to be carried off by a genie, and brought to her palace. When he saw the queen, he cried out, Ah! Divine princess, have I the pleasure to see you once more? Alas! I durst not flatter myself with so great a favour, I really thought you had forgot me. No, replies the queen, absence has not the same effect upon genies as upon the sons of *Adam*. It never shakes our constancy. Tho' I am but a son of *Adam*, replies the prince, I am in point of fidelity, madam, equal to any genie. Ah! my queen, continues he, with a sigh, with what impatience did I long to see you? Ah! sir, replies the princess, since your love has stood the trial, we will this very day unite ourselves for ever.

THE king of *China* swore eternal love to her. After which, all the chief nobles of the realm, with
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the people, were ſummoned before the palace, where the queen made the following ſpeech to them.

“ Ye great, and ye inferior genies,”

“ As you inveſted me with the ſovereign power, after the death of *Menoutcher*, my father: I do hereby declare, that I will ſoon eſpouſe the prince *Ruzvanshad*. I order you for this reaſon, to ſhew him all due reſpect, as your lord and maſter.”

WHEN ſhe had thus ſaid, ſhe led him forward to the ſight of the people. They all applauded her choice, and made no ſcruple to crown him king of *Cheberiſtan*.

AFTER his coronation, preparations were made for the celebration of their marriage. But before this was performed, the queen inſiſted that he ſhould promiſe her one thing, which, ſays ſhe, will tend to our future happineſs; and if you ſhould at any time break this promiſe, we ſhall be miſerable. Let me know what it is, madam, ſays the king, you need only ſpeak, I am ready to perform all you require. Know, then, ſir, I am a genie, and, ſays ſhe, you are a ſon of *Adam*. We have laws and cuſtoms peculiar to ourſelves. In a word, it is impoſſible we ſhould continue long together, if you do not blindly comply with me in all things. Is this, madam, ſays *Ruzvanshad*, that ſevere trial which you ſuſpect me to be incapable of. believe me I ſhall never have any will but yours. Well then, replies the princeſs, you promiſe that if I chance to do any thing in your ſight which is not agreeable to you, that you will not reprove me for it. Yes, my queen, ſaid he, I ſwear to approve them all; and if you doubt my

complaisance is not equal to my love, you will disoblige me for ever. Enough, replies *Cheberistany*, I sit down by your oath. Never think I shall ask any unreasonable compliance. The genies do nothing which is improper.

Now the queen caused *Razwanfchad* to ascend a throne of gold, and placed herself by him, while the nobles stood in ranks before them, and the prince's women on each side. The nobles paid their homage to the new king, and performed some ceremonies, peculiar to beings of that kind. Then their nuptials were celebrated, by festivals and rejoicings for three days. The king, pleased with his success, made it his whole business to please his consort; and consecrating his time to diversions, he for a while lost even the remembrance of his native country. About twelve months after *Cheberistany* was delivered of a prince, extremely beautiful. All the people made fresh rejoycings, and the king transported to have a son by his charming *Cheberistany*, continually returned his thanks to heaven for the blessing. When the news was brought to the king, he was a hunting, but instantly came to see the babe. He took it in his arms, and having kissed him gently, gave him back to the queen, who was sitting by a great fire, and threw him immediately into it, and that very instant, O miraculous event! The fire and the infant both disappeared.

THIS strange incident much afflicted the king: but how great soever his grief was upon the occasion, he did not shew it, remembering the oath he had taken. He retired into his closet to indulge his sorrow, and melting into tears, said, Heaven grants me a son; his mother throws him into the flames! Am I not very wretched!

wretched! O mother devoid of nature! O cruel.— But no more, adds he, I may diſoblige the queen, if I relate my grief! Let me prevail upon myſelf to think that the princeſs acts not contrary to reaſon. Notwithſtanding the ſtrong tendency of his heart to reproach her with the death of his heir.

THE next year the queen was delivered of a princeſs, whoſe beauty was far ſuperior to that of the prince. She was called *Balki*. The king was again raviſhed with her beauty. Not many days after ſhe was born, there appeared in and about the palace, a great white bitch, with her mouth wide open. *Cheberiftany*, obſerving her, ſaid, Here, take this child and the cradle. The bitch inſtantly ran to the cradle, took it in her mouth and went away.

No pen can expreſs how the king was troubled at this ſight. Remembering the oath he had taken, he retired into his cloſet, there recollecting the ſad fate of his ſon, and the cruel uſage of his daughter. Inhuman *Cheberiftany*, ſaid he, is it thus you treat my children? I abhor your cuſtoms and laws. Your laws without doubt direct, that when the genies marry with us men, their children ſhould periſh. And ſhall I thus be devoted to her will? No, notwithſtanding all the tenderneſs I have for her, I will not bear with theſe barbarous Cuſtoms.

HOWEVER, tho' the king was much concerned for the loſs of his children, he had prudence enough to conceal his grief from the queen. The iſland of *Cheberiftan* became his averſion, and he reſolved to return to *China*. Hereupon, he one day ſaid to the princeſs, I long to viſit my people in *China*, who are

now

now impatient of my absence. I consent, says the queen, that you should satisfy their desires. I know the *Mogols* are raising a powerful army against you. Begone, and preserve your empire. I will soon pay you a visit. She immediately ordered a genie to take the king back; and he soon found himself in his own palace.

MUEZIN, prostrated himself before him, saying, Heaven at last has restored you to your people. Your subjects despairing of seeing you again, conferred the kingdom upon me: but now beholding my lord and master, I quit the throne, and desire you to ascend it. The king, after this, related his adventures to *Muezin*, at which he fell into astonishment.

Soon after the *Mogols* enter'd *China*, not doubting of an entire conquest. This news was brought to *Ruzvanschad*. He marched against them, having previously filled a magazine with provisions of all kinds for the support of his army, in a vast plain, at a proper distance from the enemy. The officer, who had the charge of these provisions, was called *Wely*. As the king was going to take upon himself the command of his army, *Cheberistan* appeared to him, accompanied by several genies; who destroyed all his provisions in the magazine, let out his liquors, and left nothing either for him or his army to eat or drink.

HEREUPON the princess said to *Wely*; Go tell the king, that the queen his wife has committed this disorder. He posted away to *Ruzvanschad*, and told all the queen had done; who said, Even the death of my children is less excusable than this action. But while
he

he was fired with indignation, the princess came to him. Madam, says he, I can no longer keep silence. You have already destroyed my son and daughter, and now make a manifest attempt upon my life and glory. O ungrateful ! Is it thus you repay my affection ? See my army, by your means, deprived of provisions.

Ah ! weak and imprudent prince, replies the queen. Why did you not restrain your tongue ? The hard fate which I dreaded is now fixed. Little do you think, that the fire into which I cast your son, was a wise salamander, to whom I intrusted his education ; and the bitch was a fairy, who sued to me to have the management of your daughter. They both answer my expectations, and breed up the prince and his sister in a polite manner ; of which truth you shall this instant bear testimony. To this end she immediately commanded one of the genies to bring them that moment. They came ; but none, excepting the king, were permitted to see them.

THE king of *China* was so much ravished with the sight of his children, that he lost all thoughts about his provisions. He hugged, kissed, and embraced them one after another ; while *Cheberistan* added, Sir, I must now inform you, why I destroyed your provisions. The king of the *Mogols*, to accomplish his designs, had prevailed with your perfidious minister *Wely*, for a thousand sequins of gold, to take away your life, and destroy your army by poisoning your provisions. By this stratagem your generals, captains, &c. must have perished, had I not prevented their destruction. Make him eat a piece of biscuit before you, and observe the consequence. The king ordered

Wely

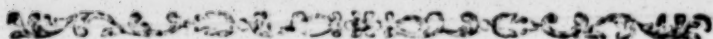
Wely to be called, and some of the scatter'd provisions to be brought. They fetched him a box of sweetmeats as yet entire, sealed with the visier's signet. The king commanded it to be opened, and bid the traitor to eat. *Wely* pretended he had no appetite. If you do not eat this moment, replies the prince, I will take off your head. The visier finding his death inevitable, tasted of the sweetmeats, and dropped down dead. I hope this will convince you, says the queen, that we genies do nothing without reason. Yes, Madam, replies *Ruzwanschad*, I own myself to blame; but my army, who have escaped the poison, I fear must now perish by famine. Cease your fears, continues the queen, they shall be supplied to-morrow. Attack the enemy this night. You shall become master of their magazines, and return to your city in triumph.

IN the dead of the night the princess with her guards led the *Chinese*, and poured in upon the *Mogols* army, made a great slaughter, and totally defeated them, with the loss of a few men. All the equipage of the king of the *Mogols*, as well as the provisions for his army, which were in great abundance, became a prey to the conquerors. Now, says she to the king, when day-light appeared, see your enemies lie in the dust. The war is over. Return to your palace, and live undisturbed. As for me, I must leave you. There is a necessity we should be separated for ever. You will see me no more, and I shall never more see you. It is your own fault. Why did you not keep your promise? Ah! just heaven, cries the prince, What is it I hear? In the name of heaven! think no more of your fatal purpose. I repent that ever I failed in my word. Vouchsafe to pardon me. Your prayers and protestations are superfluous,

fluous, says the princess, our laws compel me to leave you. Alas ! was it in my power to pardon you, I would not be inexorable. Adieu, prince ! Farewel for ever, adds she, weeping. You lose at once your children and your wife. At these words, she and her children disappeared.

It is not in the power of words to express the king of *China's* sorrow on this occasion. He disguised his face, threw earth upon his head, and expressed all the actions of a madman. He took his army to the capital, and entering the palace, said to *Muezin*, govern you my empire. I leave my affairs to your management. Act as you think proper. I will pass the rest of my days in mourning for the loss of my wife and children ; neither must you talk to me of any thing relating to my kingdom ; but only of *Cheberistan* and my children. To indulge my grief shall be the business of my life. He accordingly shut himself up in his closet, and fell into a deep melancholy, and remained ten years in a languishing condition. He was upon his death bed, when the queen, full of grief, came into his apartment, saying, I come to put an end to your trouble, and to restore you to life. Our laws required, that to punish your perjury, I should keep from you ten years. Neither was I to return to you again, unless you had, during that time, persevered in your fidelity. But you have now convinced me that the sons of *Adam* can love with constancy. To complete your joys, continues she, you shall also see your children again. They immediately entered the room, to *Ruzvanshad*, who was transported at the sight of them. As he was the fondest father, and the most loving husband, his heart was divided with all the tender passions which conjugal and paternal love can inspire. He soon recovered, and these four persons

sons lived together many years. After the death of the king and queen, the prince *Cbeheristan*, their only son, reigned in *China*, and their daughter *Balkis* governed the island of *Cbeheristan*, till she became the spouse of the great prophet *Salomon*.



*The History of COULOUSE, and of the
beautiful DILARA.*

AT *Damas* there dwelt a wealthy merchant, whose name was *Abdallah*. He one day reflecting upon the many dangers he had escaped in traversing the whole world to heap up riches, lamented his having no children to enjoy them, and gave charities daily to the dervises to pray that he might be blessed with a son. Nay, he founded hospitals, and convents, and built mosques, but it was all to no purpose; so that now he despaired of being a father.

At length he sent for a famous *Indian* physician, and said to him, O doctor, I have longed exceedingly these many years for a son. Sir, says the *Indian*, it is a blessing which depends upon the will of providence, but yet it is not denied to men, to use their endeavours to attain it. Tell me then, sir, says *Abdallah*, what I must do, and I will follow your directions. You must, says the physician, purchase a strait and beautiful slave, with plump cheeks and large hips; her voice must be soft and melodious, she must have a chearful look, and her conversation must be agreeable. Besides this, you must keep yourself chaste for forty days before you have any intercourse with her. All this time you must dis-
engage

engage yourſelf from buſineſs, eat nothing but the fleſh of a black ram, and drink old wine. Punctually obſerve theſe particulars, and I have reaſon to hope you may have an heir.

ABDALLAH purchaſed a beautiful damſel, ſtrictly purſued the regimen preſcribed, and had a ſon by her. The child was nam'd *Coulouſe*, and magnificent banquets, and public rejoicings were made at his birth. Great care was taken in his education. He had variety of maſters. He was inſtructed in the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, *Turkiſh*, and *Indian* languages, underſtood, and could write them all. He not only read the *Alcoran*, but the commentators upon it alſo; and knew the myſtical meaning of every thing therein contained. Above all, he was well inſtructed in the doctrine of predeſtination. He knew the hiſtory of *Arabia* and *Perſia*, and the annals of their kings. He learned morality, philoſophy, phyſic, and aſtronomy. At the age of eighteen he was not only a proficient in all theſe things; but was a good poet, a ſkilful muſician, and a great maſter of all bodily exerciſes.

ABDALLAH loved him more than life, and could not bear to have him out of his ſight. Now death had given a ſummons to the old merchant. A little time before he expired, he bid *Coulouſe* fit down by his bed, and employed his laſt moments in giving him good advice. When the funeral was over, his ſon took poſſeſſion of all his real and perſonal eſtates; but he no ſooner got them into his hands, than he began to ſquander them away. He built a palace, bought beautiful ſlaves, and choſe ſuch young men for his companions, as had the ſame way of thinking. They gratified every appetite,

petite, and his table was lavishly furnished every day. Mirth, music, feasting, and dancing, were their constant employment. In this extravagant manner they lived several years, till he had wasted his patrimony. He was obliged to part with his palace and his slaves, and was soon reduced to poverty.

He now had recourse to all his companions, who contributed to his ruin, for subsistence. You, says he, contributed to my ruin; you, my friends, have seen me in prosperity; you now see my adversity. Call to mind your former promises; relieve me in my distress. Thus did *Coulause* try the gratitude of his friends, but they were all deaf to his solicitations. Some pitied him; others prayed for him; and some again reviled him. O faithless friends, cries he, your hardness of heart afflicts me deeply! I am justly punished for my folly and credulity.

COULOUSE, more afflicted in his mind, that he was deceived in his choice of friends, than for his poverty, resolved to quit *Damas*, where he had so many witnesses of his folly. He set out for the land of *Kenaites*, came to *Caracorum*, where *Cabal Can* reigned, and took lodgings at an inn. Here he one day heard, that the king was making preparations for war, the two neighbouring princes, who paid him a large annual tribute, having refused to continue it, and levied forces to oppose his collectors, if they presumed to enter into their dominions. When *Coulause* had intelligence of this affair, he went to *Cabal Can* to offer his service in the army. He signalized himself by several actions in this war; which drew upon him the love of the officers, and the favour of the king's son, who was an eye-witness
of

of them. Other tributary princes following the example, took up arms likewise, so that *Cabal Can* was obliged to turn his arms against these new enemies. Here the son of *Abdallah* again distinguished his bravery in so extraordinary a manner, that *Mirgehan*, the son of *Cabal Can*, resolved to take him to himself.

SOON after *Cabal Can* died, and the prince succeeded him. When he was settled upon the throne, he shower'd down his favours upon *Couloufe*, and made him his sole confident. He flourished now more than ever, and said, It must be, that the events of human life are determined in heaven! I lived at *Damas* amidst pleasures, and never thought I should fall into misery. When I came to *Caracorum*, I had no hopes of being what I am. All the good, all the evil, which befalls us, is independent of ourselves, and not to be prevented. Let us live therefore according to our hearts, and submit to our destiny, which cannot be avoided. Relying on this principle, he followed his inclinations without restraint. Going out of the palace one day, he met an old woman veiled, who wore a necklace of pearls, with a staff in her hand, and five slaves following her. He asked her, if the slaves were to be sold? She answer'd in the affirmative. He examined their features, and seeing one more beautiful than the rest, asked the price of her. I cannot recommend her to you, sir, who seem to be a person of distinction; you should have one more engaging. I have them of all sorts, and from all countries. I have *Turkish* virgins, *Sclavonicks*, *Ionians*, *Ethiopians*, *Armenians*, *Georgians*, and some of *China*. You shall take your choice. Follow me.

THEY came to a mosque, when the old woman said,
stay

stay here a moment till I return. After he had waited there about an hour with impatience, she came with a virgin, who carried a bundle under her arm ; - in which was a veil and the upper garment of a woman, with which the old woman cover'd *Couloufe*, saying, Sir, we are persons of reputation, and it would be a disgrace to us to take in a stranger. Mother, says he, putting on the habit, take me where you please. She led him to a palace, where every thing had an air of magnificence ; and after we had crossed a vast court, paved with green marble, we came into a spacious hall, in the middle of which stood a basin of porphyry, full of water, wherein were a number of ducks. It was encompassed with an aviary of golden wire, in which a thousand birds of various kinds made a delightful harmony.

WHILE *Couloufe* was busied in considering these objects, in came a young lady smiling. She made him a profound reverence. He saluted her ; she took him by the hand, and seated him by her upon a cushion of gold brocade, placed on a sofa of the same stuff ; then took a fine handkerchief, and wiped his eyes and face, and gave him such bewitching glances, as thoroughly gained his affections. He was determined to purchase her, when another slave came in much fairer than the first, with gold locks waving upon her shoulders. She came up to the son of *Abdallah*, kissed his hand, and offered to wash his feet in a basin of gold ; which he refused, and rising up, was resolved to fix his choice here ; but immediately he became motionless, like a statue, on the sight of twenty young damsels, who seemed to rival each other in beauty ; accompanied by a young person in richer attire, far superior to the rest in beauty, and whom

whom he took for their mistress. *Couloufe* enraptured on this occasion, fainted away.

ALL the slaves ran to his assistance, and when he recovered from the fit, the lady who was the cause of it, spoke thus. Poor bird ! let me bid you welcome. You are caught in the net. *Couloufe* kissed the earth, and sighed. They placed him upon a sofa, and brought him sherbet in a golden cup, enriched with jewels. The lady drank to him, sat down by him, and perceiving him unable to speak ; How comes it to pass, says she, that you are so disorder'd ? Banish your melancholy. Are you not pleased with your company ? Ah ! fair creature, replies he, insult me no longer. I confess that my spirits are in confusion.

THIS said, she took him by the hand, led him into another room, where they all sat down at a table covered with great variety of sweetmeats, and the most delicious fruit. When they had done eating, the ladies wash'd their hands with a kind of paste of an exquisite composition, and wiped them with towels of rose-colour'd silk. After this they passed into the wine-chamber, adorned with caskets of balms, and sweet-smelling flowers.

SOME of the ladies began here to dance, others played upon the canoun, harp, or guitar of *David*, upon the organ, barbot violin, and arganoun. But not one of the hands was comparable to that of the lady who had charmed the son of *Abdallab*. She in her turn took the lute, put it in tune, and played most divinely. She played upon the harp in the *Rastian* measure ; upon the viol in the measure of *Ispahan*, and upon the soft flute

in

in the measure of *Rikuo'iy*. She likewise sung, and ravished *Couloufe* with vocal and instrumental music. He, unable to contain himself any longer, cries out, My queen, you have destroyed my reason. Suffer me to kiss your hand, and to cast myself at your feet. Having thus spoke, he seized the lady's hand, kissed, and pressed it with rapture. She, offended with his boldness, turned away with a haughty air, and said, Whoever thou art, stop thy proceedings, and pass not the bounds of modesty. I am a virgin of quality. In vain you desire to possess me. You will see me no more; and withdrew.

COULOUSE now left alone, was tortured with a thousand different passions; when the old woman came to him, saying, What have you done, young man? You might have judged by the magnificence of this house, that you were not under the roof of one, who makes a trade of selling slaves. The lady whom you have offended, is the daughter of one of the principal men at court. This information heightened the love of the son of *Abdallah*, who was despairing of ever seeing her again: when she returned into the hall with the other ladies in a different habit, decked out with more care; and observing *Couloufe* sorrowful, she burst out into laughter. I believe, says she, you heartily repent of your conduct. I will forgive you this time, on condition you will do so no more, and will tell me who you are. As he desired nothing more than a reconciliation with the lady, he made no scruple to tell that his name was *Couloufe*, and that he was the king's favourite. Sir, then, said she, I have often heard you well spoken of, have sometimes desired to see you, and am pleased to enjoy that pleasure at present. Then turning herself
to

to the ladies, said, Let us go on with our dancing and music, to entertain our guest. They danced till night, when an infinite number of tapers were lighted. While supper was preparing, the young lady and the son of *Abdallab* conversed together. She ask'd many questions about *Mingeban* the king; and if he had any fine women in his seraglio. Madam, replies the son of *Abdallab*, he has women of no ordinary beauty. There is one of them he loves at present called *Gbulendam*, whom I should think the most beautiful creature in the world, if I had never seen you; but your charms I confess are far superior. This compliment pleased *Dilara*, for that was her name. She was the daughter of *Boyruc*, a *Keraite* grandee, whom the king had sent to *Samarcande* to compliment *Usbec-Can*, on his coming to the crown of *Tartary*.

NOTHING could have pleased her more than *Cou-loufe's* telling her that she was more beautiful than the king's mistress. This fed her vanity, and raised her good humour at the same time. She said a thousand smart things at supper, which heighten'd his passion. He in return made a number of pleasant fallies of wit and humour. But the time for his departure drawing near, he prostrated himself before her; should I, added he, stay here an hundred years, I should never think it a moment in your conversation; but begone I must. To-morrow, if you will permit me, I shall come again. She consented, telling him if he would come to the gate of the mosque, where he was that day, he should be again conducted to her. This said, she ordered her favourite slave to bring a purse to her, which was wrought with silk and gold thread, of her own work, in which were jewels of considerable value. Of this, she made
a present

a present to *Couloufe*. He accepted of it, paid his obeysance, and went his way. In the court he met the old woman, who opened the street gate, and shewed him the road to the palace.

As soon as he came into the palace, he retired to his own apartment, and went to bed. He had but little sleep, and rising early in the morning went to the king, who was in great pain about him. Well *Couloufe*, says his majesty, What became of you yesterday? Where did you hide yourself? Great sir, says the favourite, your majesty shall know my adventure, and I am persuaded you will not be surpris'd; but pardon my absence. Now he related all that had happened to him. Is it possible that this young lady should be so charming! says *Mirgeban*? Sir, says the son of *Abdallah*, no words can tell her perfections, nor painter express her beauty. This is too much, says the king. I am resolved to see the lady, and will accompany you in the evening. How is it possible, says *Couloufe*, for me to introduce you to the sight of her. I will disguise myself, says the king, and pass for your slave; and will lie concealed in some obscure place, where I shall be able to see every thing. The son of *Abdallah*, fearful of disobliging his majesty, took him in the habit of a slave, and about twilight they placed themselves near the gate of the mosque. They had not stood long before the old woman came, who said to *Couloufe*, Where was the necessity of bringing this slave with you? send him back again.

COULOUSE, seeing the king much mortified, replied to the old woman, My good mother, shall I intreat you to let this slave follow us. He has wit,
many

many diverting qualities, makes verses off hand, and sings to admiration. Your lady will not be displeased to see him. The old woman consented, and they went all three together; *Couloufe* disguised as before under the habit of a woman, and *Mirgeban* in the habit of a slave. When they had come thro' the court, and entered into the hall, they beheld it illuminated with a vast number of wax-tapers, which afforded light and odours at the same instant. *Dilara*, demanded of the son of *Abdallah*, the cause of his bringing the slave with him. Madam, says he, I brought him for your diversion. He is a mimick, a poet, and a musician. Since it is so, says she, he is welcome; and harkye friend, adds she, addressing herself to the king, Behave yourself with modesty, and sail not in your respects, lest you repent it. The king seeing himself under the necessity of playing the part of a buffoon, acquitted himself so handsomely, that the lady said to *Couloufe*, really, sir, you have brought us a witty youth. 'There is something gallant and noble in his manners. He shall be cup-bearer this night. I like him. Since he has, replies the favourite, the good fortune to please you, he is no longer mine. Take him, madam, yourself. *Catalpan*, says he, to the king, there stands your mistress. The king came up to the lady, and kissing her hand, said, I am now your slave, and will serve you with zeal.

SHE accepted *Mirgeban*, and said to *Couloufe*, This young fellow belongs henceforth to me; but permit me to leave him in your hands. He shall reside with you, and come with you as often as you come. I cannot keep him here, because he is known to be your slave. After they had talked together for some time,

Couloufe and *Dilara* sat down to supper, and the king was in waiting. As he went on to divert the lady with many pleasant sayings and ridiculous actions; Sir, says *Dilara*, give the youth leave to eat and drink with us. Madam, says *Couloufe*, he is not used to sit at table. Be not so severe, says the lady, let him drink with us, that he may love us the better. Set yourself at the table, *Catalpan*, says the son of *Abdallah*. The king stayed not to be asked twice, but placed himself between *Couloufe* and the daughter of *Boyruc*. He eat, and when wine was brought, the lady filled him a bumper, and said, drink this to my health. *Dilara* encouraged the jollity of her visitors, and taking up a golden cup filled to the brim, addressed herself to the son of *Abdallah*, saying, To your best inclinations, the charming *Gbulendam*, the king's favourite. He, blushing, replied, heaven forbid! I should ever have the assurance to aspire to the mistress of my prince!—Ho, says *Dilara* smiling, you affect to be discreet. Did you not tell me yesterday of *Gbulendam*, and confess her charms. Madam, says he, dreading the consequence, rally me no longer on this occasion, I never had any conversation with that lady in private. *Dilara* proceeded; *Catalpan*, Bid thy master put more confidence in us. Come, sir, says the king, oblige the lady. And tho' I pretend to keep a secret as well as any man, I assure you this gentleman has always concealed his love for this favourite lady from me.

COULOUSE was mightily affected with what *Mirgehan* said, and plainly perceived, that what *Dilara* designed as a piece of raillery, had made ill impressions upon his mind. In the mean time they all continued to drink, till the king, insensibly warmed,
said

said to the lady with great familiarity ; I beseech you to sing me a song ; I hear that you sing charmingly. She burst into laughter, and said with all my heart. Then calling for her lute, which was ready tuned, played an excellent air in the *Yrac* measure, which she accompanied with her voice ; afterwards taking the tabor in hand, she sung an air in the *Boufelic* measure.

THE king, who never heard such music and singing before, being all in raptures, forgot to act the part of a slave any longer, and said, Madam, I am enchanted with you ; notwithstanding the wonders which *Coulouse* told me of you, he came far short of your character. Here the son of *Abdallab* made signs to him, but to no purpose. No, adds the prince, *Isaac Mouseli*, my musician, whose voice and judgment are so much applauded, sings not half so well. *Dilara*, from these words observing it was the king whom she had taken for a slave, whispered her women ; I am ruined : then ran for a veil to cover her face, and came back to *Mirgeban*, and stood before him. Pray, Madam, said he, be seated ; it is rather my duty to stand. Am I not your slave ?

DILARA hereupon began to weep. Ah ! great monarch, says she, I humbly implore you to have compassion upon me. I am young, and void of experience ; vouchsafe, I beseech your majesty, to pardon me. Fear nothing, says the king, but tell me who you are. She satisfied his curiosity, and he returned to his palace.



Perſian T A L E S.

COULOUSE *banished from the Court of*
Cabal Can.

MIRGEHAN, from this day ſuſpecting that there was love between his favourite miſtreſs and the ſon of *Abdallab*, by what *Dilara* had ſaid by way of raillery, would give ear to nothing but his jealousy. For this reaſon, without examining into the truth of his conjectures, he the next morning forbid *Coulouſe* to appear before him, and order'd him to be informed, that his will was, he ſhould that very day depart from *Caracorum*.

THE favourite, knowing his innocence, did not doubt but to make it appear, if he could gain audience of his majeſty. He obeyed the Order of the king, and joining in with a large caravan, which was going to *Tartary*, he arrived at *Samarcande*, well knowing how to bear adverſity. As he conſidered the accidents of this life, as things inevitable, nothing was able to ſhake the fortitude of his mind.

HE lived at *Samarcande*, perfectly reſigned to every fortune that might attend his life. He eat and drank well, and partook of diverſions as long as his money laſted. When that failed, he went and placed himſelf at the corner of a moſque. The prieſts talked with him, and finding he was an intelligent perſon, ordered him a regular ſubſiſtance; upon which he lived very comfortably, and contented. However, it one day came to paſs, that a conſiderable merchant called *Mouzaſſer*, came to prayers at this moſque. He looked hard at

Cou-

Couloufe, and at length calling him, said, Young man, who are you ? What has brought you hither ? Sir, said he, I was of a good family in *Damas*, and had a mind to travel. I came into *Tartary*, and within a few leagues of *Samarcande*, fell among robbers, who killed my servants, and took away all I had.

Be comforted, says *Mouzaffer* ; there are always some sweets mixed with the bitter. You, perhaps, may find something here, which may turn out to your advantage, and contribute to your peace of mind. Rise and follow me. He did as he was order'd, and enter'd with him into his house, where he saw a vast magazine of valuable stuffs, rich furniture, and a number of servants. The merchant made him sit down with him at the table, order'd him some sherbet, jellies, and the most nourishing meat. Dinner over, they talked together a considerable Time. Then *Mauzaffer* sent him away with large presents.

ON the following day the merchant came to the same mosque, brought him to his house again, and entertained him as before. There was now there a doctor called *Danischmend*, who, after they had dined, took *Couloufe* aside, and said to him, Young stranger ! the merchant of this house has business of importance for you, which requires speedy execution, and will be very serviceable to you in your present situation. He has an only child who is called *Taber* ; a young man of a hot and passionate temper. He lately married the daughter of a foreign lord, and in a passionate fit, used her ill. She having some spirit also, answer'd his anger with words of contempt.

TABER, provoked at this her insolence, put her
F 3 away ;

away ; but now repents of it. She is beautiful, and he loves her ; but our laws do not permit him to take her again, unless she is married to another, and by this second husband divorced. For this reason, *Mouzaffer* wishes you would marry her this day, pass the night with her, and put her away in the morning. He will make you a present of fifty sequins of gold. Will you oblige your friend by coming into this scheme ? Will I not, replies *Couloufe*. Am I not disposed to do any reasonable service to my benefactor ? He made me welcome, and besides I do not find any aversion in my nature to the proposal. I believe, says the doctor, there are hundreds in this city, who would think themselves very happy to be chosen *Hullas* on this occasion. *Taber's* wife is tall and strait ; her eye-brows finely arched, and from her eyes fatal darts are communicated to all those who look at them ; the snow is not whiter than her skin, and her cheeks and lips are like rose-buds. There is no want of *Hullas*, continues *Danischmend* here ; but he must be a stranger, because these things should be kept as secret as possible. For this reason *Mouzaffer* has fixed upon you. I am *Nayb*, and consequently invested with a power of marrying you to this charming lady ; and this very moment, if you have a mind, you shall possess her. You may imagine, says the son of *Abdallah*, that I already with I had espoused her. Yes, Sir, says the *Nayb*, I doubt it not ; but you must put her away to-morrow morning, and depart from *Samarcande* with the reward. I will not continue here long, answers *Couloufe*, and I swear I will divorce the lady whom you oblige me to marry. *Mouzaffer* immediately calls for his son *Taber*, and the rest of his family, and the *Nayb* instantly married them without suffering the bridegroom to see the bride. It was likewise determined, that the *Hulla* should pass the night with her in the dark, as

he

he might be more willing to put her away in the morning.

NIGHT coming on, *Coulouſe* was brought into the bridal chamber, and there left in the dark with the lady, who was laid in a bed of gold brocade. He faſtened the door, put off his cloaths, felt about for the bed, and finding it, lay down by his wife. When ſhe found herſelf going to be given up to a man whom ſhe had never ſeen, ſhe formed in her mind a frightful image, well knowing that the *Hullas* were uſually choſen out of the pooreſt wretches that chance and neceſſity preſent. *Coulouſe* was equally uneaſy, and ſaid, madam, How favourable ſoever this night may be to me, my joys are like to prove imperfect. I have formed to myſelf ſuch a quinteſſence of beauty, and ſo earneſtly deſire to ſee it, that I know not whether it be not as great a torture to poſſeſs you without beholding you, as it would be to ſee you without the hopes of ever poſſeſſing you. However, I am obliged upon oath to yield you up again to-morrow. Alas! madam, as my happineſs is thus fleeting, it ought to have been compleat in every other reſpect.

He ſaid no more, waiting for the lady's answer: but how was he ſurprized, when inſtead of that, ſhe cried out, O you! whom *Taber* has choſen to be the inſtrument of our former union, tell me who you are? Methinks I know the ſound of your voice. *Coulouſe* ſtartled at theſe words, rejoins, inform me then of your family. I imagine I hear a *Keraïte* lady, whom I ſhould know. Gracious heaven! adds he, correcting himſelf, can you be? — No — 'Tis impoſſible that you ſhould be the daughter of *Boyruc*. Oh! *Coulouſe*, the lady replies, is it you that ſpeak to me? It is I, my

queen, said he, who cannot believe that he hears *Dilara*. Be assured, sir, I am that unhappy *Dilara* who entertained you and king *Mirgeban*, and by my imprudence caused your banishment from his court. I am the person you should regard as your greatest enemy. Cease madam, says the son of *Abdallah*, accuse not yourself. It was the decree of heaven that so ordered it, and I thank my stars, which by that accident have led me to happiness. But, my fairest *Dilara*, How came you to be the wife of *Taber*?

My father, says she, during his embassy at *Samar-sande*, lodged with *Mouzaffer*. They two made up the match, and when my father returned, he sent me from *Caracorum* to *Samarcande* with a large retinue. I obeyed, tho' pre-engaged to you. I confess, my dear *Coloufe*, I loved you, tho' I concealed my passion, and your disgrace has cost me many tears. My marriage with *Taber* could not banish you from my remembrance. His being in nature a brute, and disagreeable in person, fixed you deeper in my heart. I ever despaired of seeing you again: but my happiness surpasses my expectation, since instead of a husband imposed upon me, I meet a lover. *Couloufe* transported with joy and love at the same time, cries out, Is it you then I am hired to marry? Oh! princess, if my disgrace has cost you some tears, join with me to improve the present moment; let us turn all to joy and extasy. The whole night was spent in repeating to each other their mutual happiness on this unexpected meeting: but even now, when their souls overflowed in the most passionate expressions, one of *Mouzaffer's* slaves, knocked hard at the door, crying aloud, Come, come, seigneur *Hulla*, be pleased to rise. It is broad day. *Couloufe* made no reply, tho' all the tender transports of his soul sunk into sadness. My
queen,

queen, says he, what is it we hear? Must we so soon be torn asunder? Consider, madam, notwithstanding the marriage ties, I have sworn to put you off this very instant. And can you, interrupts the lady, think of keeping that fatal oath! Would you not pay the price of one perjury for *Dilara*. Ah! *Coulouse*, you love me not, adds she, weeping. Your promise is injurious to love and reason, weigh it in the scale against the possession of your favourite object. Suppose I should violate my honour, replied I; can you think that a stranger, destitute of friends and money, can oppose the power of *Mouzaffer*. Despise his menaces, says *Dilara*, the laws are on your side. A man of resolution will render all his efforts vain. Say no more, cries the son of *Abdallah*.

IN the mean time *Taber* himself knocked at the chamber door; *Hulla*, says he, put on your cloaths as fast as possible; the deputy of the *Cady* will be here in an instant. He rose in a moment, dressed himself and opened the door to *Taber*, who ordered him to be carried to the bath, by a *Greek* slave, who handed to him fine linen, and a handsome robe, and led him into a hall, where he saw *Mouzaffer*, his son, and *Danischemond*. They made him sit down, and among other dishes, they had soups made of the juice of mutton. This over, *Danischemond* took *Coulouse* apart, paid him the sequins of gold, and presented him with a rich turban, saying, see what *Mouzaffer* gives you. He also sends his thanks for your service, and desires you would this day put away your wife, and leave *Samarcandè*. If any one asks you, "Hast thou seen the Camel?" Answer, no. To this the son of *Abdallah* replied, F 5 throwing

* A manner of speaking among the eastern people, when they would say, *Keep the secret*.

throwing down the turban and the sequins, I thought justice, probity, and religion flourished in *Samarcande*, especially, since the crown of *Tartary* descended to *Usbec-Can*; but I am either deceived, or the king is not truly informed, that it is the practice to abuse strangers, in the very city where he resides. Let him judge of my case; I come hither; a merchant invites me to dinner; engages me to marry a lady, according to the laws; I enter into the engagement, and after I solemnly made her my wife, I am required to put her away. Cease, seigneur *Nayb*, importuning me to act unbecoming a man of honour. I shall cover my head with dust, and prostrate myself at the feet of *Usbec-Can*, to implore his determination in this affair.

THE deputy of the *Cady* took the merchant aside, and said, you advised to make use of this stranger for a *Hulla*; you could not have pitched upon a more unfit person. He refuses to part with his wife; but I perceive the man is necessitous. Offer him a larger gratuity. *Coulouse* over-hearing replied, No, no, seigneur *Mouzaffer*, should you offer me ten thousand sequins, and the richest stuffs in your warehouse, I will not break the solemn contract I have made. Neither your money, nor menaces have the least effect upon me. You can never oblige me to part with a lady, who, by the laws of your land, is my property. I hear enough, says the passionate *Taber*; let us take this wretch before the *Cady*; we shall soon see whether it will be allowed to abuse persons of credit with false promises. They now offered him a greater reward; but finding their attempts ineffectual, took him before the *Cady*. The *Cady* instantly fixing his eyes upon *Coulouse*, said, Young stranger, whom no body knows, who were reduced to live in a mosque upon the charity of the priests, are
you

you so void of reason as to think you shall possess in quiet a lady, who was the wife of *Taber*? You are not able to furnish an expence that is proper for a family of credit. Quit, therefore, those vain hopes; accept the merchant's offers, put away your wife, and return from whence you came; or prepare this instant to receive a hundred bastinadoes.

FIRM in his resolves, *Coulouje* received the punishment, with an air of unconcern. After which, says the *Cady*, Let that suffice for the present, to-morrow we will double the dose. Let him pass this night with his wife; whereupon *Coulouje* returned home with *Mou-zaffer* and his son, who though much bruised, thought his sufferings very much alleviated by the liberty granted him to see *Dilara* again. The father now made the *Hulla* an offer of 300 sequins of gold, if he would immediately repudiate the daughter of *Boyrac*; and while he was trying every artifice to win him, *Taber* entered the lady's apartment.

SHE trembled at the sight of him, imagining that he came to bring her bad tidings. Her cheeks turned pale, and it was with some difficulty she was able to support herself from fainting away. *Taber* deluded by these symptoms, took it for granted, that somebody had previously informed her of the son of *Abdallab*'s refusing to put her away, and vainly imagined that was the cause of her disorder. Madam, says he to her, grieve no more; the wretch, whom I chose for my *Hulla*, will not resign you to my embraces. He has received, on this account, one hundred bastinadoes, which, if he persists in his obstinacy, are to be doubled to-morrow. Be comforted then, my sultaneß, you have but this one night more to be by him tormented. Yes, Sir, replies
Dilara;

Dilara ; I confess the *Hulla* is the occasion of my misery. The happiness of my life depends upon him ; and I greatly fear this affair will be the occasion of my misery. Pardon me, my queen, replies he, banish your fears. Sooth yourself with the hopes that to-morrow our union will be re-established. This said, he left the lady's apartment, and soon after *Coulouse* enter'd.

HER grief was now turned to joy ; Oh ! my dearest husband, said she, come and receive the reward of your constancy. The cruelties you have suffer'd distract me ; but much more do the fresh torments with which you are threaten'd. Madam, replies the son of *Abdallah*, you shall see, that all the future punishments, which are in their power to inflict upon me, shall never have the power to shake my constancy. What the will of fate has decreed to be my lot, is far beyond my comprehension. Whether I am to live or to die for you, I will not take upon me to say ; but of this I am certain ; it shall never be recorded in the book of heaven, that I shall repudiate you. No, says *Dilara*, heaven has not joined us in so miraculous a manner, that we should be so soon parted. Did you let the *Cady* know, adds she, that you was once the favourite of the king of the *Keraïtes* ? No, replies the son of *Abdallah*, he would not hear me ; but declared, I should never keep possession of you, because I have not riches sufficient to support you. Since this is the case, says she, fail not to tell the *Cady* to-morrow, when you are carried before him, that you are the son of *Massaoud*, a merchant of *Cogende*, who is vastly rich. Add likewise, that you shall soon receive such sums from him, as will convince the whole world, that you advance nothing but the truth.

By this expedient they both hoped to oblige the *Cady* to let them quietly continue together for some time. They passed the remaining part of the day, and the whole night, like two lovers who want nothing to compleat their joy till after sun-rising; when the officers of the *Cady* and *Taber* came to the chamber-door, and knocking rudely, cried out, seigneur *Hulla*, Rise immediately, and come before the judge. At these words he sigh'd, and *Dilara* began to weep, saying, Unhappy *Coulouse*, what a price dost thou pay for thy wife? My princess, answers he, cease your fears, they afflict my very soul. Let us not cast ourselves down to despair; but rather re-animate our hopes, and expect the best from heaven.

He now opened the door, and accompanied the officers to the *Cady*, who said to him, Are you not wiser than you were yesterday? Or will it be proper to ply you with fresh bastinadoes. My lord and master, replies *Coulouse*, long may you live; but know, sir, I am not a beggar. And since I find there is an absolute necessity to make myself known, I must inform you, that my name is *Nucneddin*, the son and heir of a merchant of *Cogende*, who is called *Massaoud*. My father is as rich as *Mouzaffer*; and if he knew my necessities, and the marriage in which I am engaged, he would send me numerous camels loaden with gold, and all the women of *Samarcande* would envy the good fortune of the lady, whom I have taken to wife. What! must I, because I fell among thieves near this city, was stripped of every thing, and forced to retire into a mosque for subsistence; Must I be used in this manner, and treated like a vagrant, or a thief? I will soon let you know, that I can maintain a wife of any quality, in

as much grandeur as *Taber*. I will write to my father, he will make me vast remittances in this city.

THE injustice, which the *Cady* had done to *Coulouse*, began to reverberate upon his own conscience : Was it by this accident you came to be in distress ? Even so ? replies the son of *Abdallab*. You may see, sir, I am not a wretch nursed up in poverty. Why did you not tell me this yesterday, says the judge ? adding, seigneur *Mouzaffer*, what the *Hulla* informs us, makes a vast difference in the cause before us. Our laws will not constrain him to put away his wife. Alas ! says *Mouzaffer*, Do you, sir, give any credit to this impostor ? He says this, to screen himself from farther punishment, and to gain time. That is an affair, answers the *Cady*, which is beyond my determination. All I can do for you, is to oblige the *Hulla* to prove the truth of what he has advanced. *Taber* said, we desire no more. We know *Massaoud* is a very rich merchant, if the *Hulla* is his son, we will give him up *Dilara* ; but it is reasonable they should be kept asunder, till the messenger returns from *Cogende*, which will not take up above fifteen days. That is contrary to all custom and order, replies the judge. The wife ought to stay with her husband. But then, I swear by the black stone of the sacred temple of *Mecca*, and by the holy grove of *Medina*, if he deceives us, the impostor shall finish his life by a cruel and ignominious death.

MOUZAFFER and his son instantly dispatched one of their domesticks to *Cogende* to know the truth of this affair, and *Coulouse* went directly to his lady to relate to her what had passed before the *Cady*. She transported with the news, said, My dearest husband, all is well. Before the courier can arrive at *Cogende*, we will
make

make our eſcape, in the night to *Bocara*, where we may live upon my fortune, and it will not be in the power of our enemies to moleſt us. This ſcheme was approved of by *Coulouſe*, but they found themſelves watched too narrowly in this houſe to put it into execution. They therefore judged it neceſſary, in caſe *Mouzaſſer* oppoſed it, to aſk leave of the *Cady* to change their lodgings. This concerted, the ſon of *Abdallah* went with all ſpeed to find out the merchant and his ſon *Taber*, and told them he intended that very day to quit their houſe, and as the law gave him an abſolute authority over his wife, he would carry her where he pleaſed. *Taber* on the other hand proteſted that he would not ſuffer her to go from under his roof.

THIS diſpute brought them again before the judge, who aſked *Coulouſe* why he would not ſtay with *Mouzaſſer*? To this he replied, I have often heard *Mafſaoud*, my father ſay, when we live with our enemies, we ſhould ſeparate ourſelves as ſoon as poſſible. My wife likewise deſires it as much as I. Ah! thou utterer of falſhood, replies *Taber*. She has afflicted herſelf ever ſince ſhe was married to this wretch. And has the impudence to ſay, That ſhe will not ſtay in my houſe. Give your orders, and let *Dilara* be inſtantly brought before you to anſwer for herſelf; that you may ſee how ſhe ſtands affected. It is agreed, ſays the *Cady*, and I pronounce, if ſhe does not make good what the *Hulla* has advanced, ſhe ſhall this moment be repudiated.

THE *Nayb* ran and fetched *Dilara* before the *Cady*, who aſked her whether ſhe deſired to leave *Mouzaſſer*'s houſe, adding, ſpeak, madam, declare the ſentiments of your heart. To which ſhe answered, ſir, The whole
ten-

tenderness of my soul is towards my second husband, the son of *Massaoud*; and I humbly implore the seigneur *Cady*, that he will permit us to depart from *Mouzaffer's* house. Very well, madam, says the judge: then turning to *Taber*, added, You see, sir, the *Hulla* knows what he affirms. Ah! traitrefs, says the first Husband, is it possible you can be thus far seduced since yesterday? I am sorry to hear it for your sake, replies the *Cady*, but my duty calls me to give them liberty to lodge where they please. *Taber* suspecting their design, desired the *Cady* to have them narrowly watched, which he promised should be done with the strictest care and vigilance.

In short, they quitted *Mouzaffer's* house that very day, and lodged in a public inn, where they wanted for nothing. The lady had a considerable dowry, and a great number of jewels. They accordingly purchased some slaves, and gave themselves up to the enjoyments of life, as if *Coulouze* had really been the son of *Massaoud*, and expected returns from *Cogende*.

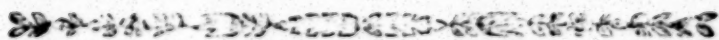
THE adventure of the *Hulla*, notwithstanding the great care which was taken by *Mouzaffer* to keep it secret, soon became the topic of conversation in *Samarcandé*. Persons of the highest rank came to visit the two lovers. Amongst the rest came, one day, a man in a courtlike dress, who told them he was one of the king's officers, saying, he knew what had passed at the *Cady's*, and that he interested himself in their fortunes. They expressed their gratitude, by inviting him to their table. And to signify more than common respect, *Dilara* laid aside her veil. The officer surprized with her beauty, cried out, Seigneur *Hulla*, I no longer wonder at your fortitude of mind! They sat down to dinner, where

where there was ſerved up a variety of the moſt delicate meats, and wines of all kinds. Then perfumes were handed round. This done, the lady called for a *tabor*, upon which ſhe played, and ſung to an air in the *Uzzal* meaſure. Then calling for a lute, ſhe tuned it herſelf, and play'd ſo divinely, as charmed the king's officer. Laſtly, ſhe took a guitar, and ſung a pathetic air in the meaſure called *Nava*, which is always uſed to ſhew the lamentations of abſent lovers. This ſong, ſhe compoſed at *Caracorum*, after the diſgrace of *Coulouſe*, and the ſoftneſs of the notes made ſo deep an impreſſion upon *Coulouſe*, that in a little time he melted into tears. The king's officer obſerving this, aſked him what was the cauſe of his ſorrow? Alas! ſir, answers the ſon of *Abdallab*, what can it avail you to know, why my eyes run down with tears. I am born for affliction! The officer not ſatisfied with this answer, ſaid, In the name of every thing that is ſacred, O young ſtranger! I conjure you to tell me your adventures. It is not out of curioſity I preſs to hear them, but becauſe I find myſelf ſtrongly diſpoſed to ſerve you, and perhaps you will never have cauſe to repent of the confidence you place on me. Tell me who you are. Hide nothing from me. My hiſtory is too tedious, replies *Coulouſe*. No, no, ſays the officer, omit not the ſmalleft circumſtance. Then the ſon of *Abdallab* ran thro' the whole of his adventures without reſerve. Nay, he confeſſed that he was not the ſon of *Maſſaud*, but made uſe of that ſtratagem to ſecure to himſelf the poſſeſſion of *Dilara*. But alas! continues he, this ſcheme is like to prove abortive. They have diſpatched a courier to *Cogende*, who will return in three days; ſo that the *Cady*, when he is informed of the truth, will puniſh me with death. That thought weighs down my ſoul with affliction!

COULOUSE

COULOUSE mingled sighs and tears with his discourse, and *Dilara's* grief corresponded with that of her lover. The officer also, observing the sympathy of their sorrow, was moved with compassion. Would to heaven, said he, I could prevent your coming-destiny ; but it seems to me almost impossible. The *Cady* is a vigilant and inflexible magistrate. Place your confidence in providence, who can set open prisons, and over-rule the decrees of man. Here he took his leave.

It is very odd, says *Dilara*, that a man, of his own accord, should come, and offer his services to a stranger ; that he should desire to know your grievances, and promise you some relief, or at least to use his utmost endeavours in our behalf, and at last to take his leave abruptly, and turn us over to providence. Madam, says *Coulouse*, wrong not the gentleman, in your thoughts. He has the appearance of a man of honour. What could he do more than commiserate our misfortune ? And whence can we expect succour ? The hand of heaven alone has power to deliver us from danger.



COULOUSE and DILARA reinstated in
their original Grandeur.

IN the mean time this unfortunate pair employed the two remaining days in sighs and lamentations. They attempted to corrupt the guards, but in vain. And now the fatal day was come. A day, as much dreaded by these two, as it was wished for by *Mouzaffer* and his son.



WHEN

WHEN day appeared, *Coulouse*, full of grief and despair, said to his wife in broken accents, adieu ! I go to accomplish my destiny. As for you, live, and be ever happy ; but blot not out of your remembrance the man who has loved you with so much tenderness. Cruel and unkind, says she, would you have me linger out my days in trouble and anxiety ; no, no, I will accompany you to the last. *Taber*, the detestable *Taber* ! shall at once see the dissolution of what he hates, and what he loves. Let us go to the place prepared for our execution. I resolve to let the world see, that I had rather die with you, than live with *Taber*.

THE son of *Abdallab* conjured her not to give him so fatal a pledge of her affection. *Dilara* persisted in her obstinacy to die with him. While they continued their reasons on both sides, they heard a great noise at the outer gate, and immediately saw the *Cady* entering the gate, followed by several persons, amongst whom was *Mouzaffer* and his son. *Dilara* at this sight fainted away, and while she was supported by some slaves, who stepped in to her assistance ; *Coulouse* ran forward to meet the *Cady*, who bowing to him, smiling said, sir, the messenger is come back from *Cogende*, with one of your father *Massaoud*'s servants. He has sent you forty camels laden with stuffs, fine linen, and other merchandize. We no longer doubt of your being his son, and intreat you to forget the rough treatment you have received from us.

WHEN the judge had done speaking, *Mouzaffer* and his son came up and asked his pardon. I give up to you, says *Taber*, all my pretensions to *Dilara*. *Coulouse* knew not what to think of this, and thought it

was all mockery : when there came up to him a sort of slave, who took him by the hand, and presenting to him a letter, said, your father and mother are both in good health, and impatient for your return.

COULOUSE, not knowing what answer to make, reddened prodigiously ; then breaking it open, read as follows :

“ THANKS be to heaven, and blessings poured down
“ upon the great prophet, upon his household, and
“ upon his friends.

“ MY dearest son, I have taken no rest since you left
“ me. The poison of your absence, preys upon my
“ heart, and wastes my life insensibly. By the messenger,
“ who came from *Mourzaffer*, I am informed of all that
“ has befallen you ; and immediately gave orders for
“ forty black camels, with large eyes, to be loaded
“ with merchandize of all kinds, under the conduct
“ of *Giober*, the captain of my carriages. Write instantly an account of your welfare, that our hearts
“ may be comforted with gladness, and our health regained.”

M A S S A O U D.

THE son of *Abdallab* had scarce made an end of reading, when he saw forty camels enter the court. Then the captain said to him, My lord and master ! let the camels be unloaded, by your orders, and the goods be laid up in some great hall. What ! in the name of wonder ! can all this mean, says *Coulouse*, aside ; I have heard many surprizing things, adds he, but this surpasses even admiration. In the mean time the captain accosted him as if he had known him long ago, saying,
the

the *Cady* and *Mouzaſſer*, take all theſe appearances for truth. Be it ſo then, and tho' the whole is paſt my comprehension, ſays the ſon of *Abdallah*, let me make the beſt uſe of it. Heaven, perhaps, is pleaſed to work a miracle in my favour.

He immediately ordered the bales to be carried into the hall, and the camels to be taken care of. Now *Giober*, ſays he, tell me ſome news of our family. Are my friends and relations all well at *Cogende*? All, excepting your father, replies the captain, who thinks every hour a year, till you go thither, and take with you the lady you have eſpouſed. While *Giober* ſpoke theſe words, the *Cady*, *Taber*, and his father, took their leave, fully perſuaded that *Coulouſe* was the ſon of *Maſſaoud*, and the judge diſmiſſed the guard.

WHEN they were all gone, *Coulouſe* threw the letter to *Dilara*, who was juſt recover'd from her fit, and cried out, *All-gracious heaven!* To you alone we owe this wonderful deliverance! To you, who have taken pity upon two lovers, whoſe hearts you firſt united! Madam, replies the ſon of *Abdallah*, our troubles are not come to an end. No, no, my apprehenſions are greater than ever. You have put me upon taking the name of a man, who muſt needs be in this city. We have now no watch, and nothing can obſtruct our flight, but the rumour of the arrival of theſe camels. Thus reaſon'd *Coulouſe*, diſtracted between hope and fear, expecting *Taber* and the *Cady* to enter every moment. While he was in this perplexity, the king's officer, who had been with him two days before, came in. Seigneur *Hulla*, ſaid he, I come to congratulate your good fortune, and at the ſame time to reproach you. Why did you tell me that you were not the ſon of *Maſſaoud*? My dear

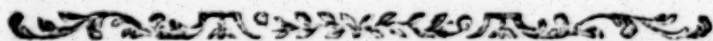
dear sir, replies the son of *Abdallab*, I have told you the truth. I never saw *Cogende*, but am a native of *Damas*. Nevertheless, replies the officer, I am told you have received forty camels laden with divers kinds of stuffs, and that *Massaoud* writes to you as his son. The officer being truly informed of every particular circumstance relating to this affair by *Couloufe*, concluded, that *Massaoud* had a son in *Samarcande*, and advised them to make their escape that very night; he then bid them adieu, wishing them all manner of prosperity.

THE two lovers, now left alone, prepared for their flight in the best manner they were able, and expected the night with impatience: But before it was dark, they were surprized with a great noise, and saw several horseguards enter the court of the inn. Struck with terror at this sight, the son of *Abdallab* thought of nothing but death. His fears, nevertheless, were of short duration. They were the king's guards, and the captain, who commanded them, alighting from his horse, went into the apartment where *Couloufe* and *Dilara* were sitting, with a packet in his hand. Having saluted them both with great reverence, he turned to the husband, and said, Sir, I come from the great *Usbeck-Can*, who is desirous to see the son of *Massaoud*. He sends you this robe of honour, that you may be in a suitable dress to appear before him. The son of *Abdallab* would willingly have been excused; but was obliged to obey the orders of his majesty. He put on the robe of honour, and when they came down into the court, the captain directed him to a mule, saying, I will conduct you to the palace: *Couloufe* went up to the mule, which was decorated with a saddle and bridle of gold set with diamonds; when the page, kissing the stirrup, held

held it to him. The *Hulla* fixed his foot in it, and lightly vaulting into the saddle, went with the guards to the palace, and was conducted to the entrance-hall, where the prince used to give audience to ambassadors. Here the grand visier took him by the hand, and led him to the king, who was seated on a throne of ivory, surrounded with all the nobles, and the grandees of *Tartary*. *Couloufe*, dazzled with the splendor of the throne, cast his looks downwards, and went to prostrate himself before him.

THE king observing the dread he was struck with, said, Son of *Massaoud*, I have heard of your extraordinary adventures, I desire you will relate them, and hide nothing from me. *Couloufe*, knowing his voice, looked at the king, and found him to be the very person, who came to visit him twice before, under the disguise of an officer, and with whom he had intrusted all his secrets, fell with his face to the earth, and burst into tears. The visier instantly raising him, said, Fear not, approach the king, kiss the hem of his garment. The son of *Abdallab* drew near, and did so; then stood up, bowing down his head. But *Ubec-Can* suffer'd him not long to remain in this posture. He came down from his throne, took him by the hand, and led him into his closet, and desired him never more to apprehend the changes of fortune. You shall live with *Dilara* in my court, and shall hold the same dignity under me, as you once enjoyed at *Caracorum* under king *Mergehan*. I made you a visit out of curiosity, and pleased with the confidence you placed in me, I resolved to save your life. The forty camels, which you possess at present, came out of my stables. I gave orders to buy the stuffs, and *Giober*, who conducted them, is an eunuch, who very seldom goes out of the seraglio. The letter, which
you

you received, was written by *Debirkhaffe* ; and lest the courier, sent by *Mouzaffer*, should arrive and discover all, I yesterday sent one of my officers to meet him upon the road, and to deliver such a message to his master, as was suitable to my purpose. *Coulouse* having heard this, prostrated himself at the king's feet, returned thanks for his goodness, and vowed to have it in everlasting remembrance. He brought *Dilara* that very day to the palace, where *Ujbec-Can* appointed them a magnificent apartment, with a handsome pension, and order'd the history of their loves to be transmitted to posterity by the ablest writer in *Samarcande*.



*The History of Prince CALAF and the
Princess of CHINA.*

HISTORIANS of former ages make a very honourable mention of *Calaf* ; they all agree, that in the comeliness of his person, in his wit, and valour, he excelled all the princes of his age. His learning was great, and he was accurately instructed in the mystical meaning of the *Alcoran* ; insomuch as he was distinguished by the appellation of the *Phœnix* of the east. He was the soul of the councils of *Timurtasch* ; if at any time a war was necessary, he commanded the troops of the empire. His glorious triumphs and repeated success had obliged the neighbouring nations not to give him any disquiet.

Thus stood the affairs of the *Can* his father, when an ambassador from the sultan of *Carizme* came to his court, and demanded a yearly tribute for the future from the *Nogais Tartars*, which, if refused, his master would

would enter his territories with an army of two hundred thouſand men, and deprive the *Can* of his crown and life. On this important event a council was aſſembled, in which *Calaf* aſſiſted, who gained over the majority to his opinion, and the ambaffador was diſmiſſed with a refusal.

HEREUPON ambaffadors were diſpatched to the adjacent countries, to perſuade them to join with the *Can* againſt the ſultan of *Carizme*. All the neighbouring nations, and among others the *Circaſſians*, enter'd into an alliance with him, and promiſed to aſſiſt him with fifty thouſand forces. While the *Nogais* were making preparations to take the field, *Carizme* advanced to *Jund*; to which place, when *Calaf* had received all his ſuccours, he marched to meet him. But before he reached thither, his courier brought him advice, that the enemy were in fight, and approaching to give him battle. *Calaf* immediately commanded his army to halt, and put them in order for the combat, which began that morning, and laſted till night; when both the armies ſounded a retreat, reſolving to renew the fight the next morning. In the mean time, the general of the *Circaſſians*, went to the ſultan's tent, and there aſſured him upon oath, that if he would never exact any tribute from the people of *Circaſſia*, he would abandon the *Nogais*. The treaty was concluded in the night, and the general returned to his tent. On the morrow, when the army was called to arms, the *Circaſſians* withdrew from their allies, and marched towards their own country.

ANIMATED by the treachery of the *Circaſſian* general, the *Carizmians* began the attack furiously, encompassed the *Nogais* on every ſide, and at length entirely de-

feated them. Prince *Calaf* betook himself to flight at the head of some chosen squadrons, and tho' closely pursued by six thousand horse, made his escape thro' by-roads to his father *Timurtasch*, who was greatly afflicted at his ill success. Soon after an officer from the army brought them intelligence, that the sultan of *Carizme* was advancing by speedy marches, to put to death the whole family of the *Can*. Now he began to be sorry that he ever refused the tribute: but, as the *Arabian* proverb says, "Repentance comes too late" when the city of *Basra* lies in ashes."

THE time was now short; therefore the *Can*, the princess *Elmaze*, his wife, and *Calaf*, taking the most valuable things out of their treasury, left *Astracan* their capital city, accompanied by several officers of the court. They marched towards the greater *Bulgaria*, to seek for refuge; and having gained the ascent of mount *Caucasus*, fell in with a gang of robbers, to the number of four thousand, who inhabited this mountain. *Calaf* with about four hundred troops attacked them, and killed many; but having lost most of his men in the engagement, he was left in the power of the banditti. Some of them seized upon the riches, while others put to death the whole retinue of the *Can*, sparing only the life of this prince, his wife, and his son, whom they left almost naked upon the mountain.

TIMURTASCH seeing himself reduced to this extremity, meditated attempts upon his own life. The princess melted into tears. *Calaf* alone had fortitude of mind to support the weight of this affliction. Oh! my father, oh! my mother, said he, sink not under your misfortunes. Let us hope that providence will compassionate our sufferings, and that better days will succeed

ceed after this ſtorm of adverſity. In the end his reaſon prevailed. I am ſatisfied, my ſon, ſays the *Can*; let us reſign ourſelves to the will of heaven. The thieves having taken away their horſes, they travelled on foot for ſome time, and lived upon fruits, which they found in the vallies. But in a few days they came into a deſart, which afforded nothing for ſubſiſtance. Here the *Can's* ſpirits began to fail, and the princeſs was ſcarcely able to walk; ſo that *Calaf*, tho' greatly fatigued, bore them by turns upon his back. Weary, hungry, and thirſty, they came to a place full of dreadful precipices; at which the princeſs was ſo ſhocked, that ſhe cried out exceedingly. The *Can* alſo was abandoned to rage, and determined to caſt himſelf down headlong, to be freed from the tyranny of his fortune, ſaying, Any death is preferable to a life of pain and miſery.

AH! my father, ſays *Calaf*, Why are you thus tranſported to your ruin? Is this your boated reſignation to the will of heaven? Tho' we cannot paſs thro' theſe unfathomable depths to the plain; let it be my care to find out another way. Recollect yourſelf a while; ſmooth your ruffled thoughts. I ſhall ſoon return. Go then, my ſon, replies the *Can*. Fear nothing from my deſpair.

THE young prince walked round the hill unable to find a paſſage. Deeply afflicted at this diſappointment, he fell to the earth, groaning out his ſorrow, and implored heaven for relief. Then making freſh efforts to diſcover ſome path, he purſued a track which lay before him, and came to a tree which ſtood in the entrance to the plain, under which was a fountain of clear water. He alſo diſcover'd more trees loaded with large fruit.

Overjoy'd at the sight, he ran back to give notice of it to his aged father and mother, who were the better pleased with the news, as they looked upon it to be a mark of the immediate favour of heaven, and believed their miseries were now almost at an end. *Calaf* led them to the fountain, where they all washed, and quenched their thirst. Then they eat of the fruit that the young prince gathered, which they thought delicious, having fasted so long. Sir, said *Calaf* to the *Can*, you thought that heaven had forsaken us. I implored assistance from above, and we are relieved. The supreme being is not deaf to those who put their trust in him.

THEY stayed here three days, then taking provision of fruits along with them, marched towards the plain. In a short time they saw before them a city; night approaching, they halted before the gate, because they were unwilling to enter by day-light, being destitute of apparel. They had reposed themselves under the shade of a tree for some time, when an old man came and placed himself by them, of whom they demanded the name of the city. It is called *Jaic*, says he, being the capital of the country, in which the river *Jaic* takes its rise. The king *Itenge Can* keeps his court here. I find you are great strangers. We are so, answers the *Can*. The kingdom of *Carizme* is our native soil, our abode is on the borders of the *Caspian* sea, and we exercise traffic. We set out with several other merchants for *Capchac*, but fell among thieves, who pillaged our caravan. They stripped us, as you may see, but spared our lives, and we have travelled from mount *Caucasus*, not knowing whither we were going.

THE old man was sorry for their sufferings, and offered

offered them his house. When it grew dark he brought them home with him. As we entered the door, he whispered one of his slaves, who soon returned with two merchants apprentices; one with a large bundle of mens and womens cloaths, ready made; the other with a great variety of veils, turbans, and sashes. Prince *Calaf* and his father took each of them a caffetan of cloth, a vest of brocade, and a turban of *Indian* linen; the princess the attire of a woman. The host paid the merchants, sent them away, and called for supper. The table was immediately spread, and a side-board set with *China* ware, plates of santal-wood, and of aloes, with several cups of coral perfumed with ambergrease. An excellent *Cbourva*, with two side plates of spawn of sturgeon, was first set on the table. The *Can*, his wife, and *Calaf* sat down with the host, and eat of these dishes, which were replaced by an antelope patty, a large dish of *Pilau*, in which was the flesh of three heath fowls minced. The last service was a dish of *Tziberica*, the most delicate fish in the *Volga*; two plates of sturgeon, and the leg of a mare broiled. After which, we drank three large bottles of date brandy.

WARMED with the liquor the old man grew chearful, and strove to inspire his guests with mirth; but finding his endeavours vain, he said, Why should you afflict yourselves for the loss of goods? Is the accident which has happened to you extraordinary? Travellers and traders are daily liable to such adventures. I myself have been robbed, and was thereby reduced to extreme poverty. Give me leave to tell you my story. 'Tis a token of confidence, I am willing you should have from me, and it may perhaps be of some service to you. I have suffered, who knows but it may enable you to

support your own misfortunes. He then ordered his slaves to retire, and began.



*The History of Prince FADALLAH, Son
of BIN-ORTOC, King of MOUSEL.*

I AM the son of *Bin-Ortoc*, who was the late king of *Mousel*. When I was twenty years old, my father was desirous for me to take a wife. He brought to me several beautiful slaves, but I rejected them all with indifference. They retired full of indignation, and my father was surprized at my insensibility. I told him my aversion to matrimony proceeded from the great desire I had to travel. I beg'd leave to go to *Bagdad*, and told him, I might probably think of a wife on my return. He consented, and ordered me a magnificent equipage; suffered me also to take out of his treasury four camel loads of pieces of gold.

I SET out for *Bagdad* with these riches, and a hundred men out of his own guards to escort me. We met with no accident for several days; but one night, while we all slept in a meadow, we were attacked by a band of *Bedouin Arabians*, who murdered part of my men before I was sensible of the danger. With the remaining soldiers and officers of my father's household, I charged the *Bedouins* very briskly, and slew above three hundred. When day-light appeared, the *Brigands*, enraged at our resistance, with this handful of men, redoubled their efforts, and we were obliged to submit to their superior force. They took from us our arms and cloaths, and barbarously hewed down the men, whom they had left destitute of defence. My whole retinue perished;

perished; and I was going to share the same fate, when I told them I was prince *Fadallah*, the son of the king of *Mouſel*. I'm very glad, replies the captain of the *Bedouins*, to know who you are. We hate your father; he has hanged several of our companions, now we shall make reprisals upon you. He order'd me first to be bound, seized my baggage, then carried me to his tent, where I was kept a whole day. He afterwards tied me naked to a tree, to wear away by a lingering death.

HAVING long continued in this posture, my last moments drew near, when a scout came to the captain, with advice of a good booty, six or seven leagues distant. They all mounted immediately, leaving me to expire. But heaven, that frustrates the designs of men, when they are not agreeable to his wisdom, had determined to prolong my life. The captain's wife came and released me in the night, and gave me an old cassatan of her husband's to cover my nakedness. I thanked my deliverer, and marched all night. In the morning I saw a man driving a horse loaded with two packs. I asked, whither he was going? He answer'd, to *Bagdad*. I never quitted him till I came to the entrance of the great city. When we parted, I retired to a mosque, where I staid two days and nights. At length pinched with hunger, I resolved to beg my bread, till I could find out some better expedient.

I FIRST went to a great house, and asked alms in a loud voice, where an old she-slave, with a loaf in her hand, came to my relief; and the wind blowing aside a curtain of the window, discover'd to me a young lady of a most surprizing beauty; whose eyes flashed upon my senses like lightening. I received the bread, and know-

ing not what I did, forgot to return the old woman thanks. I waited till night came on, for a second favourable breeze ; but to no purpose. Before I left the house, I asked an old man, to whom it belonged. It is, says he, the house of seigneur *Mouaffac*, the son of *Adbaac*. He is a man of honour, remarkably rich, and not long since was governor of this city ; but chancing to have a quarrel with the *Cady*, was by his means disgraced. I went away into a field of burial to pass the night in solitude. I eat my loaf there, with no appetite, tho' naturally hungry ; then laid myself down near a sepulchre, with a heap of bricks for my pillow. I slumber'd a little ; but on a sudden was surprized by a great noise from within. I started up to make my escape, when two men, at the entrance of the sepulchre, seized me, demanding who I was, and what my business. I am, said I, a beggar, who live upon charity, and destitute of lodging, came to pass the night here. They forced me into the sepulchre, pressed me to sit down, and to eat and drink with them. I soon found, by their discourse, that I was got among robbers, who taking it for granted, that I should be glad to list into their gang, made me the proposal. I knowing not what to answer, and much afraid to provoke them, was very happily disengaged from this perplexity. The *Cady's* lieutenant, with thirty *Asa's* well armed, enter'd the place, seized the thieves and me, and carried us to prison, where we staid that night. Next day the *Cady* himself came to examine us. The robbers confessed their crime, and bore testimony of my innocence. I was set apart, and the judge interrogated me in private. I answer'd him a thousand questions with great sincerity, but did not discover my birth. I told him, however, of my standing under a window of *Mouaffac's* house, to ask
alms,

alms, and there accidentally saw a young lady who had charmed me.

THE *Cady*, I could plainly discover, was nettled on hearing the name of *Mouaffac*; and pausing, said, Young man, it will be your own fault, if you do not possess this lady. Tho' thou wert the most abandoned of mankind, I engage to procure thee her person. Leave the affair to me, and make thy fortune. He immediately took me to the *Hamman*, and sent for *Mouaffac*, as if on business of importance. On his entrance the judge saluted him, and embraced him several times when he came into the house. Heaven, says the *Cady*, will not suffer us to live in enmity any longer. The prince of *Basra* came last night to *Bagdad*, and lodges in my house. He having heard of your daughter's beauty, came away unknown to his father, to demand her of you in marriage. I am amazed, says *Mouaffac*, that this prince should think of honouring me by marrying my daughter *Zemroude*; and much more so, that he should pitch upon you to be the messenger of this news. Say no more, says the judge, of what has passed.

MOUAFFAC was naturally of a good and gentle disposition, suffer'd himself to be imposed upon by these false appearances; and gave himself up to the treachery of the *Cady*. Upon my coming out of the *Hamman*, he gave me a costly robe, with a turban of *Indian* muslin fringed with gold; in which I enter'd the room while they were embracing. Great prince, says the *Cady* to me; blessings attend your footsteps! how shall my tongue express the honour you have done me? *Mouaffac* consents to give you his daughter. He likewise made me a profound reverence, and said, O!

son of a great king, I am confounded with the honour you design to do my daughter. Judge all of you, how I must be astonished at these speeches. The *Cady* observing my confusion, said, It would be more to your mutual satisfaction, if the contract of marriage was this instant performed before credible witnesses. This said, he drew up the contract, and order'd his *Aga* to go for proper vouchers.

THE contract was read, and signed by me, *Mouaffac*, and the witnesses; the *Cady* having put the finishing hand to it, said to *Mouaffac*, secrecy and diligence are requisite. Here is your son-in-law. Give orders for the consummation of the marriage. My father-in-law carried me home with him, and led me into his daughter's apartment, and left me alone, after having told her what had passed at the *Cady's* house. *Zimroude* imagining me to be the prince of *Bajra*, received me as a husband. My youth also, and the earnestness of my love, made some impressions upon her. I redoubled my care to please, and from time to time I grew upon her inclinations. *Mouaffac* was busied in preparing a magnificent entertainment on the occasion, and invited a great number of his relations. The banquet was followed by music and dancing. While the company was thus engaged, I perceived the bride withdrew with her mother. Soon after the father led me to a chamber richly furnished, where *Zimroude* was newly laid in a bed of gold brocade. They soon retired, and left me alone with her. I put off my cloaths, thanked heaven for my good fortune, and placed myself in the same bed, by her whom I loved beyond my life.

EARLY in the morning I heard a knocking at the door.

door of my chamber; I rose, opened the door, and whom should I see, but the *Cady's* black *Aga* with a bundle, who thus accosted me: You, fortune hunter, the *Cady* presents his service, and desires you will send him back the drels which he lent you yetterday to personate the prince of *Basra*. Here, take your old tattered equipage. I delivered his things, and put on my tattered calsetan. *Zirroude* overheard part of this message, and seeing my mean apparel, What did that fellow say to you? Madam, replied I, The *Cady* is a villain. He thinks he has married you to a wretch, when your husband is a prince. I am son of the king of *Moussel*, and my name is *Fadallab*. She immediately sent for a princely robe, vest, and turban, as rich as the other, and I was dressed in greater magnificence than before. But, sir, said she, tell no body who you are, till I have punished the *Cady* for his wicked intentions. Leave that to me.—Here is a dyer in this city who has a most frightful daughter—but no more. Let it satisfy you to know, that I meditate a revenge, that shall mortify the *Cady*, and make him the laughing stock of the city.

I DID not cross her inclinations. She dressed herself in plain, but neat apparel, covered her face with a thick veil, and asked my leave to go abroad; went directly to the *Cady's*, and stood in the corner of a hall, where he distributed justice to the people. He no sooner saw her but was struck with the stateliness of her presence; and sent an officer to ask who she was. She answered, she was the daughter of an artisan, and desired to speak with the *Cady*. He immediately ordered her into a closet, on one side of the tribunal. He followed, and placing himself by her, was smitten with her beauty. You, sir, says she, who do justice to the rich and poor alike, take pity of my wretched condition. Then taking

taking her veil quite off, examine my features, added she ; then raising herself from the sofa, said, Regard my shape and air, do you see the least disproportion in me. I am charmed, replies the judge, I have never seen any thing so compleat.

I MUST inform you then, sir, with all this profusion of beauty, I live shut up in a house where no man, nor woman is permitted to enter. I have a number of courtiers, who are all turned away by my father's inhumanity. He tells one I am lame, another that I'm a fool, and a third that I am ugly and deformed ; so that I stand condemned to live and die a maid. For this cause, sir, I have stolen out, and come to throw myself into your arms, and implore your assistance. Have compassion on me, or I shall pierce my heart with my own dagger to put an end to my misery.

No, no, says the *Cady*, cease thy sighs and tears. This very day thou shalt be made the wife of the judge of *Bagdad*. Give me your consent, and fear not your father's displeasure. Where does he dwell, and what is your name? His name, replies *Zimroude*, is *Ousla Omar*, he is a dyer, and lives at the palm-tree, upon the east key of the *Dagela*. Enough, says the *Cady*, go home, you shall soon hear more. She then looking kindly upon the judge, put on her veil, and came directly to me, transported with her success.

THE magistrate soon dispatched a messenger to the dyer, commanding him to appear before him. When he came, he was put into the same closet, and placed upon the same sofa as *Zimroude* was seated upon. The poor man astonished with the honour which was done to him, and not knowing how to behave himself,
Friend

Friend *Omar*, says the *Cady*, I am glad to see you. I have always heard a good character of you, and am informed you have a daughter ripe for marriage. Is it not true? Great judge! replies the dyer, I have a daughter turned of thirty; but the poor creature is extremely ugly, lame, and foolish. Away, says the *Cady*, I knew beforehand, how you would set off your daughter; but in spite of all her defects I am passionately fond of her, and am resolved to marry her.

My lord, says *Omar*, I find you have a mind to make a jest of my daughter and me. No, indeed, says the *Cady*, I demand her of you. At this the dyer burst into a laughter, and said, By our prophet she is not fit for you. She is dropfical—True, interrupts the judge, the very same. Once more rejoins the dyer, she will not do. She goes by the name of *Cayfacattadabri*, and justly deserves the name. Say no more, says the *Cady*. I tell you once for all, you shall bestow her upon me. The dyer seeing him determined to espouse his daughter, and that some one had abused him, said, My lord, I will obey your commands, if you will comply with the terms. Before I part with her, you shall pay me down a dowry of a thousand sequins of gold. Your demands run high, says the *Cady*; but here they are for you. They were instantly counted out, and the dyer carried them off. Now the contract was drawn up, which the artisan refused to sign, but in the presence of a hundred witnesses, all men of the law; which was done accordingly.

THE *Cady* two years before had married the daughter of a merchant of *Bagdad*, who hearing of his preparations for another marriage, rallied him so severely, that he could bear it no longer. Says she, Repudiate me,
return

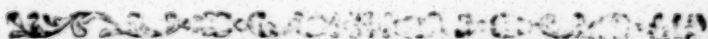
return my dowry, and you shall see me no more. I was in some pain how to get rid of you, says the judge, and taking out of his coffer a purse of five hundred sequins of gold, put it into her hand, and said, There woman, be gone, "I divorce thee once; I divorce thee twice; three times I divorce thee." These words I give thee in writing, signed by the *Nayb* and myself, to satisfy thy parents as the laws require. She went away with the bill of divorce, and her dowry.

WHEN his first wife was gone, he ordered an apartment to be magnificently furnished for the reception of the dyer's daughter. Every thing being in readiness, and he waiting with impatience, a porter arrived, carrying a chest of deal, covered over with green taffeta. What hast thou brought here, friend, says the judge? My lord, replies the porter, setting the chest upon the floor, I bring your bride. Take off the cover, and look at her. He did so, and saw a damsel three feet and a half high, defective in every limb and every feature. Merciful heaven! says he, is it possible to marry a monster like this?

THE dyer, well knowing the judge would be extremely surprised, came in. Thou wretch, says the *Cady* to him, who dost thou take me for? To trifle with me thus, shews the height of impudence. Tremble at my rage. Send me speedily your other daughter, whose beauty is beyond all comparison. My lord, says *Omar*, give over your threats, I beseech you; I swear by him who out of darkness produced light, that I have no other daughter than this. I told you over and over she was not fit for your purpose; but if you would not believe me, which is to blame?

THE

THE *Cady* began to cool, and recollecting himſelf told the dyer what had happened to him in the morning. My lord, anſwers the artiſan, that beautiful damſel muſt be an impoſtor; ſome one without doubt owes you a ſpight. At this the judge remained ſilent for ſome time, then ſaid, it is a puniſhment I deſerved. But no more of that. Bid the porter, I beſeech thee, carry thy daughter back again, and keep the thouſand ſequins, which I have given thee. My lord, ſays the dyer, I ſhall comply with your requeſt, and take my daughter off your hands.



The Cady diſgraced.

ERDULLAH and ZAMROUDE go to MOUSEL.

EVERY body was pleaſed with the deceit which had been put upon the *Cady*. And *Mouaffac* adviſed me, to make a viſit to the prince of the faithful, and to let him know my name and hiſtory. I went accordingly, and told the *Calif* every circumſtance. He liſtened with attention, and blamed me for not making myſelf known to him before. He preſented me with a *Calate*, and a coſtly diamond, which he wore upon his finger. He treated me with excellent ſherbet, and when I came to my father-in law's, I found ſix large pieces of *Perſian* brocade of gold and ſilver, two pieces of *kemkha*, and a fine *Perſian* horſe, with rich trappings. Moreover, he reſtated *Mouaffac* in the government of *Bagdad*, and to puniſh the *Cady* for his intended impoſition, he condemned him to perpetual imprisonment.

imprisonment; and obliged him to live with *Omar's* daughter.

I SENT a courier to *Moufel* to acquaint the king my father of every thing that had befallen me since I left him. The messenger, on his return, informed me, that *Bin-Ortoc*, hearing of my falling into the hands of the *Bedouin Arabians*, and, imagining I was cut to pieces, died of grief, and that my cousin *Amadiddin Zengui* was in possession of the throne, who wanted to resign to me the crown. These tidings made me hasten my return to *Moufel*. I took leave of the *Calif*, who gave me three thousand horse to conduct me to my own dominions.

I HAD not performed one half of my journey, before the van-guard of my escort saw a body of troops marching towards us, which came from *Moufel*, with my cousin at the head of them. When we enter'd into the city, I was received with the acclamations of the people.

I REIGNED over the most affectionate subjects, and loved *Zemroude* more and more every day. Thus was my happiness compleat, till a young *Dervis* became my principal favourite, whom I looked upon to be the most accomplish'd person I ever beheld. One day I took the diversion of hunting, and separating myself from the throng, the *Dervis* and I were alone, when he began to entertain me with his travels, told me of a great many curiosities he had seen, particularly of a secret with which an aged *Brachman* in the *Indies* had intrusted him. And what may be the nature of this rare secret, says I, is it to make gold? No, no, sir, replies he, it is by far more curious. It is to re-
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animate a dead body. To restore to a corpse the same soul that is departed from it, is a miracle in the power of heaven alone. But I can make my soul enter into the body of any man or creature that is deprived of life. I wish, said the king, you would perform the experiment. That instant a doe came bounding by, which his majesty shot dead with an arrow, crying, Now, sir, try your art. Your curiosity shall be satisfied, says the *Dervis*. At these words his body fell breathless to the ground, and that of the doe resumed its activity. Altho' I could not distrust my own eyes, yet I took it for a delusion, when the doe, after making several bounds, came and fawned upon me. Then she fell, and the body of the *Dervis* came to life again.

I WAS highly affected with so wonderful a secret, and at length persuaded him to communicate it to me. The whole, sir, replies he, consists in retaining only two words, which I will teach you. I had no sooner learned them, than I was impatient to try their virtue, I pronounced them, and my soul passed into the body of the doe, and the traitor instantly conveyed his into my body; and bending my own bow, took his aim to wound me, which I evaded.

I WAS now reduced to associate with the inhabitants of the woods and mountains, while he filled the throne of *Moufel*, and possessed *Zemroude* without a rival. He left his body in the wood, and the very day he usurped my dignity, order'd all the does in the kingdom to be killed, and offer'd thirty sequins for the head of every one. Tho' the people destroyed great numbers, I had no reason to fear their arrows: for perceiving a nightingale dead at the foot of a tree,

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I enlivened its little body, and flew to a thick, shady tree, in the garden of the palace, which grew near the queen's apartment, where I vented my grief in harmonious accents.

I CONTINUED several days in the garden, and never omitted to sing every morning in the same place. *Zimroude* never failed to come to the window, saying, I dote upon that little creature. The most experienced bird-catchers were employed to take me; and as I knew their design upon my liberty was only to deliver me to the princess, they soon succeeded. She expressed great joy on my coming into her hands. She kissed me, and I turned my bill gently to her lips. Poor fool, says she, it seems to know what I say. She put me into a cage of golden wire. I sung every morning as soon as she awoke, and, when she came to fondle me, spread my wings to signify my joy. In short, I endear'd myself so very much to her, that she would often say, she should be inconsolable if I should die. It was some pleasure to me to be constantly in the queen's apartment, tho' I paid dear for it, when the *Dervis* came to visit her. From time to time I lifted up my eyes to heaven for vengeance: I did nothing but flutter up and down the cage when he was present, and, when he came near me, expressed fury with my beak.

THE queen had in her chamber likewise a little bitch she was fond of. This creature, one day when we were alone, died in labour, and I translated myself into her corpse. How this fancy came into my thoughts, I know not, unless by the secret impulse of heaven. As soon as *Zemroude* saw the nightingale was dead, she shrieked out, and alarmed all her slaves. Upon this

one of them ran to acquaint the *Dervis* of her condition. He came in haſte, and repreſented to her, that the loſs was not irreparable. If ſhe loved nightingales, he could eaſily gratify her. Ceafe to combat my grief, ſays ſhe, my poor, dear, lovely bird, I have loſt thee for ever ! At theſe words her tears redoubled. I began to preſage ſome good fortune to myſelf from the extremity of her affliction, and lay cloſe in one corner of the room, giving ſuck to my young ones ; where I obſerved every thing.

THE *Dervis*, who loved her paſſionately, finding ſhe could not be reaſoned out of her immoderate grief, order'd her ſlaves to withdraw, and leave him and the queen alone. Madam, ſays he, ſince the death of your nightingale gives you ſo much uneaſineſs, afflict yourſelf no more ; he muſt be brought to life again. When you awake to-morrow, you ſhall hear him ſing. You look upon me as a diſtracted perſon, ſir, whoſe phrenzy is to be flatter'd ; and ſo by deferring my expectations from day to day, you hope, by degrees, to make me forget my bird, or elſe to convey another into the cage, and beguile my ſorrow. No, my queen, replies the *Dervis*, it ſhall be this very bird which lies dead in the cage. This very fondling ſhall become more ſenſible than ever of your kindneſs. I myſelf will animate his little frame, and every morning awake him into life to divert you. If you are over impatient to ſee your bird revive, I will bring him to life this moment.

THE princeſs made no answer ; but rightly judging that her ſilence gave conſent, he laid himſelf upon a ſofa, where, by the virtue of thoſe *Cabaliftick* words which he had before taught me to repeat, his ſoul enter'd.

ter'd the body of the nightingale ; and the bird began immediately to sing in the cage, to the great astonishment of *Zimroude*. But his melody lasted not long, for as soon as he began to warble, I left the body of the bitch, and hastily assumed my own. This point gained, I ran to the cage, and taking out the bird in a passion, I twisted off his neck. What are you doing, sir, says the princess to me ; if you did not think proper to let him live, why did you bring him to life ? So intent was I upon the vengeance I had accomplished ; heaven be praised, added I, the outrage done to my honour and to my love is now revenged. " Sir, said she, What means all you have done and spoken ? I told her what I had suffer'd, and, as I went on with my story, I observed her agonies. Her cheeks glowed, and turned pale, to reflect upon her unfaithfulness, tho' ignorant and innocent of what she had done. I soon made her sensible that I was the true *Fadallab* ; of which truth, the body of the *Dervis* being found in the wood, and the copy of the edict he had given out to have all the does killed, were sufficient evidence.

BUT oh ! that I had never inform'd *Zemroude* of the particulars of this wonderful adventure ! Alas ! what is the depth of human wisdom ? Do we not know that the good and the evil, which attend us in this life, are fixed, and pre-ordained from the beginning ? The queen was so greatly troubled, that the vile *Dervis* had tasted the sweets of her person, that I was not able to restore to her peace of mind. All the assurances I gave her of my unalterable affection could not prevail upon her to forget this unhappy accident. In short, she sickened and died, and with her dying breath begged
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of me to forgive her for a crime no way imputable to her.

AFTER I had paid the solemnities of mourning, for so dear a life, I sent for prince *Amadeddin Zengui*. My cousin, said I, I have no children! I resign the crown of *Moufel* to you. Adieu to the grandeur of sovereignty! I resolve to pass the rest of my life in obscurity. *Amadeddin* loved me exceedingly, and used all possible arguments to divert me off this resolution. Prince, says I, the purpose of my soul is fixed. A life of privacy is an unenvied situation. There, free from the troubles which attend upon empire, I shall give myself up to bemoan the loss of *Zemroude*, and, recollecting the happy hours we have passed together, alleviate my grief by that pleasing remembrance. Accordingly I left *Amadeddin* upon the throne of *Moufel*, and set out for *Bagdad*, with a few slaves, and a good quantity of gold and jewels. I arrived safely, and alighted at *Mouaffac's* house. He, and his wife were astonished to see me, but much more so when I informed them of the death of their daughter. I delivered the unwelcome news in tears, which excited the same in them. I did not long continue there; but joining a company of *Tartar* pilgrims, I came with them to this city, and pleased with its situation, I settled in this place near forty years ago; where I pass for a stranger, and rarely receive any visits. *Zimroude* is never absent from my thoughts, and her dear image is perpetually before me.

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*The Continuation of the History of Prince
CALAF, and the Princess of CHINA.*

FADALLAH having ended his story, said to his guests, You see by my misfortunes and your own, that man's life is a bubble, to'st about with every blast of wind. The *Can* admired his magnanimity; *Elmaze* his constancy; and *Calaf* wished that all men were possessed of his fortitude of mind, that they might be enabled to resist the several assaults of fortune. The conversation lasted till bed-time; when *Fadallah* called his slaves, who brought in wax tapers in candlesticks made of the wood of aloes, and led the royal strangers into a room, where the same simplicity appeared, the king and queen to one chamber, the prince into another. Early in the morning the old man came into the *Can's* apartment and told him, that the sultan of *Carizme* had sent an ambassador to *Ilinge Can*, to request him to refuse his protection to the *Can* of *Nogais*, and to have him seized, if he should pass thro' the country of *Jaic*. Upon this *Timurtasch* and his son *Calaf* turned pale, and the princess *Elmaze* fainted away. When she had recovered, *Fadallah* said, If I may be allowed to speak my thoughts, I believe you three are the objects of the sultan's vengeance. Yes, sir, answers *Timurtasch*, we are the victims he seeks to sacrifice. I hope you will assist us with your councils to escape from this danger.

THIS, replies the old king of *Mouzel*, is a critical conjuncture. *Ilinge Can* dreads the sultan of *Carizme*,
and

and there is no doubt but he will make diligent search after you. You have no other security but to depart out of the land of *Jaic*, with all speed, and gain the frontiers of the tribe of *Berlas*; then presenting them with three horses, some provisions, and a purse of gold, added, Begone, you have no time to lose. After several days journey, they arrived upon the territories of *Berlas*, and stopped at the first *Horde* they met with. Here they sold their horses, and lived comfortably as long as their money lasted; but that failing, the king began to murmur, saying, Heaven, notwithstanding our submission to its will, pursues us with misery from place to place. Let us never despair, says *Calaf*; that providence, which disposes of events, has some good in reserve for us. Let us go to the capital *Horde* of this tribe. My heart presages we shall see a change of fortune.

THITHER they went, and entering under a great tent, which was set apart for the reception of strangers, laid themselves down in a corner, not knowing how to procure subsistence. *Calaf* here left his parents, and went further into the *Horde*, to crave alms. He gleaned a little money and provisions, and returned with them towards the close of the evening. On their being told that the prince had been begging for them, they wept bitterly. The tears also began to trickle down *Calaf's* cheeks, who said, How great soever the shame is, I do it willingly for your sake. There is but one more expedient, continues he, which I can think of, that is, to sell me for a slave, which will supply you with money for a considerable time. What says my son, replies the *Can*, shall we live upon the price of your liberty? Rather let our hardships continue. Then, sir, says *Calaf*, I will go and place myself

myself amongst the men who carry burdens, and you shall subsist upon my labour. This resolution was agreed upon, and *Calaf* went among the porters, where he waited till the day was half spent, but met with no business. Hereupon he left the *Horde*, and strolled forward into the country, where he sat down under a tree, and after having prayed to heaven for assistance, fell asleep. When he awoke, he saw upon a bough near him a beautiful hawk, whose head was adorned with a plume of feathers, of a thousand various colours, with a chain of gold foliage about his neck, enriched with diamonds, topazes and rubies. *Calaf*, who was skilled in falconry, presented his wrist, and the bird pitched upon it. The prince transported with this accident, said to himself, In all appearance this bird must belong to the sovereign of the *Horde*! Nor did he guess wrong. It proved to be the hawk of *Alinguer*, *Can* of *Berlas*, which that prince had lost the day before, and his falconers had sought after with the utmost diligence, because their master threatened to punish them severely, if they came back without it.

WHEN *Calaf* came back to the *Horde* with the hawk, the people shouted, and said, Blessings upon the man who brings glad tidings to the prince, and presents him with his favourite bird. On his coming up to the royal pavillion with the hawk upon his wrist, the *Can* was transported; bid him welcome, and enquired where he found it; and was answer'd in every particular. Then, adds the *Can*, You seem to be a stranger; from what country, and of what profession are you? Sir, says *Calaf*, casting himself at his feet; I am the son of a merchant of *Bulgary*, who was very rich. I, with my father and mother, took a journey into the
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land of *Jaic*, and fell among robbers, who spared nothing but our lives; and we have begged our provisions on the way to this *Horde*.

YOUNG man, answers the *Can*, I am pleased you have had the good fortune to bring my hawk! for I have sworn to give the person that found him, and deliver'd him again into my possession, three things. Let me know what you desire I should do for you. Since I am permitted, says *Calaf*, to desire three things, I wish, in the first place, that my father and mother, who are in the strangers tent, had a tent allotted to themselves, within the verge of your court, to be maintain'd at your expence during their lives, and be served by some of the officers of your household. Secondly, I desire one of the best horses in your stables, ready saddled and bridled. And, lastly, a princely habit compleat, with a rich sabre, and a purse of gold to enable me to undertake a journey. These desires are answer'd, says *Alinguer*, bring hither thy parents, they shall be entertain'd as you require. To-morrow you shall have a princely habit compleat, with the finest horse in my stables, and go where you please.

CALAF fell at his feet a second time, thanked him for the honour and favour he had received, and returned to *Elmaze* and *Timurtasch*, who expected him with impatience. Our fortunes are already changed, says he; then related the adventure, which highly pleased them, and they consider'd it as a sure preface of future happiness. They follow'd *Calaf*, who conducted them to the *Can*. The prince immediately appointed them a tent, and order'd them to be treated in all things like himself.

ON the morrow *Calaf* was clothed in a magnificent habit, when the *Can* himself deliver'd to him a sabre, the handle of which was studded with diamonds, and a purse filled with sequins of gold. He then order'd one of his best horses to be brought, which *Calaf* mounted, and made him perform his caracols with so much ease and address, as charmed the *Can* and his courtiers.

THIS done, he paid his obeysance to *Alinguer*, embraced his father and mother, and took the road towards *China*. When he arrived at the great city of *Pequin*, he alighted at the house of an old widow woman in the suburbs, and asked whether she could furnish him with lodgings, and whether she had a place convenient for his horse? Yes, sir, said she, and led the horse into a little stable at the back of the house. Then returning to *Calaf*, he asked if she had any body to send to market for something to eat? She answer'd, she had a son who would do that business very well. Upon this he took a sequin of gold out of his purse, and put it into the boy's hand, after he had given him proper instructions. In the mean time, he put a thousand questions to the hostess, and, in the end, enquired the character of the emperor, and if she thought it would be of any advantage to devote himself to his interest. Without doubt, replies the old woman, he is a generous prince, and loves and is beloved by his subjects. I am surprized you never heard of *Altoun Can*, whose goodness is so notorious. Surely, then, rejoins the prince of the *Nogais*, he must be the most happy sovereign in the universe. And yet he is not, answers the widow. What destroys his quiet is, the princess *Tourandocte* his only daughter; and as I have one, who has the honour
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to be in the seraglio, I shall entertain you with a distinct relation of this affair.



The old hostess's Account of TOURANDOCTE.

THIS princess, continues she, is in the nineteenth year of her age, and so very beautiful, that the best painters in the east are not able to express half her charms; tho' the different sketches they have taken of her have made great havock. To her ravishing beauty, she joins a mind so embellished, that she is mistress of every accomplishment, and perfectly skilled in all those sciences, which are proper only for men to be instructed in. She understands geography, arithmetic, and philosophy. She has studied the laws, and the moral precepts of our great legislator *Bergingbuzin*. But all these perfections are eclipsed by her Insensibility.

ABOUT two years ago, the king of *Thebet* sent to demand her for his son, upon seeing a picture of her. *Altoun Can*, pleased with this alliance, proposed him to her; but she rejected the proposition with disdain; and, by her haughtiness and detestable cruelty, afflicts her father to such a degree, as renders his life miserable. On this occasion she fell into a fit of sickness, out of mere obstinacy. The physicians, knowing the cause of her illness, told the king, that she would infallibly die, if he persisted to compel her to marry this prince. He loved her to distraction, and sensible of the danger she was in, sent back the ambassadors of *Thebet* with an absolute denial. That, sir, says she, will not be sufficient. If you desire I should not die,

you must oblige yourself by oath not to thwart my inclinations ; and also publish an edict, that whatsoever prince shall demand me, must not expect my consent, before he answers such questions as I shall think proper to propose, in the hearing of all the professors of the law in this city. If his answers prove right, I will marry him ; if otherwise, his head shall be struck off before your palace.

THE king concluding that this edict would be attended with no ill consequences, because he thought no prince would be so rash as to hazard his life by so desperate an undertaking, and that the cure of his daughter depended upon it, order'd it should be published, and swore by the laws of *Bergingbuzin*, that it should be punctually observed. *Tourandocte* relying upon the sacredness of his oath, which she knew he would never violate, was soon restored to perfect health.

As there are very few princes who think meanly of their own understanding, the reputation of her beauty drew divers of the young and unexperienced into her apartment. But she had an aversion to men. My dear daughter, says the king, suppose some one, disregarding my edict, should present himself, and answer justly to your questions ? That, replies she, is what I have no reason to fear. I am contented to run the risk. Many of them presented themselves, to answer the questions proposed, but perished without mercy. The king, deeply touched with compassion, repented of his oath, and resolved rather to let her die, than preserve her life at so dear a rate. He employ'd the best measures to prevent any future murders, and now never consents, that any prince should previously expose his life, but with the utmost caution, and with
his

his consent. Nevertheless, some rash young men, intoxicated with the hopes of possessing *Tourandocte*, overlook the danger which surrounds her. The king seems touched with the deaths of these unhappy princes; but his daughter glories in the bloody spectacles. Not long since, a young prince who thought he had skill enough to answer all her questions, lost his life, and this very night another is to die, who came to the court of *China*, goaded on by the same destructive passion.

CALAF was very attentive to what his hostess related, and coolly answer'd, I doubt not but the painters have added to her charms, and that they have flatter'd her with their pencils, since her picture has produced effects so extraordinary. I cannot imagine *Tourandocte* is so beautiful. Sir, rejoins the widow, her charms are far beyond what I can express. I have often seen her, when I visited my daughter in the seraglio. Form in your mind every grace and feature you please, for the completion of a perfect beauty, you will not be able to form a piece that may in the least stand in competition with that of the princess. Tho' *Calaf* did not believe all the old woman said; yet he felt a secret kind of pleasure in her discourse; and said, I am of opinion, the princes, who could not penetrate into the meaning of her questions, were all men of narrow capacities. No, no, replies the old woman; never were any enigma's so dark and obscure as her interrogatories; and it is next to an impossibility to answer them.

WHILE they were talking to this effect, the little boy who had been sent to market, brought in the provisions; of which *Calaf* eat with the appetite of a traveller.

veller. Night approaching, the tymbals of justice began to resound in the streets. The prince enquired of the old woman, what was the meaning of that noise. It is, says she, to give notice to the people, that the prince, I before told you of, is this night beheaded. He willing to see the execution, went into the streets, and mixing with the croud, came into the court of the palace, where the tragical scene was represented.

HERE he beheld a very high wooden tower, cover'd with branches of cypress, within which hung a vast number of lamps, which enlightened the whole court. Below there was a scaffold cover'd with white sattin, and round it stood several pavillions of white taffeta. Behind these, 2000 guards were placed, two ranks deep, with drawn swords and axes in their hands. *Calaf* intent upon every object, observed a confused noise of drums and bells, which sounded from the top of the tower. At the same time twenty *Mandarins*, and as many men of the law, cloathed in white woolen robes, came to the scaffold, and sat down under the pavillions.

IN the next place appeared the victim, adorned with flowers, interwoven with cypress, and a blue fillet round his head. He was a young prince about eighteen years old, attended by a *Mandarin*, who led him by the hand, and followed the executioner. When they mounted the scaffold, the *Mandarin* asked the prince, Whether he was not sensible of the king's edict, before he made his addresses to the princess, and whether his majesty did not endeavour to dissuade him from the attempt? The prince answer'd in the affirmative, and added, I impute my death to myself a lone,

lone, and forgive you all. Then his head was cut off by the ſudden ſtroke of a ſabre, and his body put into a coffin of ivory and ebony, which fix *Mandarins* carried into the garden of the ſeraglio, where the king had erected a place of burial for theſe unhappy princes, where he often went alone to weep over them, to atone for his daughter's barbarity.

CALAF ſtaid in the court till all was over, and not far off obſerved a man crying profuſely. He addreſſed his ſpeech to him, and ſaid, I ſympathize in your ſorrow, and make no doubt but you was acquainted with the young prince, who was put to death. Ah! ſir, answer'd he, redoubling his tears, I ſhould know him intimately, for I bred him up. Oh! unhappy king of *Samarcande*, How wilt thou grieve at thy ſon's fate! Who dares carry to thee the mournful meſſage?

CALAF enquired by what means the prince of *Samarcande* became enamour'd of the princeſs of *China*? I will tell you, ſir, ſays his governor. A famous painter came into the city with the pictures of different princeſſes, which he ſhewed to my royal maſter, who, when he had examined them, ſaid, I am perſuaded the originals are highly obliged to you for the flattery of your pencil. Sir, replies the painter, I have one piece, which you have not ſeen, more beautiful than any of theſe, and yet it falls ſhort of the original. Then taking it out with his hand, added, It is the portrait of the princeſs of *China*. My maſter took it, and imagining it was beyond the power of nature to form a being ſo perfect, cried out, The world does not contain ſo charming a creature! The painter proteſted, that the moſt maſterly hand could never be able to expreſs

her lovely features. Depending upon the assurances of the artist, my master bought the picture, which made so strong an impression upon him, that he quitted his father's court without letting me into the secret; and we never stopped till our arrival in this city. Here he proposed to serve in *Altoun Can's* army, in order to demand the princess in marriage. We were informed of the severe edict which the king had published, at which my prince expressed great satisfaction. I will instantly go, says he, and answer the questions of *Tourandocce*. Why should I despair of obtaining the princess! When he was preparing for death, he gave the picture to me, saying, I intrust you with this inestimable piece. Shew it my father, when you inform him of my destiny: but I resolve far to retire from this place, to lament a prince who was so dear to me. O barbarous princess! — Having thus expressed his grief he threw down a box, and went away full of indignation.

CALAF gathered up the box, in which was the picture, and intending to return to his old hostess, missed the way in the dark, and got out of town before he was aware. He waited impatiently for day-light, to see the beauty of *Tourandocce*. Before the sun arose, he opened the box, and took out the picture, but hesitated a while ere he looked upon it, saying to himself, Why do I desire to cast my eyes on so dangerous an object. But can there be any danger in looking at a mixture of colours? I will mortify her vanity, by letting her see I can behold her image without emotion. He examined it, admired the turn of her face, the regularity of her features, and every one appeared to him to be in perfection; and tho' he was upon his guard, he suffer'd himself to be

be charmed. Into what diſorder, continued he, has this picture put my ſenſes? From this moment all peril vaniſhes!

CALAF being determin'd to demand the princeſs, return'd to his hoſteſs. Ah! my ſon, ſaid ſhe, I have been in pain for you all night. He replied, I am ſorry you ſhould have any trouble on my account; then related all that had paſſed, and ſhewed the picture, ſaying, I cannot imagine it comes up to the beauty of the original. By the ſoul of the prophet *Jackmouny*, cried the old woman, the princeſs is a thouſand times handſomer; I wiſh you had ſeen her, you would be of my opinion. I am extremely pleaſed, rejoins he, that her beauty, in your eye, is above all the efforts of painting. I die with impatience. I'll try whether my fate will not be more happy than the prince of *Samarcande*.

WHAT deſign is it you have formed, my ſon? ſays the widow; and do you think to put it in execution? Yes, mother, ſays *Calaf*, this very day will I offer myſelf to answer her queſtions. The hoſteſs burſt into tears, ſaying, Ah! my lord, in the name of God, think no more of it. Hate her. Deſpiſe her for her cruelty. Ah! mother, replies he, don't touch me in the moſt tender part; nothing in the world ſhall prevent this enterprize. When the widow found he would not hearken to her advice, it added to her affliction. Ah! ſays ſhe, would you had never come within my doors; never heard of the name of *Touran-doſte*! You fell in love on my praizing her. Ah! wretch that I am!——The prince interrupting her, ſaid, I muſt needs tell you, I don't believe your prophet *Jackmouny*, he ſhall not make me alter my reſolution.

However, he staid at the hostess's house all the day, while she went about to the hospitals to distribute alms; and to the *Bonzes* with ready money, to purchase their intercession with *Bergingbuzin*. In the morning the prince was more resolute in his design. Adieu! madam, said he, to the widow, and left her. Hereupon the hostess set her head on her knees, and continued thus in a fit of grief which is not to be expressed.

THE young prince, dressed, perfumed, and fairer than the morn, went directly to the palace. He found five elephants tied at the gate, and two thousand soldiers drawn up on each side. One of the chief officers, knowing him to be a stranger, stopped him, demanding his business. I come, says he, to beg of the king, that he will permit me to answer his daughter's questions. The officer astonished, replied, Do you know, prince, that what you come about is death? Were you as wise as a *Mandarin of Science*, you would never find out the meaning of her ambiguous words. I thank you for your council, replied *Calaf*; but I am not come hither to go back as I came. Go and die then, says the officer.



CALAF'S Entrance into the Palace of
ALTOUN CAN,
And demanding the Princess of CHINA.

AS *Calaf* passed thro' the guards, some of the officers said, How handsome, and well-made that young prince is; 'tis pity he should die so soon! He was, however, conducted thro' several halls, and at length

length came to that where the king gave audience: His throne was made of the ſteel of *Catai*, in the form of a dragon, about three cubits high, adorned with diamonds, and ſupported with four lofty pillars of the ſame metal. *Altoun Can*, array'd in a veſt of gold brocade, ſat upon it. The monarch, after he had given audience to ſome of his ſubjects, turned his eyes upon the young prince, who was in the crowd. He appearing to be a ſtranger, and of no common rank, the king called one of his *Mandarins*, and order'd to enquire of his quality and buſineſs. You may tell his majeſty, ſays *Calaf*, that I am the only ſon of a ſovereign, and am come to endeavour to be his ſon-in-law.

UPON this information the king diſmiſſed all the people, his countenance changed pale, he deſcended from his ſeat, and came down to *Calaf*. Raſh youth, ſays he, do you know the rigour of my edict? Yes, my lord, replies the prince, I am ſenſible of all the danger I run. My eyes were witneſſes of the death of the prince of *Samarcande*; but that has only inflamed the deſire I have to deſerve her. What madneſs is this! ſays the king; ſcarce is one prince dead, but another preſents himſelf for a ſacrifice. What blindneſs! what temerity! Return to your father's dominions, and let him not have the affliction to hear, that he muſt never expect to ſee his only ſon again. I pity you more than any I have ſeen before. My lord, replies *Calaf*, I take it for a happy omen, that I have the good fortune to pleaſe your majeſty. Perhaps heaven, moved by former miſeries, will make uſe of me to put a ſtop to them, if only to ſecure the quiet of your life. Once more, my ſon, ſays the king, let me perſuade you to deſiſt. I love you, and you are in an error to think

think you can answer her questions on the spot. You have but half a quarter of an hour to study on each : that is the rule. Make your serious reflections on what I have said, and to-morrow come and tell me your final resolution.

WHAT the king said had no manner of influence upon *Calaf*. He was only mortified that he must wait till the morrow ; so returned to his hostels, and went to the palace again the next day, where the king received him in his closet. Well, prince, said he, in what sentiments do you come ? My liege lord, replies *Calaf*, I am determined to suffer the same death as my rivals, if heaven has not otherwise pre-ordained my destiny. The king was sore afflicted ; he sinote his breast, and tore his beard. Ah ! my son, says he, embracing the prince, if my reasons have no force with you, give way to my grief. To deprive you of life will hazard my own. Stay, if you will, in my court : You shall have the first rank next to myself. You shall have handsome slaves, and I will look upon you as my son. Renounce your pretensions, and let me have the pleasure of depriving my daughter, that bloody princess, of one victim.

THE prince of *Nogais* was greatly affected with the king's friendship, however, replied ; suffer me, my lord, to expose myself to the danger ; the greater it is, the more agreeable to me. Perhaps I may be the happy mortal, who is ordained by heaven to curb her pride. In the name of God ! forbear to oppose a design, on which my glory, my peace, and my life depend. In short, I will not live, but with *Tourandocée*. Audacious youth ! says the king, thy destruction is inevitable. You will soon receive the reward of your folly.

Go,

Go, and answer her questions ; but I muſt firſt do thee the honours, which I pay to ſuch princes as ſeek my alliance. This ſaid, he called to the chief of the firſt band of his eunuchs, commanding him to conduct *Calaf* to the princeſs's palace, and to order 200 eunuchs to ſerve him.

SCARCE was the prince of the *Nogais* come into the palace, but the principal *Mandarins* came to ſalute him. They kneeled down, bowing their heads to the ground, and ſaid alternatively, “ The perpetual ſervants of “ your illuſtrious race come in this quality to ſhew you “ reverence ;” then made their preſents, and departed. During this ceremony, the king, to ſhew his concern for the ſon of *Timurtaſch*, ſent for the profeſſor of the royal college, and told him, there was a prince come to demand his daughter ; adding, I would have you, doctor, bring him to reaſon. He had a long conference with him, and, on his return, told the king, it was impoſſible. But I cannot help telling your majeſty, that I believe, if any prince is able to answer her questions, this is the man.

AH ! doctor, replies the king, How am I tranſported with this account of his abilities. He offer'd his vows to heaven for *Calaf* ; and order'd public prayers, ſolemn ſacrifices, and feſtivals, that he might obtain the princeſs. After this *Altoun Can* ſent his *Colao* to *Calaf*, to inform him, that he muſt prepare to answer the princeſs's questions the next day ; when he was to appear before the divan, who had already received orders to aſſemble.

CALAF, notwithstanding his reſolution, had little reſt all the night. He ſtill flatter'd himſelf with ſucceſs,
but

but did not forget his father and mother. If I should die, says he, what will become of them? His duty gave him the greatest trouble. While he was busied in these reflections, he heard the signal given, for those who were to assist at the assembly, to give their attendance. He then thus addressed himself to *Mahomet*; O great prophet! thou seest my condition; inspire me on this occasion. Shall I go to the divan, or to the king, and tell him the danger which terrifies me. Here all his terrors vanished. He rose, dressed himself in a cassetan, and a cloak of red silk, with gold flowers; his stockings and shoes were of blue silk, and all his cloaths a present from the sovereign. Now six *Mandarins*, dressed in long crimson robes enter'd his room, and told him, they came from the king to conduct him to the divan.

THEY led him cross a court, where armed soldiers stood on each side. In the hall were a thousand musicians and singers, who made a surprising noise. From thence they proceeded to the great council chamber, where the assembly were sitting under pavillions of different colours: the principal *Mandarins* on one side, the *Colao*, and professors of the royal college on the other. In the middle were two thrones of gold, placed in two triangular seats. When the prince entered, the noble and learned saluted him with great respect. It was about sun-rising, when two eunuchs opened the two curtains, before the gate of the inner palace, and the king, accompanied by the princess his daughter, came forth. She wore a long robe of gold tissue, and a veil of the same. They ascended their thrones by five steps of silver. When they were seated, two very beautiful young women took their stands, one on the king's side, the other on *Tourandocé's*. They had large pearls

pearls in their ears, and pen and paper in their hands. At the sight of *Altoun Can* they all closed their eyes. *Calaf* only looked round him, and could not help admiring the majestic mein of the princess.

WHEN the monarch of *Cbina* appeared, and had given orders for the *Mandarins* to seat themselves, one of the Lords who had conducted him, kneeled down, and read a memorial, containing the prince's demands of *Tourandocte* in marriage; then rising, bid *Calaf* bow to the king, which he did with such admirable grace, as made the sovereign smile.

THEN the *Colao* rose from his place, and read the fatal edict with a loud voice. After which, he addressed himself to *Calaf* thus; You hear, sir, the conditions, on which alone, she is to be obtained. If you are apprehensive of any danger, or your heart fails you, it is lawful for you to refuse. No, no, says the prince of the *Nogais*, the prize is too glorious to be renounced thro' cowardice. The king finding *Calaf* prepared, turned to the princess, saying, Daughter, it is your time to propose your questions, and may all the holy spirits, to whom we have sacrificed, inspire him to find out the meaning of them. *Tourandocte* replied, I call our prophet, the great *Jacmouny* to witness, that it is with the utmost concern, I see so many princes die. Know then, audacious youth! You cannot blame me but yourself, if, like the rest of your rivals, you incur perdition.

FAIR princess! says *Calaf*, I know all that can be urged on this head. Be pleased to put your questions, and I'll endeavour to give you the sense of them. Well then, replies *Tourandocte*;

QUES.

QUES. I. "*What creature is it, who is of all countries, a friend to the world, and has no likeness to it in the creation?*"—Madam, says Calaf, It is the SUN. He is right, cry all the doctors.

QUES. II. "*What mother is it, who after having brought forth her children, devours them all, when they are grown up?*"—The SEA, says the prince, for the rivers discharge themselves into it, and have their source from it.

TOURANDOCTE finding the prince answered right, and resolving to destroy him, said, again,

QUES. III. "*What tree is it whose leaves are all white on the one side, and black on the other?*"

THEN threw off her veil, to confound him with the lustre of her beauty. Her shame had caused her to blush, which added to her charms. At the sight of her the young hero stood mute and immovable. Terror seized the whole assembly; the king changed countenance, and gave him over for lost. But Calaf soon recovered himself, and said, charming princess! I beg pardon, for having appeared almost stupified, when I beheld your heavenly features. Be pleased to repeat the last question again. I do not remember it. You made me forget every thing. I demanded, said Tourandocte,

"*What tree is it, whose leaves are all white on the one side, and black on the other?*"—That tree, says Calaf, represents the YEAR, which consists of Days and Nights.

THE

THE *Mandarins* and doctors approved of the prince's answers, and applauded his talents. After which, *Altoun Can* turning to *Tourandocte*, said, with a smile; Come, daughter, own yourself conquered, and consent to marry the conqueror. He has not yet gain'd the victory, replied the princess, letting down her veil to hide her confusion, while the tears trickled down her cheeks. I have other questions to ask him, which I will propose to-morrow. No, no, says the monarch, if I allow that there will be no end. What you have more to ask, ask now. The princess excused herself, saying, she was not prepared; and prayed her father for leave to put more interrogatories to him the next day.

THE king in passion, cried out, I cannot. You breathe nothing but blood. You killed the queen by your barbarities, and have plunged me into melancholy; but thanks to the spirits that rule in heaven, to the sun, and the moon, to whom my sacrifices have been acceptable, there shall be no more horrible executions. Since this prince has answer'd all your questions, I demand of the assembly, whether it is not just he should be your husband. The *Colao* answer'd for them all, and said, Your majesty is no longer bound by the oath you took, to execute your rigorous edict. It is now the princess's duty to perform her part, or she must expect, that those spirits, who have the charge of chastizing the perjured, will punish her for contumacy.

TOURANDOCTE all the while kept silence, and held her head on her knees, drowned in tears; which *Calaf* observing, fell prostrate at the feet of *Altoun Can*, and said, Great prince! I beg one favour of your majesty. Tho' I have been so happy as to
answer

answer your daughter's questions, I plainly see she had rather have had me executed. I renounce my right to her, upon condition she will answer me, in her turn, but one question. The king and the whole assembly were astonished at the young prince's proposal, thinking nothing could puzzle the learned *Tourandoze*. After some time the king consented; declaring first, that he was no longer obligated by the oath he had made.

DIVINE *Tourandoze*, says the prince, tho' by the judgment of the assembly and his majesty you are mine, I abandon the possession of the most adorable beauty in the world, provided you answer precisely to the question I shall propose to you. But then you must promise, that if you do not give a just answer, you will heartily consent to my happiness, and crown my love. Yes, sir, says the princess, I accept the condition, and swear by all which is sacred, and call the assembly to be witness to my oath.

EVERY one present blamed *Calaf*, for exposing himself to the danger of losing the king's daughter, but were at the same time impatient to hear the question. Fair princess, says he,

"What is the name of that prince, who, after
 "having endured a thousand fatigues, and beg-
 "ged his bread, finds himself this minute at the
 "height of joy and glory!"

THE princess paus'd a while, and then said, 'Tis impossible to answer such a question instantly. I will give you his name to-morrow. Madam, says *Calaf*, no time was mentioned, neither is it just to allow any. However, I will give you that satisfaction, and hope,
 after

after this, you will have ſo much reaſon to think well of me, that you will make no difficulty to marry me. She muſt reſolve upon it, ſays *Altoun Can*. If I was not engaged by oath, and he had no right to her by the tenour of my edict, I would rather let her die, than he ſhould go without her. Can ſhe ever hope to meet with a man more amiable? This ſaid, he roſe from his throne, diſmiſſed the aſſembly, and retired with the princeſs. The doctors and *Mandarins* having complimented *Calaf*, fix of the latter reconducted him to the palace.

THE princeſs, with the two ſlaves who were her confidants, retired to her own palace; and when ſhe came into her apartment, ſhe flung off her veil, and threw herſelf upon a ſofa, to give a looſe to the tranſports of her ſoul. Shame and grief were viſible in her looks. She tore her hair, and commanded the two ſlaves to leave her, ſaying, Give over your needleſs care: I will mourn, and hearken to nothing but deſpair. How, alas! ſhall I be confounded to-morrow, before all the doctors, when I confeſs I cannot answer the queſtion propoſed to me? Is this the witty princeſs, they'll cry, who valued herſelf for knowledge, and could ſolve the moſt obſcure enigma's?

My princeſs, ſays one of the ſlaves, torment yourſelf no longer about what may happen to-morrow; would it not be better for you to endeavour to prevent your confuſion? There is no great difficulty in the queſtion he propoſed. No, replies *Tourandoſte*; Does he not demand of me to tell his own name? I ſee plainly, he means himſelf; but how is it poſſible for me to know it, who am a perfect ſtranger to him, his family, and country. In the mean time, madam, replied the ſlave,

slave, you only promised to name him to-morrow, and, doubtless, you hoped to be able to keep that promise. I hoped nothing, said the princess, and only demanded time to kill myself, rather than own my shame, and to marry the prince.

At these words, had not her slaves hinder'd, she would, in her fury, have spoiled that face, for which so many princes had sacrificed their lives.

WHEN *Altoun Can* returned from the council chamber to his own apartment, he sent for the young prince of the *Nogais*, and said, Ah! son, ease me of the disquiet you have caused in my mind. I fear my daughter will answer your question. Why did you bring yourself into danger? My lord, says *Calaf*, 'tis impossible for the princess to name the person: I am he, and nobody in your court knows me. What you say, cries the king in a transport, gives me great satisfaction; for tho' she may easily find out the meaning of enigmas, she can never know your name.

THE monarch having pleased himself, with considering how impossible it was for his daughter to answer the question, resolved to take the diversion of fowling. When they had made a sort of running banquet; the *Mandarins* went first out of the palace, in open ivory chairs wrought with gold, carried each by six men, two marching before with whips in their hands, and two behind with gold plates, on which were engraved their several qualities. The king and *Calaf* came after them in a litter made of the richest wood, and carried by twenty military officers. Two generals marched on each side, holding up a large fan to keep off the sun, and 3000 eunuchs closed the train.

WHEN

WHEN they came to the place, where the officers of the falconry waited, they began the game with a quail-chase, which lasted till sun-set. Then the monarch and his court returned to the palace in the same order; and, after having eat and drank, retired into a large hall, where, when the *Mandarins* had taken their places, the king made *Calaf* sit by him on an ebony throne, adorned with figures of gold. As soon as all were seated, the singers and musicians had done, and withdrew to make room for an artificial elephant; which moving forward by springs into the middle of the hall, vomited up six dancers, who performed several feats of activity. They had nothing on but sashes about their middles, and brocade bonnets on their heads. When they had done, they got again into the elephant, and went off.

As soon as these diversions were over, the young prince, conducted by an eunuch, with a flambeau made of serpent oil mingled with wax, and set in gold, prepared for sleep. Upon entering his apartment, he found a young lady dressed in a red brocade robe, full of silver flowers, and over it another of white satin embroidered with gold, and set thick with rubies and emeralds. She had on her head a bonnet of plain rose-colour'd taffeta, embroider'd with silver, and set with pearls, which cover'd only the crown of her head, leaving her fine hair buckled with diamonds, and intermixed with flowers, exposed to view. As to her shape and face, nothing could be more perfect, the princess of *China* excepted. As soon as the lady saw *Calaf*, she rose from the sofa on which she had laid her veil; and after having made him a low bow, said, Prince, I doubt not you are surprized to find a woman here.

But

But the importance of what I am going to say, made me despise all danger, and I have nothing to do but to tell you my errand.

HE pray'd her to sit down again on the sofa, where he also took a seat ; then the lady went on with her story : " I am the daughter of a prince tributary to "*Altoun Can*. Some years ago my father refused to " pay the usual tribute, and put himself into a posture " of defence. The king of *China* provoked at his " insolence, sent one of his best generals against him. " A battle was fought near a river, and the *Chinese* " got the victory. My father was killed in the action ; " but before he died, commanded his wife and children " to be flung into the river, to prevent their falling " into slavery. This inhuman command was executed. " They threw me, my mother, and two brothers, " into the water. The *Chinese* general happening to " come by, was moved with compassion at so horrible " a sight, and offer'd a reward to any soldiers who " could save us. Several *Chinese* horsemen immediately plunged into the river after our dying bodies, " then floating on the water ; none of which, when " taken up, had life in them but mine. I, when " brought on shore, breathed. The general took as " great care of me, as if my captivity would add glory " to his victory. After he had given an account of his " conduct, he presented me to the king, who placed " me with his daughter, who is two or three years " younger than I am."

THO' I was a child, I considered myself a slave, and resolved to add all in my power to please *Tourandocte*. Ever since, I, and another illustrious person have been her chief confidants. I am of noble blood, therefore
you

you may put the greater confidence in me. Will a prince in love with *Tourandoſte*, give faith to what I ſay ? Say, *Canume*, replies *Calaf*, Hold me no longer in ſuſpence. What have you to tell me of the princeſs of *China*. My lord, rejoins the lady, *Tourandoſte* has formed a deſign to have you aſſaſſinated. Juſt heaven ! cried he, how could ſo black a deſign enter into her heart ? I will tell you, prince, ſays the lady ; this morning when ſhe was at the divan, where I ſtood behind her throne, ſhe was mortally vexed at what happened, and returned full of hatred againſt you. She ſtudied a long time on the queſtion you propoſed to her, and not being able to think of an answer to her mind, ſhe fell into deſpair. The other favourite ſlave, and myſelf, did all in our power lay to bring her into temper. We extolled your mien and your wit, and told her that ſhe ought to determine to give you her hand. But ſhe was deaf to all we ſaid, and fell a railing againſt men in ſuch a manner as ſtopped our mouths. I hate him above all the reſt, and will have him murdered privately. She has accordingly ordered ſome truſty eunuchs to aſſaſſinate you to-morrow as you go to the divan.

AH ! inhuman, perfidious *Tourandoſte* ! cries the prince ; does *Calaf* then appear ſo horrible in your eyes. Great God ! of what ſtrange adventures does my life conſiſt. My lord, ſays the beauteous ſlave, ſink not under your miſfortunes. Heaven has put it into my thoughts to ſave you. I came not only to tell you of the ſnare that is laid for you, but how you may avoid it. By my intereſt, I have gained ſome ſoldiers of the guard, who will facilitate your eſcape, becauſe there will certainly be ſtrict enquiry made after you. Fly that fatal court. I am ready to go with you.

Let

Let us be gone, and take refuge in the territories of *Berlas*. I, free from captivity, shall enjoy those pleasures which are never known in bondage, and you, my lord, may find some princess worthy of your love, who will make it her whole business to contribute to the happiness of so deserving a prince.

CALAF answered, Fair princess! How shall I be able to express my gratitude for your good intentions. I heartily wish it was in my power to conduct you to the *Horde* of the *Can* of *Berlas*, who is your kinsman: but tell me, *Canume*, ought I so abruptly to quit the palace of the *Chinese* monarch, who has shewed me such respect? If the princess of *China* will sacrifice me, the victim is ready.

THE captive princess observing that *Calaf* determined rather to die than go off with her, burst into tears, and cried, Is it possible, my prince, that you should prefer assassination? Ah! my lord, how did I tremble for you, when this morning you appeared before the divan! I was in pain about your not answering *Tourandocée's* questions right. Do not, sir, submit to a blind passion. Let us this instant quit the seraglio, where every moment will create fresh torment. My princess, replied *Calaf*, I own you can well reward your deliverer, and make him happy. But it is my fate to love *Tourandocée*, and should I live from her, my life would not be worth regarding. Stay then, ingrate! says, the lady, interrupting him: If you see the bottom of my heart, I also see your's. Your aversion to me is as strong as your love for the princess of *China*. This said, she put on her veil, and walked off.

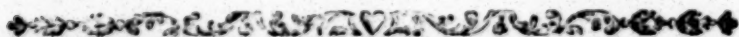
THE lady gone, the young prince sat in great perplexity

plexity on the sofa, reflecting on what he had heard. She came, said he, to give me warning of my fate, and the generosity of her soul is a sure sign of her sincerity. Ah! thou barbarous daughter of the best of kings, is it thus you abuse the gifts which heaven has blest you with? Instead of going to sleep, he pass'd the remainder of the night in a state of melancholy. As soon as day broke, and notice was given of the divan's meeting, six *Mandarins* waited upon him to conduct him to the assembly. He crossed the court, where he was to be assassinated, without any thoughts of defending himself, and came to the first hall of the divan. He proceeded, thinking every avenue was the place where the bloody orders of the princess were to be executed. He looked on both sides, expecting the murderer, and came at last to the hall where the doctors and *Mandarins* were already seated.

WHEN the *Colao* saw the king come in, he demanded of the young prince, whether he remember'd his promise to relinquish the princess, if she answer'd right to the question he had propos'd. *Calaf* answer'd, Yes. Then the *Colao* address'd himself to *Tourandocte*, saying, And do you, great princess, know what oath you have taken, and by that you are bound, to name the prince? The king, satisfied that his daughter could not answer *Calaf's* question, said, You have had all the time you could well desire, to think of what was propos'd to you; but if you had a year allowed you to contemplate on it, you would at last be forced to confess it is impenetrable; therefore chearfully give your hand to this young prince. My lord, says *Tourandocte*, tho' yesterday I had the shame of being vanquish'd, I yet pretend to have the honour of the victory. Let him ask me his question.

MADAM, says the prince of the *Nogais*, I demand, "What is the name of that prince, who, after having endured a thousand difficulties, and begged his bread, finds himself this moment at the height of glory and joy?" The prince's name, replied *Tourandocte*, is *Calaf*. As soon as the prince heard her name him, he fell into a swoon. The king and all the assembly turned pale.

AFTER *Calaf* recover'd, he thus address'd himself to *Tourandocte*: Fair princess, you are much mistaken, the son of *Timurtasch* is not at the height of joy and glory; he is rather over-whelmed with sorrow. I agree with you, says the princess, you are not so now; but you were so when you put the question. For which reason, prince, instead of making use of frivolous excuses, freely confess, that you have lost all manner of pretension to me. However, to keep you no longer in doubt, I now declare before this honourable assembly, that I am in another disposition, with respect to your life. The king's friendship for you, and your peculiar merit, have determin'd me to make you my husband.



*CALAF's marriage with the Princess of
CHINA, and the Death of ADELMIER.*

THE *Mandarins* and doctors highly applauded the conduct of *Tourandocte*; the king over-joy'd embraced her, and said, My child, you could do nothing that would oblige me more. Your aversion to mankind made me despair of seeing any princes of
my

my blood. Happy I! that your hatred is now at an end; and what makes my joy still greater is, that you are enamour'd of this young hero whom I love. But what charm did you make use of to discover his name. It was, my lord, by an accident natural enough, and not by any enchantment. One of my slaves went last night to prince *Calaf*, and had the address to get from him the secret.

Dear Sir

CHARMING princess, replies *Calaf*, out of what an abyss of misery have you raised me, to the highest place in the world. Ah! forgive my injurious suspicions, while you was preparing so much felicity for me. How impatient am I to expiate at your feet the injustice I committed. The young prince was going on in this manner, when he was forced to drop his amorous discourse, by the coming up of a female slave, who till that time had stood behind the princess; but now advancing into the middle of the assembly, made the whole audience listen to what she had to say. She no sooner lifted up her veil, but *Calaf* knew her to be the same person with whom he conversed the night before. Her ghastly eyes, and pale countenance, denoted her bent upon some mischief. They were all impatient to hear her, when turning to *Tourandossé*, she said, I did not go to the son of *Timurtasch* to do you service. My design was to deliver myself from slavery, and to rob you of your lover. I prepared every thing for our flight together. The ingrate despised my tenderness. I represented you the cruelest creature in the world: nay, I told him you determined to have him assassinated this very day. Jealous and despairing, I returned to your apartment, and I told you the name you wanted to know, which he dropped in one of his transports. In short, I thought by that to

Heur

prevent your marriage. But as my artifice has proved ineffectual, I have only this to do. — Here she took a cangiar, which was concealed under her robe, and plunged it under her breast.

THIS horrible action shocked the whole assembly. The king and *Tourandoze* descended from the throne to save her life, imagining she had not done enough to kill her : but before they came to her assistance, she struck the poniard a second time into her breast, when the princess of *China* continued weeping, and said, My dear *Adelmule*, why did you not open your mind to me last night ? Why did you not tell me it would kill you, if I married prince *Calaf* ? Is there any thing I would not have done for such a rival as you ? At these words the captive princess opened her dying eyes, and, turning them towards *Tourandoze*, said, 'Tis over. Pity not my fate, but commend my resolution. I sucked in with my milk the doctrine of *Xaca*. I am going to my original nothing. Here she gave a deep sigh, and expired.

THE funeral rites being over, joy and splendor succeeded, and a new face appeared in the court of *China*. The king order'd preparations to be made for his daughter's nuptials. While this was doing, ambassadors were sent to the tribe of *Berlas* to inform the old *Can* of the *Nogais*, of what had passed, and to desire him to come thither with the princess his wife. When all things were ready, the marriage was solemnized with the utmost magnificence. Nothing was to be seen for a whole month, in the great city of *Pequin*, but shows and festivals.

THE possession of *Tourandoze* did not at all lessen
the

the love of *Calaf*. And she who had, till then, looked upon all men with contempt, was equally enamour'd with the prince. Soon after their marriage-festivals were over, the ambassadors, which *Altoun Can* had sent to *Calaf's* father, returned, who brought not only his father and mother, but the prince *Alinguer* himself with them, to do honour to *Elmaze* and *Timurtafch*, attended by the greatest lords of his court.

THE prince of *Nogais* having notice of their coming, met them at the gate of the palace. All three embraced several times, and their tears, at every embrace, water'd the eyes of the *Chinese* and *Tartars* at that time present. Then *Calaf* saluted the *Can* of *Berlas*, acknowledged the favours he had conferred upon his parents, and upon himself in particular. To which *Alinguer* replied; Sir, being ignorant of the dignity of your father and mother, I must confess I have not paid them that respect which is due to their quality; but to make some retaliation for that deficiency, I thought I could do no less than accompany them to the court of *Altoun Can*. Hereupon they all enter'd the palace of the king of *China*, who embraced them all, and then conducted them to his cabinet, where he promised *Timurtafch*, whose history he knew, to employ all his forces to revenge his cause, against the sultan of *Carizme*, and immediately gave orders, that the governors of the provinces, and all the soldiers under their jurisdiction, should march with all speed to the lake of *Baljoua*, and there rendezvous till the whole army was assembled. The *Can* of *Berlas* also foreseeing a war would soon commence, order'd his troops to be in readiness to march on the first notice; and sent immediately to his generals to repair to the same place without loss of time.

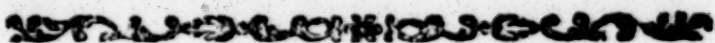
WHILE *Timurtasch* and his queen, the father and mother of *Calaf*, had conceived hopes of being reinstated on the throne of the *Nogais Tartars*, they insensibly forgot their past misfortunes, and *Tourandocte* being now deliver'd of a fine prince, encreased their joy. Publick rejoycings were made on this occasion throughout all the vast empire of *China*. Nor did they cease till the couriers brought advice, that the troops were arrived at the lake. As soon as they had this intelligence, *Timurtasch*, *Calaf*, and *Alinguer*, departed to command them; and when they arrived there, they found 700,000 men. They took their rout to *Colan*. From thence they marched to *Cachgar*, and enter'd the territories of the sultan of *Carizme*. That prince, instead of being dishearten'd at the approach of so many enemies, prepared to give them a warm reception with 400,000 men. The two armies met at *Cogende*, and a bloody battle ensued. At length the *Chinese* became masters of the field, and of their enemies.

SULTAN *Carizme* had no way left to escape, but by fighting through the enemy's forces, and gloriously chose rather to die, than to survive with infamy; so he continued fighting till he dropped dead. The prince his son had the same fate; 200,000 men were killed and taken prisoners, the rest escaped by favour of the night. The *Chinese* also lost a great number of men; but tho' the battle was bloody, it was also decisive. *Timurtasch* having returned thanks to heaven for his success, sent an officer to *Pequin* to give the king of *China* an account of it, and then advanced into the territories of *Zagalab*, and made himself master of the city of *Carizme*.

HERE

HERE he publiſhed a declaration, ſetting forth, that he would invade the rights and privileges of no man ; but as God had given him poſſeſſion of the throne of his enemy, he would keep it, and that all the countries, that were ſubject to the ſultan, ſhould now receive his ſon *Calaf* for their ſovereign. The *Carizmenians* immediately proclaimed him their ſultan ; and *Timurtaſch* went with part of the army to recover his own dominions. The *Nogais Tartars* received him like faithful ſubjects ; but he, not contented to be re-inſtated on his own throne, declared war againſt the *Circaſſians*, to be revenged on them for their perfidy to prince *Calaf* at *Jund*. He cut their armies to pieces, and cauſed himſelf to be declared king of *Circaſſia*. After this, he returned to *Zagalay*, where he met the princeſs *Elmaze* and *Tourandoſte*, whom *Altoun Can* had ſent thither.

HERE was the end of the young prince's miſfortunes. His virtue gained him the love of the *Carizmenians*, whom he reigned over a long time in peace, and continued the ſame paſſion for *Tourandoſte* ; by whom he had another ſon, who was, after his death, the ſultan of *Carizme*, and his elder brother by *Altoun Can* choſe emperor of *China*. *Timurtaſch* and his queen paſſed the reſt of their days at *Aſtracan*, and the *Can* of *Berlas* having received from them the reward due to his generoſity, returned to his tribe with the remainder of his forces.



*The History of King BEDREDDIN LOLO,
and his Vifer ATALMULE.*

Surnamed the SORROWFUL VISIER.

BEDREDDIN, king of *Damascus*, had, what may be called in our days, an honest minister, whose name was *Atalmule*, and who was a true patriot. His zeal for the service of his king and country was indefatigable; his genius was extensive, and his disinterestedness was admirable. He was called the *Sorrowful Visier*, because he never laughed at a jest, nor put himself out of his usual gravity. The king one day smiling, told him of an adventure of his, to which the visier listen'd; but with such sedateness, as surprized *Bedreddin*. *Atalmule*, says he, for these ten years you have been at my court, I have not observed one joyful look in your countenance. My lord, replies the visier, there is not a mortal upon earth exempt from sorrow. You have some secret grief, replies the king, which you chuse to conceal. Do you think as you speak? Yes, my liege, replied he, such is the state of the sons of *Adam*. Is your majesty in a state of perfect happiness? It is impossible for me to be so, cries the king; I have numerous enemies, and the weight of government lies heavy upon my shoulders; but I am convinced that there are an infinite number of my subjects, whose joy is uninterrupted. If nobody, therefore, is free from vexation, they cannot all be alike afflicted; tell me then, why you are so insensible of pleasure? My lord, replied *Atalmule*, the account of my life will readily discover to you the cause of my anxiety.

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The Hiſtory of the SORROWFUL VISIER,
And of
The Princeſs ZELICA BEGUME.

MY father's name was *Coaja Abdallah*, a rich jeweller of *Bagdad*, who ſpared no expence in my education. After I was well verſed in various languages, and a thorough proficient in many uſeful ſciences, he reſolved I ſhould viſit other *Aſian* countries. I naturally loved pleaſure, which cauſed him grief. But how can the wiſe counſel of a father prevail over a debauched ſon! I never heeded what the old gentleman ſaid, but imputed all to the peeviſhneſs of age. One day he made me walk with him in the garden, and ſaid, My advice has hitherto proved ineffectual; you will ſoon get rid of ſo troubleſome a counſellor: I am going to launch into eternity. I ſhall leave you immenſely rich; and if you are ſo unhappy as lavishly to ſquander it away, be ſure to have recourſe to the tree in the middle of the garden: tie a rope to one of the branches, and prevent the miſeries which attend poverty.

He died, I buried him magnificently, and took poſſeſſion of the eſtate, which I found ſo great as to encourage my extravagance. I encreaſed my ſervants, got all the young fellows of the city about me, was guilty of all kinds of debauchery, and ſoon ſpent all. My friends, domeſticks, and acquaintance, immediately abandon'd my dwelling. I then, too late, remember'd my father's words. I was pierced to the heart for not following his advice. I did not forget he

advised me to hang myself, if I was ever reduced to poverty. Let me, said I, follow his council at least in this case, tho' I did not in my œconomy. I sold my house, and, in this fit of despair I bought a rope, and ran to the tree in the garden. I put two large stones to the bottom of the branch, where I had fixed the cord, and making a running noose at the other end, I put it about my neck; after which, I leaped off the two stones, and was almost strangled, when the branch of the tree broke down. I fell with it. After a little time I recover'd my senses, and, looking round about, I was surprized to see some diamonds that fell out of it, for it was hollow. I thought the trunk was so likewise, and ran for an axe; then cutting thro' it, found a vast quantity of rubies, emeralds, and all kinds of precious stones. I instantly took the rope off my neck, and my grief was converted into joy.

THIS adventure convinced me of my father's love and prudence, and I determined, for the future, to pursue his course of life. As I before had made pleasure my business, I now resolved to make business my pleasure. I well knew the value of precious stones, and enter'd into partnership with two jewellers of *Bagdad*, who were bound for *Ormuz*. We all three embarked, lived merrily on board, and were almost at the end of our voyage, when I perceived my partners were not so honest as I imagined. We drank plentifully. About midnight I fell asleep on a sofa; while I lay snoring, they threw me into the sea. I awoke as they carried me to the side of the vessel; but knew not where I was, till I plunged into the water. It was foul weather, but the waves kept me aloft, and by the peculiar providence of heaven, threw me at the foot of a mountain, near the point of the gulph. When
I landed,

I landed, I found myſelf tolerably well; and ſpent the remainder of the night in thankſgiving for my deliverance.

At day-break I climbed up the mountain with great difficulty, and there found ſome peaſants gathering chryſtal to ſell at *Ormus*, and told them the uſage I had met with. They took pity on me, gave me provisions, and conducted me to the city. I went to a caravanſerail to lodge, where the firſt man I ſaw was one of my inhuman partners. He, extremely ſurprized, ran to ſeek out his comrade, to inform him of my ſafe arrival, and to concert meaſures for my unexpected reception. Soon after they both enter'd the caravanſerail. They paſſed me unobſerved in the court-yard. Ah! villains, cried I, heaven has render'd your perfidy uſeleſs; in ſpite of your barbarity, I ſtill live. At this exclamation, one of them had the impudence to bawl out; You thief, you rogue, what is the trick you would put upon us? They then beat me. I threaten'd to complain to the *Cady*; but they got thither before me, and by making him a preſent of ſome of my own jewels, prevail'd upon him to load me with irons, and ſend me to priſon.

THE peaſants, who brought me to *Ormus*, being informed that I was in jail, went to the *Cady*, and told him all that had paſſed between us on the mountain. Upon this the judge reſolved to ſearch into the bottom of this affair, and immediately ſent for the two jewellers; but they, conſcious of their villainy, ran to the ſhip and put to ſea. The *Cady*, now convinced of my innocence, releaſed me.

BEING thus deliver'd from the ſea, my judge, and my

my two honest partners ; destitute of money, friends, and credit, I was obliged to live upon charity, or die for hunger. I set out the next day after my enlargement for the plains of *Lar*, between the mountains and the *Persian* gulph.

HERE I overtook a caravan of merchants, who were going to *Chiras*. I did them several little services, and was well used on the journey. I staid there with them, at the time king *Sbad Tahmaspe* kept his court in that city.

ONE day coming from the grand mosque to my lodgings, I saw one of the king of *Persia's* officers. He came up to me, and said, Young man, of what country are you? You seem to be a stranger, and in no very good circumstances. I answer'd, I was a native of *Bagdad*, that things were not so well with me now as formerly, and then told him my story. How old are you, said he ; I replied, nineteen. Hereupon he conducted me to a fine apartment in the king's palace, and there asked my name, which I told him was *Hasan*. *Hasan*, replied he, I am sorry for thy misfortunes. I am the king of *Persia's* *Capi-Aga*, and will be a father to thee. A page's place is vacant in the *Casoda*, and thou shalt have it ; for I know not a youth among the *Casodali*, who cuts so good a figure. He took me under his protection, had me dressed like a page, and instructed me in the duties of my office ; which I discharged in such a manner, as soon gained me the esteem of *Zulustis*, and redounded to the honour of my patron.

ALL the pages of the twelve tribes, as well as other officers, were forbidden, on pain of death, to stay in the

the garden of the seraglio, after a certain hour, because the ladies then came out a walking. I insensibly letting the time slip, made all possible speed to return to the palace; when I was stopped at the end of the alley by a lady, saying, Why in such haste? It was a light evening, and I perceiving her to be young and beautiful, answer'd abruptly, If you belong to the palace, you know the reason. Is it not as much as my life is worth? You have thought of it too late then, says she, thank your stars that you have met me, or you had died in a moment. Amazed! I cried, unhappy mortal, to be no more vigilant! Give over your surprise, rejoins she, I think you ought not to look upon yourself as unhappy. I have youth and beauty, and flatter myself there are few in this seraglio more agreeable. Fair lady, said I, tho' I cannot by this light view your charms to advantage; tho' I see more than enough to inflame me; yet, imagine yourself in my situation, and you will confess it is not very pleasant. I own it, replies she; however, your destruction is not so sure as you imagine; the king is a good prince, and may pardon you. What are you? One of the *Casidali*, madam, Well then, said she, be ruled by me. Think not to-day of what may befall you to-morrow. Heaven reserves that knowledge to itself, and, perhaps, has prepared a Way for you to escape this danger. If you knew who I was, and the honour this adventure might do you, instead of wasting these happy moments, you would cast off all melancholy reflections, and look upon yourself as the most happy of mortals. I resolved to improve the occasion, and took the lady in my arms; but she was so far from yielding to my caresses, that she cried out, and I was instantly surrounded by ten or twelve women, who had concealed themselves to listen to our discourse.

I THEN

I THEN really thought she was some slave of the princess of *Persia*, who did it for diversion. The other women laughed at what passed; and tho' she seemed in a fright, one of them said, *Cale-Cairi*, what think you of such another frolick. No, replied she, I will do so no more. I have paid for my curiosity. The slaves rallied me, and said, the page is for the present minute. It is pity he should die for staying too long in the garden. She, whom I first met, addressing herself to another, said, It is you, my princess, must determine his fate. Well then, replied she, let him not die this time. But to make this adventure a little more pleasant to him, and that he may the longer remember it, carry him to my apartment, which as yet no man ever saw. I was immediately cloathed in a woman's dress, and, making one of the princess's train, followed to her apartment, where nothing was to be seen on all sides but gold and silver, and perfumed lamps, whose odour was very agreeable.

I ENTER'D the chamber of *Zelica Beghume* the princess of *Persia*, where twenty brocade stools were placed on a tapestry carpet, on which all the ladies seated themselves in a circle, and made me do the like. After this *Zelica* called for refreshments, when six old slaves enter'd, and distributed among us *Mahrums*, and then served round a fillad made of herbs of various kinds, citron juice, and the pith of cucumbers. She gave it first to the princess in a cocno's beak, who eat, and gave another to the slave on her right hand; and so it went round till the basin was empty. After this, they brought water in chrystal cups. The collation being over, conversation began. *Cale-Cairi*, who, with design or chance, placed herself opposite to me, smiled,

smiled, and sometimes by her looks informed me, that she was pleased with my behaviour in the garden. I could not forbear ogling her too. Then *Zelica* asked my name, and how long I had been a page ; when I had given answers to her interrogatories ; Well, *Hafan*, says she, you know this place is not for men, and I am *Zelica* ; yet forget where you are, and who I am. Be as free, and frankly tell me which of these young women most pleases your fancy ? I presently gave the preference to the charms of *Cele-Cairi*. But lest I should have affronted *Zelica*, I added, she ought not to put herself on a footing with her slaves, since where she appeared, nothing could be deemed beautiful.

SHE, instead of being offended, said, I am glad you have given to her the preference. She is my favourite, which is a proof of your good taste. Now the princess and all the slaves rallied *Cele-Cairi* upon the triumph of her charms, which she returned with a great deal of wit. Then *Zelica* caused a lute to be brought, and bid her shew her lover what she could do. She play'd on the instrument so well, and accompanied it with her voice so finely, that I was transported ; I threw myself at her feet dissolved in love and pleasure. At this they all fell again into laughter, which lasted till an old slave came to tell them it was near day, and time for me to depart. She accordingly led me to a little gate, of which she had the key ; and it was very light when I got out of the palace.

SOME hours after I went to my fellow-pages, when the *Oda Bachi* demanded why I lay out of my lodging. I told him, that a merchant of *Chiras*, with whom I was particularly acquainted, being about to depart
from.

from *Basra*, kept me at his house all night in drinking ; which he believed. Eight days after, an eunuch came to the king's chamber door ; I asked his business. Is not your name *Hasan*, said he ? I answered, yes. He then put a billet in my hand, and was gone in a moment. The contents were, " If you are disposed " to-morrow night, to be in the garden of the seraglio, " after the hour of retiring, and at the same place I " met you, you shall find one, who is very sensible of " the preference you gave her to all the princess's " women ?"

THO' I thought *Cale-Cairi*, had some liking to me, I could not imagine she would have wrote to me. Pleased with my good fortune, I asked leave of the *Oda Bacbi* to visit a dervise lately arrived from *Mecca*. He granted it, and I instantly flew to the garden of the seraglio. Soon after, I at length perceived a lady drawing near, whom I knew to be the same, for whom I waited. I went up to her, transported with joy, threw myself at her feet. Rise, *Hasan*, says she, may I believe it possible that you think me handsomer than all my companions, and even than the princess *Zelica* ! Doubt it not, replied I, oh too lovely *Cale-Cairi*. Your image always will be present in my mind, tho' you should not think of me kindly. I am glad you still persist in this opinion, replied she, because your youth, your person, your wit, and above all, the preference you gave me to those fair ladies, has made you amiable in my sight. But yet, my dear *Hasan*, continued she, I know not whether I ought to rejoice at the conquest my eyes have made, or look upon it as an event which will cause my misery. The princess of *Zelica* loves you, and will soon make you happy. Can your love of me hold out against so powerful a rival ?

rival? Here I began to interrupt her, saying, My dearest *Cale-Cairi*, neither *Zelica*, nor any other empress, however potent, shall shake my constancy. You are the loadstone, I the needle. Tho' *Schab Tabmaspe* would resign to me the kingdom of *Persia*, and adopt me for his heir; to you, and to you alone would I sacrifice that dignity. Oh! unhappy *Hasan*! replies the lady, If you make ungrateful returns for her kindness, we are both undone. It is much better for me to submit to her superior charms. No, no, said I, let me rather banish myself the court, to defend you from *Zelica*'s resentment. And do you forget by little and little the unfortunate *Hasan*. I pronounced this with such energy, that the lady burst into tears, and cried out, you are in an error, you are worthy of being deceived. Know, therefore, that I am the real *Zelica*. The night you came to my palace, I represented *Cale-Cairi*, and now resume my own name. Tho' you have more love than ambition, I am now convinced it will be no small addition to your happiness to be informed that it is a princess who is enamoured of you. I told *Zelica* that the excess of my passion was inexpressible, and was going on in this manner, when she interrupted me, by saying, Ambition has but little command over the hearts of females who are locked up. You delight me, and that is sufficient. We passed the whole night in discoursing in the garden. A little before day *Cale-Cairi* came, and led me out of the palace.

I now gave myself over to the most agreeable representations that can enter into the mind of a mortal. But alas! when I was just arriving at the height of my wishes, an unlucky event, at once robbed me of all my expectations. I heard *Zelica* was fallen ill, and
soon

soon after it was rumoured about the palace, that she was dead. I could not give any credit to this report, till I saw preparations made for her funeral, and was convinced of the truth by the universal grief of the *Persians*, and the honours paid to her memory. All the pages of the chambers marched first, naked from the head to the middle. Some scratched their arms, others made incisions in their flesh, and I, in despair, wounded myself in several places. Our officers followed us with long rolls of *Chinese* paper, hanging down from their turbans, on which were written in large characters, some passages out of the *Alcoran*, and verses in praise of the deceased, which were sung with an air as doleful, as respectful.

AFTER these came the corpse in a cedar coffin, covered with silver plates, which was carried by twelve persons of quality, each holding in his hand the end of a ruban, which was fastened to the cover; all her women followed, making terrible howlings. When the body came to the burial-place, the whole company bawled out *Laylah Illallah*; and the blood I had lost caused me to faint away. I was immediately carried to our chambers, and rubbed over with an excellent balm, by the use of which, in two days, my wounds were healed, and three days after I quitted the court and the city of *Chiras*.

I TRAVELLED all that night, and the next day lay down to repose myself on the ground, when there came to me a young person, in a very odd dress, and presented me with a green branch, repeating some *Persian* verses, to beg alms. I had nothing for my self, and as I offered him nothing, he imagined I did not understand the language. He then repeated some *Arabian* verses,

verses, and finding nothing coming, said, brother, I don't believe you want charity, but that you have nothing to bestow. You are in the right, friend, said I, I have not a single asper. Ah! cried he, I pity thee, and will give thee relief.

THIS answer occasioned my surprize, as I expected from him nothing but prayers and vows; when he continuing his discourse, said, I am one of those holy children called *Faquirs*, who live on alms, and am taught to move compassion, by an air of mortification. Tho', to say the truth, some of our fraternity are fools enough to be what they appear, and fast for ten days together, yet we are not so strait laced. Will you be one of our brethren? I am going to two of them at *Bost*, if you will make a fourth come along.



H A S A N turns F A Q U I R.

I AGREED to join them, and he conducted me to *Bost*. We lived all the way upon dates, rice, and other good things which were given us in the towns and villages through which we passed. At length we arrived at *Bost*, and entered a little house where we found our two brethren. They kindly received us, and seemed greatly pleased with my resolution. When I was well instructed in the mystery of dissimulation and grimace, they dressed me like themselves, and obliged me to accompany them about the city and suburbs. I came home every night with some pieces of silver, which served to make me merry; and being too young to resist the example of these *Faquirs*, I fell into all sorts
of

of debauchery, and by this means insensibly lost the remembrance of *Zelica*.

HERE I staid too years, and would have staid longer, had not he who engaged me in their society, persuaded me to travel. We accordingly passed thro' the kingdom of *Segestan* to the city of *Candabar*, and took up our lodging at a caravanferail, where we were well used on account of our habit. The inhabitants were all in a hurry, making preparations to celebrate the feast of *Giulous*. Every one, even at court, was ambitious to shew their affection for king *Farouzchab*, who was both beloved, and feared by all his subjects. No body daring to refuse the *Faquirs* admittance, or stop them for their habits sake, we went the next day to court. As we were looking about very attentively, I felt somebody twitch me by the sleeve, and observed the eunuch of *Schab Tahmaspe's* palace standing near me, who put into my hand a letter; saying, My lord *Hasan*, notwithstanding your dress, I thought I knew you. Why did you leave the court of *Persia* to come to *Candabar*. Was it the sudden death of the princess *Zelica*. I cannot tell you presently said he; but will satisfy your curiosity. Meet me here to-morrow at the same hour.

I PUNCTUALLY came at the time appointed, and he drawing near, said, let us go out of the palace; we went thro' the city to the gate of a large house, of which he had the key. The rooms were well furnished, fine carpets on the floors, and rich sofa's. Near adjoining was a garden in good order, in the middle of which, was a bason of jasper full of chrystal water.

My lord *Haſan*, ſays the eunuch, how do you like this place? Very well, replied I; I am glad of that, rejoined he, I hired it for you yeſterday. You muſt alſo have ſome ſlaves to attend you. I will go and buy ſome while you bathe. In the name of God, ſaid I, What do you bring me here for?

CHAPOUR was a long while before he returned with four ſlaves laden with linen, cloaths, and proviſions, which occaſioned in me various reflections. He obſerved my uneaſineſs, but ſaid he could not help me, adding, it muſt be night before you can be informed of what you want to know. Night came, and lamps were lighted up in all the fineſt apartments. *Chapour* bore me company, and deſired me frequently to exerciſe my patience. At length we heard a knocking at the door, the eunuch opened it, and led in a lady, who no ſooner liſted up her veil, than I knew it was *Cale-Cairi*. My lord, ſays ſhe, How much ſoever you are aſtoniſhed to ſee me, you will be more ſo when you hear what I have to ſay. The eunuch withdrew, and we both ſat down together. You very well remember, my lord *Haſan*, ſaid ſhe, that the laſt night you ſaw *Zelica*, ſhe made you promiſe never to forget her. The next day I repreſented to her what a folly it was for a princeſs of her rank, to run the hazard of her life and dignity for the love of a page, and endeavoured all I could to diſſuade her from her intention. But finding all my arguments vain, I ſaid; then, madam, we muſt contrive ſome ſcheme for you to ſee him often: I know but one, which is, for you to quit the court immediately, to forget your birth and grandeur, and to live as if you was deſcended from poor parents. Is it poſſible, madam, for you to make *Haſan* ſuch
a ſacri-

a sacrifice? Don't I love him, replied she, sighing? Tell me where and how I may see him, I will go this very moment. Well then, said I, since I find there is no turning you from your beloved object, I know an herb, which if you put a leaf of it into your ear, you in a short time will fall into a lethargy, and seem dead. Your funeral obsequies will be performed, and the night following I will take you out of your tomb.

OH heaven! replied I, is it possible the princess *Zelica* should be alive! Where is she? My lord, rejoins *Cale-Cairi*, she is now living. We put my project in execution. The princess fell sick, and kept her bed. The king's physicians prescribed medicines, of which I made no use. Her fever grew worse and worse, and when I judged it proper for her to expire, I conveyed a leaf into her ear, and ran immediately to inform the king, that *Zelica* was dying, and begged to see him. He came in an instant, and observing her colour come and go, as the herb operated, he burst into tears. My lord, says *Zelica*, in dying accents, having experienced your tenderness, I conjure you by the great God, to order this my last request may be punctually fulfilled. I desire that none of my women may be admitted to come near me, excepting *Cale-Cairi*. Let her watch over me the first night, and be suffered to mourn over my tomb alone.

THE king promised that every thing she requested should be performed; but, my lord, adds *Zelica*, I have one thing more to ask, which is, that *Cale-Cairi* may be made free, as soon as I am laid in my tomb; and that you will make her royal presents, worthy of the fidelity of a favourite slave. *Schah Tahmaspe* answered,

answered, If I must lose you, I swear your favourite shall go where she pleases, and have what treasure she demands.

THE king had no sooner done speaking, than the princess died in appearance, and he retired to his own apartment. I washed and perfumed her body, wrapped it up in white linen, and it was carried to the burial place, where I alone, by his majesty's express command, watched over it the first night. Finding the coast clear, and her lethargy over, I took her out of the coffin before day, then we hastened to the place where *Chapour* waited for our coming. That trusty slave conveyed the princess to a little house he had hired, and I passed the remainder of the night at the sepulchre, and in the interim made up a bundle like a corpse, covered it with the same linen, and laid it in the coffin.

NEXT morning, the princess's other slave came to take my place, which I did not leave without shewing those grimaces that generally attend on such as are sorely affected with grief. The king being informed of these tokens of my esteem, ordered me ten thousand sequins, and gave me leave to depart with *Chapour*. After which, I went to my mistress to congratulate her on the success of our stratagem. The succeeding day we sent a messenger to the king's chamber with a billet, desiring you to come to us, but were informed, that you was indisposed. Three days after we sent again, when we heard you had left the seraglio. I am not to blame that you have been kept thus long asunder; and *Zelica* has heartily repented of her imprudence, for not letting you into the secret. We searched for you every where, but destitute of all
manner

manner of hopes, we took the road towards the *Indus*, thinking you might have taken the same course; we searched thro' every city we passed for you, but to no purpose. As we were one day travelling with a caravan of merchants, we were suddenly attacked by a large gang of robbers, who took from us all our gold and jewels, carried us to *Candabar*, and sold us to a slave merchant, who resolved to shew *Zelica* to the king. He charmed with the sight of her, asked of what country she was? The princess replied, of *Ormuz*, and gave the same evasive answer to all his questions. However he bought us, and allotted for us one of the best apartments in his palace.

HERE I interrupted her, crying out, Oh heavens! how can I hope to see *Zelica* again, who is shut up in a seraglio! If she submits to king *Firouzchab's* passion, her life must be miserable! If she should be contented in her situation, can I be so with mine? I am glad, replies *Cale-Cairi*, that your sentiments are so delicate. The king loves her exceedingly, but she not being able to forget you, refuses to comply with his desires; and never was one more rejoiced than she, when *Chapour* told her he had met you. She ordered the eunuch immediately to hire a house ready furnished, and to see you wanted nothing. I am now come to prepare for your meeting. To-morrow night we will come to this house; this said, she and *Chapour* returned to *Zelica*.

I COULD not sleep a wink all that night, and waited with the utmost impatience all the next day. In the evening I heard a knocking at my gate, and soon after my princess entered the room. I threw my self at her feet, and embraced her knees, without being able

to

to speak a word. She obliged me to rise and sit down by her on a sofa. *Hasan*, said she, I thank heaven we are met again; let us hope it will remove the new obstacle that prevents our being together. If we have not the pleasure of being always together, we shall have that of hearing from each other every day. I then told her my adventures, more particularly of my entering among the *Faquirs*. Ah! *Hasan*, said she, have you lived so long in such austerity for my sake! for I took care to let her know nothing of the life I led under that religious habit. We conversed together till it was near day-light, when the princess, *Cale-Cairi*, and *Chapour* withdrew.

THE next day I met the *Faquir*, who accompanied me to *Candabar*. After we had embraced, I said, My friend, I was coming to tell you what has happened to me, thinking my absence might have caused you uneasiness. Yes, replied he, I have been in some pain for you. But how finely you are set off! While I have been fretting, I find you have passed your time very agreeably. Yes, friend, said I; I own to thee that I am ten thousand times happier than thou canst imagine; and I will make thee partaker of my happiness. Leave thy caravanserail, and come and lodge with me. This said, I led him to my house, and shewed him the rooms. He said they were very fine, crying out every moment, good God! what has *Hasan* done more than others. What, brother, said I, are you troubled at my prosperity. No, replied he, I am always pleased to see my friends happy. I thought him sincere, and thus put myself in the power of one of the most perfidious villains upon earth. Come, said I, we must be merry together to-day; and provided for him an elegant entertainment.

WHEN we grew warm, he prevailed upon me to discover to him the whole mystery of this affair, saying, I love thee too well to do thee any injury. Deluded by his profession of friendship, and over-powered with liquor, I hid nothing from him. As I was giving him an imperfect sketch of the charms of *Zelica*, he interrupted me, saying, This lady must needs be a wonderful beauty, if the king of *Candabar* is so charmed with her. I answered, she is more lovely than I can describe. She will be here to-morrow, and thine own eyes shall judge of her beauty. At these words the *Faquir* embraced me with transport, and said, if you perform your promise, you will do me the greatest pleasure in the world.

When the time drew near for our next meeting, I told my friend it was not proper he should be seen in my apartment when the princess came; but that I would do all in my power to get him permission to be admitted one of the company. While we were talking, *Zelica* knocked at the door. The *Faquir* hid himself in the closet. The princess gave me her hand, and I led her in; begging of her that the *Faquir*, who came with me to *Candabar*, and to whom I have given an apartment in my house, might make one of our company. *Hasan*, replied she, what is it you ask? Instead of exposing me to the sight of men, you should conceal me as much as possible. Madam, replied I, he is my friend, and you shall have no cause to complain of your compliance with my request. Tho' my heart misgives me, said she, I can refuse you nothing. Hereupon, I called him, and to please me, she behaved very civilly. We three, with *Cale-Cairi*, sat down together at table. My comrade was about 30
years

years of age, had wit at will, and soon let the ladies know that he was a scandal to his profession. After supper, the *Faquir* called briskly for wine, and drank himself into a rare pickle. His brains and tongue were inflamed, he talked impudently, and had the insolence to throw his arms round the princess's neck, and kiss her.

ZELICA enraged, push'd him from her, saying, Hold, firrah, thou deservest to be chastised by *Hasan's* slaves. This said, she put on her veil and went away ; I followed to appease her, but in vain. You see now, says she, it was not prudent to bring the *Faquir* among us. I will never more come to your house while he lodges in it ; and then left me. I returned with great concern, accused the *Faquir* of indiscretion, adding, she, perhaps, will never forgive me, for pressing her to admit you into our society. You don't know, says he, what creatures women are. Her pretended anger was only affectation. Had I been with her alone, I should have found her much more yielding. I instantly ordered my slaves to conduct him to his own room, hoping he would own his error the next morning. He expressed his sorrow with such concern as moved my compassion ; adding, to atone for my indiscretion, I will instantly remove far from this city.

I HAD scarcely done writing when *Chapour* came in. I gave him my letter, and he soon brought me an answer ; in which she seemed willing to excuse the *Faquir*, upon condition he quitted my house in twenty-four hours, and she could be assured of his repentance. I shewed him the letter ; he told me before the eunuch, that he durst not see her after this rude

action, and would leave *Candabar* on the morrow. *Chapour* returned, to give the princess an account of the *Faquir's* intention. I rejoiced at this event, but said, since we must part, let us put off our separation as long as we can. I will order a supper. When we were just sitting down to the table, *Chapour* came in with a ragout in a golden plate, saying, I bring you this, which has been just served up to the king's table, and was so delicious, that he sent it immediately to *Zelica*, who sends it to you. We eat it up; and the *Faquir* cried out, Ah, young man, how great is thy felicity!

WE drank all night, and when day appeared, I gave him a purse of sequins, which *Chapour* had brought me from his mistress. He thanked me, and departed. Tired with sitting up, I laid me down on a sofa and fell asleep; and was some hours after awakened at a great noise in the house. I rose to know the reason of it, and to my great terror, beheld some of *Firouzchab's* guard. The officer who commanded them said, Follow me, we have orders to conduct you to the palace. I asked what crime I had committed? We know not, replied he, we are only ordered to carry you before the king; but will tell you for your comfort, if you are innocent, you are safe. He is a very just prince, and will not pronounce the fatal sentence without convincing proof. When we came to the palace, I saw four gibbets erected. Without doubt, said I to myself, *Firouzchab* has discovered my intrigues with *Zelica*.

HERE no person, except the prince, his grand visier, myself, and the *Faquir*, were permitted to stay. As soon as I saw my traiterous friend, I doubted not of
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the cause of my summons. Is it thou, says the king to me, who hast private meetings with my favourite? Speak, and answer exactly to the questions I shall propose.—Were you not told before you came to *Candabar*, that I punish criminals severely. I answered yes. Why then, replied he, hast thou dared to commit the greatest of all crimes. Sir, said I, May your majesty live for ever. But you know love is the strongest of all our passions, and makes us fear nothing. I am ready to be the victim of your just wrath; nor will I complain of any torments you shall put me to if you will forgive your favourite slave. I came to disturb your peace, and it is I only that deserve punishment.

WHILE I was talking thus, *Zelica*, followed by *Chapour*, and *Cale-Cairi*, were brought in by an officer. The princess hearing my last words, ran and threw herself at the king's feet, crying, Pardon him, my lord, your wrath should fall on the guilty slave who has betrayed you. Ah traitor! says the king to me, expect no favour. You shall die. Then turning to *Zelica*, added, Ah ingrate! Dare you beg mercy for this wretch, and shew your amorous rage before me? Vifier, said he, Let them both be fastened to the gibbet, and become the food of the fowls of the air.

HOLD, my lord, cried I, be careful how you treat a king's daughter. Let your furious jealousy have some regard for that august blood, which flows in her veins. *Firouzchah* seemed shocked at these words, and sternly demanded, To what prince she owed her birth? When she cried out, Oh indiscreet *Hasan*! I was in hopes of dying in comfort, and that no soul should know my rank. You cover me with shame by

revealing this secret. Then addressing herself to his majesty, said, The slave whom thou condemnest to this infamous death, is the only daughter of *Schah Tabmaspe*. She then told him her whole story, which when finished, she desired to be put to death immediately. Madam, says the king, I am too just not to forgive your infidelity. I complain of it no longer, but restore you to liberty. Live for your lover, and may the happy *Hasan* live for you. I also set at liberty *Chapour* and your confidante. Then turning to the *Faqir* continued, But thou, base and envious soul, shalt suffer for thy villainy! Then ordered the visier to deliver him to the executioner.

IN the mean time *Zelica* and I fell at the king's feet. After which, we repaired to the house that had been hired for me, with *Chapour* and *Cale-Cairi*. But that dwelling being already demolished by the king's orders, the furniture taken off, and the materials removed, we consulted what to do in this emergency. After mature deliberation we resolved to take lodgings in a caravanferail. As we were going, an officer of the king's household came, and told us, that the grand visier had a house, without the city gates, and he was ordered by his master to conduct us thither.

THE grand visier came to visit us two days after, and brought us a present from the king of several packs of silk and linen, and twenty purses, in each of which were 1000 sequins of gold. However, looking upon ourselves under a kind of restraint in a hired house, and enabled by his majesty's bounty to remove elsewhere, we joined a caravan, which was bound for *Bagdad*, and in a few days arrived there in safety.

HASAN's Return to Bagdad, the Reception he there met with, and other surprizing Incidents, which befel him, ZELICA, CALECAIRI, and CHAPOUR.

THE night we arrived in *Bagdad*, I took lodgings in my own house, and when we had recovered ourselves from the fatigue of our journey, I searched out my acquaintance and friends. They were all surprized to see me. Are you alive, said they? Your partners assured us you was dead. When I was informed that my jewellers were at *Bagdad*, I went to the grand visier, and told him how I had been used. He ordered them both to be taken into custody, and commanded me to examine them, in his presence. Did not I awake, said I, before you threw me overboard? They replied, I fell into the sea in a dream. But, sirs, says the visier, How came you not to know your partner at *Ormus*? They answered, We never saw him there. What say you, replies the visier, I have a certificate from the *Cady* of *Ormus* to prove the contrary. At the sight of this, they trembled, and turned pale. Observing them change colour, he said, Come, come, confess your guilt, that I may not be obliged to extort it from you by torture.

THEY confessed all, and were sent to prison, till the calif should order what death they should die; but they found means to corrupt the keeper, and made their escape. In the mean time all their goods were seized, and the calif took possession of them except a

few which were given to me, for the damages which I had sustained. After this I thought of nothing but living a happy life, in retirement with my princess. We passed our days in comfort, and all my prayers to heaven were, that I might live in that manner all my life. Vain hopes! Can mankind be long here in a state of happiness? One evening I returned from a friendly entertainment; I knocked at my door for a considerable time, and nobody came to let me in. I waited a while, then knocked again; but not a slave was stirring. The neighbours hearing the noise, came out as much surprized as myself, and assisted me in breaking open the door. We went in, and found all my slaves with their throats cut in the entrance hall. We made forward to *Zelica's* apartment, where we found *Chapour* and *Cale-Cairi* breathless and weltering in their blood. Oh shocking spectacle! We searched all the house over for the princess, but could not find her. Unable to support myself under these afflictions, I fainted. Happy I, if the angel of death had taken me that instant.



WHEN I recover'd my senses by the help of my neighbours, I asked if they heard any noise. They all answer'd, No; and were all astonish'd at the sight. I ran to the *Cady*, who sent back with me the *Nayb* and his *Asa's*; but their search was also fruitless. I and many more were of opinion that my partners were the cruel authors of this barbarous action. Soon after I fell into a fit of despair, sold my house, and retired to *Mouffel*, where I had a relation who was well acquainted with the king's grand visier. He received me kindly, and in a little time introduced me to that minister, who, seeing my genius for business, helped me to an office, which I had the good fortune

to discharge to his liking. I, by degrees, gained his confidence, and insensibly came to have a share in the government, which eased him in the administration of affairs.

SOME years after that minister died, and the king, prejudiced in my favour, put me in his place, which I supplied for two years to the satisfaction of both prince and people : insomuch that, that monarch gave me the name of *Atalmule*. Not long after, some great lords of the court enter'd into a conspiracy to seek my ruin. The better to accomplish their design, they render'd me suspected to the prince of *Moussel*, who demanded of his father to depose me. I left *Moussel*, and came to *Damascus*, where I soon had the honour to be recommended to your majesty. The loss of the princess *Zelica* makes me insensible of mirth, and is the cause of that profound sorrow and melancholy with which I am always overwhelmed.

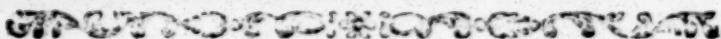


The Continuation of the History of King
BEDREDDIN LOLO.

WHEN the visier had finished his story, the king said, I am not surprized at your sorrow ; you have just grounds for it : but you are in an error to think, that among all mankind, there is not one perfectly contented. I am satisfied that prince *Seyfel Mulouck* my favourite, looks upon himself to be entirely happy. I cannot affirm, my lord, replied I, that he really is so. Well, says the king, I will convince you presently. He then order'd the captain of the guards to bring the prince thither. When he came, the king asked whether

he was contented with his condition? My lord, replies the favourite, tho' a stranger, I am respected in the city of *Damascus*; the nobles court me; and you love me; how then can I fail of being happy. But *Atalmule* maintains, that no man is truly happy. I tell him that you are so, says the prince. I am mistaken, if any inward pain robs you of the pleasure which the favours I have bestowed upon you create. Speak the truth. *Seyfel Mulouck* replied, Since your majesty commands me, I must confess, that notwithstanding all the pleasure and grandeur with which I am surrounded, I have a thorn in my breast, which gives me continual uneasiness; and what adds to my affliction is, it can never be removed.

THE king, a little surprized at his answer, and not doubting there was some lady in the case, order'd him to tell his story.



The History of Prince SEYFEL MULOUCK.

I AM the son of *Asem-Ben*, late sultan of *Egypt*, and brother to the present reigning prince. In the 16th year of my age, I found the door of my father's treasury open, went in, and looked at every thing which appeared to me a rarity. I was particularly delighted with a little cedar chest set with topazes, emeralds, pearls, and diamonds. In it was a golden key, with which I opened the lock, and found a ring of wonderful workmanship, and a little gold box, in which was the picture of a woman.

THE features were so regular, the eyes so sparkling,
and

and the air so admirable, that I fell in love with it, and really thought it was the portrait of some living princess. I closed the box, and put it with the ring into my pocket. My confident was the son of a great lord at *Cairo*. He was somewhat older than me; and I told him my adventure. He insisted to see the picture; and taking it into his hand, after he had admired it for a few minutes, asked me for the box, which he narrowly inspected, and found on the inside the following words in *Arabic* characters, *Bedi al Femal*, daughter of king *Chabbal*.

TRANSPORTED with discovering the object of my love, I desired my confident, whose name was *Saed*, to go to all the cunning men in *Cairo* to find out king *Chabbal*; but no body could tell. I then determined to travel the world over, and never see *Egypt* again till I had seen *Bedi al Femal*. The sultan my father agreed that I should go to the court of the *Calaf* of *Bagdad*. I went incog. taking with me only *Saed*, and a few trusty slaves. When we arrived at *Bagdad*, I viewed the curiosities, and enquired again where I might find the dominions of king *Chabbal*. There also I was disappointed; but told, at the same time, if it was a matter of importance, I need only go to *Basra*, where I should find a man 170 years old, called *Padmanaba*, who would satisfy my curiosity.

I soon quitted *Bagdad*, went to *Basra*, and found the old sage, who was still lively and vigorous. My son, said he, what service can I do you? Father, answer'd I, I want to know where king *Chabbal* reigns. I have heard travellers speak of him, says the old man, and I think, but cannot be positive, that he governs an Island near that of *Serendib*.

I RETURNED him my thanks, and resolved to proceed to *Serendib*. I embarked with *Saed* and my slaves on board a merchant ship bound for *Surat*. From *Surat* we went to *Goa*, where we heard of a vessel bound to the isle of *Serendib*. We again embarked, and the wind being fair, we made a great deal of way the first day. The second, a storm arose, which lasted several days, and drove us at last to an island near the *Maldives*, where we cast anchor. We were preparing to go on shore, when an old seaman told us, the isle was inhabited by negroes who worshipped a serpent, to whom they sacrificed all strangers that fell into their hands; and that we must, if possible, gain the *Maldives*. The captain, depending on his judgment, resolved to weigh anchor the next morning; which was well concerted, had we not been discovered. But alas! in the middle of the night we were attacked by a vast number of negroes, who boarded us, put us all in irons, and carried us to their habitation; which was a horde of negroes, consisting of numerous little cabins made of wood and earth: In the middle of them stood on an eminence, a pavillion of the same materials, where we saw the king seated on a throne of cockle shells. He was black, and of a gigantic form, looking like a devil more than a man. By him sat his daughter, not unlike the fire in size or ugliness.

WHEN the chief of the negroes had given the king an account how and where he took us, he charged his visier to conduct us to a tent by ourselves, and order'd one of us to be sacrificed every day. He sent us store of rice and provisions to fatten us for the voracious deity. Two negroes fetched one of our company every morning to be devoured, till not one remained excepting *Saed* and me. While I was blaming my senseless passion,

paſſion, and lamenting our unhappy fate, the negroes came, and, addreſſing themſelves to me, ſaid, Follow us. I trembled, and ſaid to *Saed*, Adieu for ever.

THEY led me to a vaſt tent, where I expected to be ſacrificed ; when a black woman came to me, ſaying, Be of good courage, young man, you will meet with a better fate than your companions : no more. The princeſs *Huſnara*, whoſe favourite ſlave I am, waits to tell you the reſt. This ſaid, the two negroes withdrew ; and *Huſnara's* favourite taking my hand, led me to a little room, where her miſtreſs ſat alone on a ſoſa, cover'd with the ſkins of wild beaſts. She was of an olive complexion, her eyes ſmall and lively ; her mouth wide ; her noſe flat ; her lips thick ; her hair frizled, ſhort, and blacker than ebony. On her head ſhe wore a plain bonnet of yellow ſtuff, with a ſcarlet facing or border, on which was a plume of feathers. Round her neck was a collar of the grains of *Talagaya*, yellow and blue. Her robe was long, made of tyger ſkins, which reached down to her toes. Come hither, ſaid ſhe, young man, ſit by me ; I will comfort thee for falling into the hands of my father. I took a liking to thee at firſt ſight : I will ſave thy life. Thou ſhalt be my lover, and I will prefer thee to the greateſt lords of the court. Tho' I abhorred to make her ſuch an answer as ſhe required, I was afraid of expoſing myſelf to her rage. When ſhe ſaw me in this confuſion, ſhe added, I am rather charmed than offended at your ſilence and diſorder. It is a kind omen of thy love, and a ſign of the tranſports of thy joy. She then gave me one of her hands to kiſs, as a prelude to greater pleaſure, which ſhe kept in ſtore for me. In the mean time, two black ſlaves came and ſpread ſkins upon the floor, others brought plates of rice, and conſerves of honey.

honey. The princess bid me lie down and eat with her. I eat very little ; which she observing, said, You have no stomach ! You think every minute an hour ; but I cannot raise you to the summit of happiness till night. I am going to the king, to desire him to save your, and your companion's life, because my favourite *Mibrafya* has a love for him.

Now she rose, and called for a veil ; then bid me return to my friend, adding, I will send for you to supper, and we will be merry. A negroe was called to carry me back to the tent, where I was received by *Saed* with joy inexpressible. Is it possible, my dear prince, said he, that you are restored to me ? Are you come to dry up those rivers of tears which I have shed for you ? When his extacy was over, I told him what had passed between the princess of the negroes and me ; he owned that there could be but little satisfaction in the possession of such a lover ; but then, says he, life is a fine thing. It is a melancholy thought at your age to be made a sacrifice to a serpent. Consider this, my prince, and put a force upon inclination. Ah ! *Saed*, replied I, and will you follow the advice you give me. I must tell you our present condition is alike. The princess's favourite slave has taken a liking to you, and has saved your life ; will you give her what she expects for this favour ? Let the serpent devour me before I answer her caresses. So *Saed*, said I, you forget that life is a fine thing ? Confess now, what a hard thing it is for the most impetuous youth to shew love to a woman whom he naturally hates and detests. We agreed in our sentiments, and resolved to affront our mistresses that they might have us put to death. This was the scheme we concerted, and really imagined that we should not with impunity ex-

asperate

asperate two of the ugliest and cruelest of the human species.

NIGHT approaching, a negroe officer came to us, saying, Happy slaves, come along with me, and enjoy the greatest happiness. Two lovers wait for you with impatience. We followed with grief and despair in our visages. He introduced us to the princess *Hufnara*, who was lying at length on the ground at her table upon skins, with her favourite slave. Draw near, says the princess to me, and let thy friend place himself by *Mibrafa*. The slaves served us with various dishes, of which we were forced to eat. We drank plentifully also of a liquor made of corn in the ear.

My lady began to be very free with me, and the like freedom was shewn by the slave to *Saed*. We said a thousand offensive things to them, which soon produced the desired effect. They looked furiously upon us; and the princess cried, Ah ungrateful wretches! Is this your acknowledgment for my favours! What can you see in me to beget your aversion? Then turning to her slave, said, Tell me without flattery, am I ugly or ill-shaped. *Mibrafa* replied, There is not a lady upon earth to be compared to you for shape or beauty. The young man must have lost his senses thus to neglect your charms. But why should I wonder, when the other stranger likes me no better. You, replies the princess, are, I think, very amiable; but they are unworthy of life. Call some of the officers, and let them deliver these two strangers to the *Pagod* we adore. In the instant they were about to bind us, the princess cried out, a sudden death is too great a favour for these wretches. They shall both live in misery. Carry them to the *Nub*, and make them grind night and day. We
were

were accordingly conducted to a place on the back of the isle, where there were hand-mills, and set to work ; nor would they let us rest a moment.

THE negroes having one day left us a large quantity of corn, went away, ordering us to grind it against their return. *Saed* said, Now our enemies are gone, let us haste to the sea-side, perhaps we may find out some method to make our escape from this fatal isle. I was of the same mind ; we ran to the sea, which was not far off, and found a boat fastened to a pole. We immediately got in, untied it, and committed ourselves to the mercy of the waves. We had scarce handled the oars, before the negroe fisherman, to whom the boat belonged, made a hideous noise after us ; but we were soon out of his reach, and lost sight of the island before it was dark.

AFTER having sailed all night at random, and without sustenance, we, in the morning, saw a little island not far distant. We made thither, fastened our boat to a stake, and went up into the isle, where we found several trees loaded with fair fruit. When we had refreshed ourselves, we proceeded further, and I never saw a more agreeable place. It was full of aloë-trees, and other fine wood, of springs, and all sorts of fruit and flowers. But what surprized me most was, that it appeared to be deserted. I said to *Saed*, How comes it to pass this pleasant isle is uninhabited ? My dear prince, replied he, since we can find nobody, it is a sign that nobody can reside here ; but he little thought that he was speaking so much truth.

WE spent the day in thanksgiving and walking about. At night we lay down upon the grass, and slept sweetly ;
but

but when I awoke, how great was my amazement to find myself alone. I sought every where for *Saed*, waited all that evening, and the following night, in the place where we slept, but in vain. Ah my dear *Saed*, cried I, by what enchantment am I deprived of thee ? I had better have died with thee than live here alone. At length, not being able to sustain the loss, I grew desperate, and resolved to destroy myself. I will, said I, first go over the island, and find him out, or die. I then went to a wood at some distance, in the middle of which stood a castle, encompassed with deep ditches full of water, but the draw-bridge down. I passed over, and enter'd into a large court paved with white marble, and advanced to the gate of a fine edifice built of aloe wood, exquisitely wrought. On the gate was a brazen lock in the shape of a lyon, with a brazen key affixed to it, hanging by a chain. I put it into the key-hole, when to my great surprize, on turning of it round, the lock broke into a thousand pieces, and the gate opened of itself. Within I found a stair-case of black marble ; which I ascended, and came into a large hall hung round with silk and gold tapestry, the sofa's of brocade. From hence I went into a chamber richly furnished, where I saw a young lady, whose beauty commanded my attention.

SHE lay on a large sofa, with her head reclined on a cushion. She was magnificently dressed ; and near her stood a table of black jasper. Her eyes were shut ; and not knowing whether she was alive, I went very softly to her, and found she breathed. I fixed my eyes upon her, and wished within my heart she would awake. She slept sound, so I quitted the castle, resolving to return in a short time. After I had tired myself

myself with walking among numerous wild beasts, which seemed afraid of me, I came back to the castle, resolving to speak to this lady, whose beauty had given me so much uneasiness. I found her in the same posture and still asleep. I coughed, shook her, and made a noise in the chamber, but she did not stir. There must be some enchantment, said I. Some *Talisman* keeps this lady asleep, as I cannot wake her. Unable to effect it, in a fit of despair I resolved to carry off the marble table, upon which, when I drew near, I observed certain magical characters which I judged the cause of the lady's lethargy. I scarce touched it, before she sighed vehemently, and awoke.

AH, sir, said she, How got you into this castle! You are no man, you are certainly the prophet *Elias*! Madam, replied I, no one opposed my entrance, the only difficulty I met with was to awake you. I am indeed something more than a common man. My father was a king; but yet I am a man. I have more reason to believe that you are of a superior species. No, replies she, I am also one of the daughters of *Adam*: Tell me why you left your father, and by what means you came into this island? I related to her all my adventures, and particularly told her of my falling in love with king *Chabbal's* daughter, named *Bedi al Jemal*, by looking on her picture, which, with my ring, I had so well secured, that the negroes missed of them. She viewed the picture, and told me that king *Chabbal* ruled in an isle near *Serendib*, adding, I cease to wonder at your passion: but princesses are often flattered by painters. Pray, sir, continued she, make an end of your story. I did
so,

ſo, and then intreated her to tell me her's, to which ſhe conſented.



The Hiſtory of MALIKA.

I AM, ſays ſhe, the only daughter of the king of *Serendib*, who has a palace near that city, where he often retires. One day I took a fancy to bathe myſelf in a marble baſon, which was in the garden. I went in with my favourite ſlave. On a ſudden there aroſe a ſtorm, and a cloud of duſt gathered over our heads, out of which deſcended a monſtrous bird, that took me up in his talons, and brought me hither; where reſuming his own ſhape, he appeared a young genie. Princeſs, ſaid he, I am one of the greateſt genies in the univerſe, and this day paſſing over the city of *Serendib*, I ſpied you bathing in a garden; charmed with your beauty, I conveyed you to this caſtle, where you ſhall want nothing that heart can wiſh, if you will comply with my deſires.

AT this his diſcourſe, I wept bitterly, and cried out, Ah, unhappy *Malika*! Was this to be thy deſtiny! Unhappy prince! My dear father! Is this the reward of thy care, in bringing me up, to loſe me in ſo barbarous a manner? Thy grief will certainly occaſion thy death. No, no, replies the genie; your father can bear miſfortunes much better than a fooliſh virgin. Crown my wiſhes, and be happy. Flatter not yourſelf, rejoined I, with ſuch vain hopes, I ſhall always have an averſion for my raviſher. He ſmiled at what I ſaid, and imagining that with good uſage I ſhould by degrees be mollified, he ſpared no coſt or trouble to
 pleaſe

please me. He bought me sumptuous clothing, furnished me with the most delicious dishes and costly wines; but finding he every hour became to me more odious, in a fit of despair, by the power of magic, he threw me into that profound sleep of which you are an eye-witness, and where I should have remained for ever, had not you come to my deliverance. He made two more *Talismans* to render the castle invisible, and to prevent the gate being opened. He often comes to wake me, and asks if I am sensible of his passion; but finding I treat him with disdain, lays me asleep again. And now, my lord, have I not reason to doubt of your mortality? Nay, I am astonished that any son of *Adam* should live and cross this island, which nothing but beasts of prey inhabit.

WHILE the princess and I were talking, we heard a noise, and were suddenly frightened with hideous outcries. Oh heavens! said she, We are undone for ever. It is the genie. He entered the room in a rage, with an iron bar in his hand, and in the form of a giant; but instead of doing me any harm, fell down at my feet, saying, Son of the king, demand what you please, I obey. I was surprized; but he soon made me sensible that I had nothing to fear. The ring on your finger, added he, is the seal of *Solomon*, whoever is in possession of it cannot perish by any accident. Waves and storms cannot hurt him; wild beasts cannot devour him. He is sovereign over the genies, and all magic power gives way at his appearance.

WHAT! replied I, and was it by virtue of this ring that I escaped shipwreck? Yes, my lord, replied he, and that you escaped being devoured by wild beasts likewise. You saw many, but they ran from you.

Do

Do you know what became of your companion who slept by your side? He was eaten by the wild beasts, and, had it not been for that ring, you had shared the same fate. 'Tho' tears trickled down my cheeks on hearing the sad end of *Saed*, my mistress's image was so deeply imprinted on my mind, that I demanded of the genie to tell where king *Chabbal* reigned, and if the princess *Bedi al Jemal* was alive? He said, that *Bedi al Jemal* was in some sense the daughter of that prince; but that she was one of king *Solomon's* concubines. It mortified me much to hear that I had fixed my love upon a princess, who had been dead many centuries. All my comfort is, continued I, turning to the princess, that I can do you service. I command you therefore this moment to transport this lady and me to *Serendib*, and set us down at the gates of that city. Thou deservest further chastisement for the rape of *Malika*; but do this and I forgive thee.

THE genie made no answer, but took me and the princess up in his arms, and instantly carried us to *Serendib*. He there asked if I had any farther commands. I answered no, and he vanished. We put in at the first caravanferail, where we consulted, whether I should myself go to the king, or we should write him advice of the princess's arrival. We thought the first method was the best. Accordingly I repaired to the palace, which was built on fourteen marble pillars, to which I ascended by 300 steps of fine stone. I entered the first hall, and with some difficulty gained an audience of the king, who asked me, What brought me hither, and of what country I was? I replied, My lord, *Egypt* gave me birth, but I have been three years absent from my parents, and have undergone
various

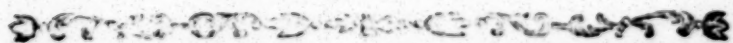
various misfortunes. His majesty being of a compassionate nature, burst into tears, saying, I am not much happier; for I have lost my only daughter, and in such a manner as adds to my sorrow. My lord, replied I; I come to bring you tidings of her, and tho' you think she is dead, you shall this very day see her alive and in health. Ha! where did you meet with her, says the king?

I TOLD him the whole story, which when I had ended, he embraced me, and said, for I had made my birth known to him; What amends can I make you? Go with me to the caravanserail! I die with impatience till I fold in my arms my lovely *Malika*! He instantly ordered the visier to get ready his litter, made me get into it, and we went to the caravanserail. Their joy was mutual. The first transports over, the king desired *Malika* to give him an account of her adventure; she let him know that she had preserved her honour from the ravisher, and had not carried her gratitude so far as to fully her virtue. We all returned to the palace, where a grand apartment was allotted me, and public prayers were ordered for the return of the princess. When the thanksgiving day was over, all the nobles of the island were sumptuously seated at court.

AFTER this his majesty shewed me the most profound respect, and always made me a party in his diversions. One day he asked me to be his son-in-law, and the heir of his crown. My lord, said I, did I not tell you the reason why I left *Cairo*? Would you dispose of *Malika* to one who has no heart to give. She deserves a better fate. How then, says he, shall I shew my gratitude! Your kind reception of me, is recom-

recompence enough. All that I desire more of your majesty, is a ship to convey me to *Basra*. The ship was instantly fitted out and furnished with all manner of stores for my use. I took leave of the king and the princess; embarked, and after some time arrived at the desired port; from whence I proceeded to *Cairo*, with a caravan of *Egyptian* merchants, where I found great changes at court.

My father was dead, and my brother on the throne, who at first received me with affection, telling me at the same time, that the king, before he died, missing the picture and the ring, suspected him of taking them away. I confessed the truth, and returned to him the latter. Notwithstanding these external professions of fraternal love, he caused me to be confined on the day of my arrival; and the very same night sent an officer to kill me, who had more mercy than his master; told me his errand, and said, My prince, the prison doors are open. Fly this moment, take advantage of the night, and stop not till you find a place of safety. I made all possible speed out of my brother's dominions, and was so happy, my lord, as to arrive in your's, where I met with the wished *Asylum*.



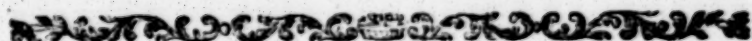
A Continuation of the History of BEDREDDIN
LOLO, *and his* SORROWFUL VISIER.

WHEN the prince had finished his story, he, addressing himself to the king of *Damascus*, said, I now leave it to your majesty to judge if I am perfectly happy; while my head is fuller than ever of *Bedi al Femal*. *Bedreddin* the king, having no notion of being so passionately in love with a picture, asked
his

his favourite to let him see this prodigy. The monarch admired it, owned she was a charming princess, and said, I wonder not at *Solomon's* passion for her; but your love is merely chimerical. Sir, says the visier, your majesty may see by this prince's story, that all men have their troubles. I am not of your opinion, replied the king, I am fully satisfied there are some who know no care, and whose peace is not disturbed. Go, says he, to *Seyfel Mulouck*, look among the tradesmen and artificers, and bring me him who seems to be most lively and mirthful.

THE prince obeyed, and after a few hours returned. Well, says the monarch, have you done as I ordered. Yes, replied the favourite, I saw a number of artificers singing at their work, who all seemed contented with their station in life; but among the rest a young weaver, named *Maleck*, who was laughing among his neighbours. Friend, said I, you seem very gay. It is my humour, replied he, I hate melancholy. I bid him follow me, my lord; and he is waiting in the antechamber. Bring him in, says the king. He was a handsome fellow, and when entered, fell at his majesty's feet. Rise, says the monarch, and tell me if you are as really contented with your condition as you appear to be. It is a matter I greatly long to know, and require you to inform me without reserve. Great king, replied *Maleck*, The world is deceived in me; for notwithstanding my songs and laughter, I am of all men the most miserable. You provoke my curiosity, says the king, I command you to give me your history.

The



*The Adventures of MALECK, with the
Princess SCHIRINE.*

MY father was a wealthy merchant of *Surat*, who left me a plentiful fortune, the greatest part of which I soon made away with, and when the remainder was near wasted, a stranger one day came to dine with me, who said he was going to the isle of *Serendib*; which occasioned the company to talk of the pleasure and usefulness of travelling. Some gave an account of their voyages, and the curious things they had seen, which caused in me a desire to visit foreign nations. If, said I, it were possible to travel over the world without danger, I would not stay one day in *Surat*; this speech of mine made all my guests laugh; at which the stranger said, My lord *Maleck*, if the fear of meeting with robbers only keeps you at home, I will tell you how to travel safely from one country to another. I thought he bantered me; but after dinner he called me aside, and told me he would come the next day and shew me something very singular; but it is work that will take up three or four days to complete. Send for a joiner, and let him bring with him some planks immediately.

THE joiner soon came, and the stranger order'd him to make a chest six feet long and four broad, while himself prepared screws, springs, &c. and the third day they perfected the work. He cover'd the chest with *Persian* tapestry, and had it carried into the country. I accompanied him. We must stay here by ourselves, said he. Send away your slaves. I did so. He

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then

then got into the chest, which rose up into the air, with incredible swiftness. In one moment he was out of sight, and the next he lay at my feet. Here, says the stranger, is an easy way of travelling. I give it you; and if you desire to visit foreign countries, you may with great ease and safety. Do not think, continued he, there is any conjuration in it. I am master of mechanics, and can make machines much more surprizing.

I GAVE him a purse of sequins for it; then said, Teach me, sir, how to put this chest in motion. He went into it with me, touched one of the springs, and we flew up in an instant. He then taught me how to guide it, saying, turn this screw you go to the right, that carries you to the left. Touch this spring you mount, touch that you descend. I made the trial, and went faster, slower, higher and lower, as I pleased. After we had taken several caracols in the air, we turned towards my house, and alighted in the garden. I then caused the chest to be locked up in my apartment, and the stranger left me.

Now I continued spending till all was gone; then borrowed, and run myself over head and ears in debt, lost my credit, and my creditors pressed me for their money. Finding I could stay no longer in *Surat*, I drew my chest into the garden, put into it my provisions, with a little money, got into it, turned one of the skrews, and was out of sight in a moment. I proceeded in my airy voyage all that day, and the night following. The next morning I found myself over a wood, and saw a large city near it. I longed to know where I was, and at length spied a peasant digging. I descended into the wood, where I concealed my machine,

chine, and went to the labourer. I asked him the name of that city. He told me it was *Gazna*, and the residence of the just and valiant king *Bahaman*. And who lives, says I, in the palace at the end of the meadow. *Schirine*, the king's daughter, replied he, who by her horoscope is threaten'd to be betray'd by a man. To obviate this prediction, the king has built that marble palace, surrounded with ditches of water. The gates are of *China* steel, of which the king keeps the key. There is a strong guard kept before it. The king goes once a week to visit the princess, who has no company but some female slaves and a governante.

I WENT directly to the city. When I drew near, I beheld several horsemen richly caparisoned. In the middle of whom was a tall man, with a crown on his head, and in a vest covered with diamonds. He was the king, as they told me, going to visit his daughter.

WHEN I had viewed the town, I returned to my chest, eat some of my provisions, and spent the night in the wood. I had but little sleep. The princess *Schirine* ran in my head. Can *Bahaman*, thought I, be afraid of a ridiculous prediction? If the princess is to fall in love with a man, why may it not be with me? After I had, in this manner, expostulated with myself for some time, I resolved to try my fortune. I accordingly flew up into the air, and steered the chest to the palace. The night was dark, and I passed over the heads of the guards. I rested on the top of the building, where I saw a light. There I got out of the chest, and crept in at the window, which was left open to air the apartment where the princess lay reclined on a brocade sofa. I kneeled down, and kissed her hand; at which she awaked in great surprize, and called out to

her governante. *Mabpeiker*, who lay in the next room, enter'd immediately. Here is a man, said she, how came he into my apartment? Are you a confederate? You know, madam, replied she, the vigilance of the guards, and that there are 20 steel gates to be opened, before he could get into your room, of which the king your father keeps the keys. How then can you wrong me with this suspicion?

WHILE they were talking in this manner, it came into my head to pass for *Mahomet*. Fair-princess, said I, cease to wonder: I have no design that ought to alarm your virtue. I am *Mahomet* your great prophet, who taking pity of your confinement, am come to defend you from the effects of perdition. Your fate will be happy, and you shall be my wife. Women are apt to give credit to any thing that is new and wonderful; and they believed me. After passing the best part of the night with the princess, I returned to the wood. In the morning I took my way to the city, where I laid out most part of my money in provisions and fine cloaths; and spent the evening in dressing and perfuming myself. Night approaching, I got into my chest, and directed it to the same place I did before, where I enter'd the princess's apartment. She told me, she had long expected me with impatience. But pray tell me, how comes it to pass, that you have so young a look; I always thought the prophet *Mahomet* was a venerable old man. He has been represented to me, ever since I was a child, in that portraiture. 'Tis right, answer'd I. That is the idea people should have of me. When I condescend to visit the faithful, I appear with a long beard, and a bald pate. But I thought you would not like so superannuated a figure, and therefore put on the form of a young lover. The

gover-

governante ſaid I did well, and that when I was to play the part of a huſband, I ought to make myſelf as agreeable as I could.

I LEFT her before day, for fear of being diſcover'd, and the princeſs inſenſibly became ſo prejudiced in my favour, that ſhe believed all I ſaid to her. A few days after the king of *Gazna* came to viſit his daughter, and finding the gates ſaſt, he enter'd her apartment alone. She ſeemed to receive him but coldly, which he perceiving, inſiſted to know the reaſon of it. Your majeſty, ſays ſhe, will be ſurprized to hear you are the father-in-law of *Mahomet*. Are you in your right ſenſes, cries the king? What an abſurdity is this? No, no, ſome traitor has ſeduced you. This ſaid, he flung out of the room, and ſearched all over the palace, but in vain. He then called his viſier and confidants, and aſked their advice upon this important affair. The viſier ſpoke firſt, ſaying, the pretended marriage might poſſibly be true, tho' it appeared fabulous. That many illuſtrious houſes piqued themſelves in attributing their origin to events of this nature; and that tho' he looked upon the commerce the princeſs had with *Mahomet*, as a thing uncommon, it was by no means impoſſible. All his courtiers, excepting one, agreed in the ſame opinion; but he thought it incredible, and adviſed his majeſty to dive into the bottom of the matter, not doubting but he would ſoon diſcover the cheat.

THO' the king looked upon the prime viſier as a man of great penetration, he reſolved to find out the truth; but to do it prudently, he order'd all his courtiers to return, and come again the next day. As ſoon as it was night, he ſeated himſelf on a ſoſa, and order'd tapers to be lighted, and placed before him on a marble

table; then drew his sabre, and laid it by him. This night, luckily for me, a flash of lightning broke upon *Babaman*, and dazzled his eyes. Hereupon he went to the window, where his daughter informed him that I should enter, and, observing the sky was all on fire, tho' only the natural effect of some exhalations which inflamed the air, he really thought it foretold the descent of the prophet. Instead of being in a rage when I appeared, he trembled, dropped his sabre, fell at my feet, and said, Oh great prophet! How have I behaved to have the honour of being your son-in-law? I, taking the advantage of his humility, said, Oh king! of all the musfulmen princes, you are the most zealous in my service, and consequently the man I chose to honour. It was written on the table of fate, that *Schirine* should be seduced by a man. To take off that misfortune, I solicited the most High to reverse her destiny; which he consented to for my sake, on condition she became one of my wives.

THE weak prince believed all I said, and fell at my feet a second time. I raised him as before; and he, good man, instantly retired, leaving me and the princess alone. I staid with her some hours, but left her before day-light.

EARLY the next day the visier and the courtiers came to the palace, and asked his majesty, if he was satisfied in the matter. Yes, says he, I have conversed with the great prophet, and am convinced he is my daughter's husband. The incredulous courtier now became the jest of the council; but still persisted in his obstinacy.

THE same day, as they were all going to the city
with

with the king, it rained, thunder'd and lighten'd in an uncommon manner, and the unbelieving courtier's horſe threw him in a fright. He broke his leg by the fall. Ah wretch! ſays the king, you would not believe me; but ſee the prophet has puniſhed your infidelity. I went that day to the city, where I was told this ſtory. Publick rejoycings were alſo there made, and nothing heard but acclamations of, long live *Babaman*, father-in-law of *Mabomet*.

WHEN it was dark, I conveyed myſelf to the palace, and informed the princeſs of all that had happened to the courtier; adding, I did not think fit to carry my vengeance farther: But I ſwear by my tomb at *Medina*, that if any one ſhould hereafter doubt of your happineſs, he ſhall certainly die. Next day the king came to viſit *Schirine*, and deſired her to intercede with the prophet, for a perſon who had juſtly called down his wrath. My lord, replies the princeſs, *Mabomet* has informed me of the whole affair, and has ſworn to exterminate all thoſe who make any doubt of our marriage. This confirmed the faith of *Babaman*; and he turning to his viſier and courtiers, ſaid, Can any now queſtion whether *Mabomet* is my ſon-in-law?

ALL the miniſters were now ſatisfied, and fell on their faces before the princeſs, imploring her mediation for the wounded courtier.

I HAD now eat up all my proviſions, and ſpent all my money. To relieve my wants I thought of another expedient. My princeſs, ſaid I, one night to her, we have forgot one formality in our marriage. You have given me no dower; that omiſſion gives me uneaſineſs. My dear ſpouſe, ſaid ſhe, I will mention it

to the king to-morrow, and he will give you all his riches. No, no, said I, there is no occasion to speak to him; I covet not wealth. A few jewels are sufficient. I took only two diamonds, and sold them the next day to a jeweller in *Gazna*.

I HAD passed for *Mahomet* about a month, and led a most agreeable life with my fair princess, when an ambassador arrived to demand her in marriage. The king told him, she was already disposed of to the prophet *Mahomet*. The ambassador by this answer took *Babaman* for a madman, and departed to his master, who imputed his refusal to a slight; he resented it, and raised an army, and marched against the kingdom of *Gazna*. The king's name was *Cacem*; a prince very powerful, and an over-match for his neighbour. *Babaman* was entrenched in the plain before *Schirine's* palace, where he resolved to attack him the next day. In this dangerous situation he summoned a council, where the courtier who had been wounded spoke to him thus: If your majesty will implore the assistance of your son-in-law, he will confound your enemies. Tho' this was said only in derision, yet it inspired the king with fresh courage. He immediately went to his daughter, saying, Use all your interest with *Mahomet* to engage in our defence. He will not forsake us. No, no, father, he sees from heaven where the enemy lies, and perhaps, is this moment putting them into terror and disorder.

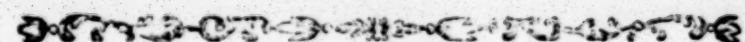
ALL the day before I had observed the motion and disposition of *Cacem's* army, particularly that quarter where he lay. I then filled up my chest with great and small stones, and in the middle of the night, I rose into the air, and guided my chest towards *Cacem's* tent.

tent. The soldiers were all asleep, which afforded me an opportunity of descending to one of the windows. I saw the king reclining his head on a fatten pillow. I raised myself half out of the machine, and flung a stone at him, which wounded him in the forehead. He cried out; his guards came in, and were amazed on seeing the blood running down all over his face. While the traitor was searched for, I rose into the air, and poured down all my stones on and about the royal tent. I then fetched more, and wounded the soldiers, who cried, It rains stones. A sudden fear ran thro' the camp, and both officers and soldiers thought the prophet had engaged in the cause of *Bahaman*. In short, *Cacem* fled, and the whole army abandoned their tents and equipage, crying, we are undone, *Mabomet* is against us.

BAHAMAN was astonished, when he perceived in the morning, that the enemy, instead of attacking him, retired with precipitation. He pursued them, and made a great slaughter, took *Cacem* prisoner, who died of his wounds the next day. All the booty was given among the soldiers, who returned loaden with great riches. Prayers were put up in all the mosques for this unexpected deliverance. At night the king went to visit his daughter. My child, says he, I am come to return the prophet thanks for his succour. He soon had the satisfaction desired. He threw himself at my feet, kissed the ground, and cried out, Oh great prophet! I am sensible of your favour. I raised him, and said, Prince, did you think I should not come to your relief, to which you were driven for my sake? *Cacem's* pride is fallen. Fear henceforth no potentate upon earth.

Soon after the body of king *Cacem* was interred with great pomp. Then *Babaman* ordered publick rejoycings to be made in the city for the marriage of *Schirine* with *Mahomet*. I thought it necessary on this occasion to work a miracle. I bought some white pitch, and made fireworks of that and cotton. While the citizens of *Gazna* were rejoicing in the streets, I flew up very high, and lighted them, and they had a good effect on the spectators. Next morning I went into the city, to hear the conjectures of the people. Some said it was *Mahomet*, who signalized himself in the festival; others affirmed they saw the prophet amidst the meteors, with a white beard, and a venerable air. These notions gave me great pleasure; but alas! while I was thus indulging my future expectations, a spark of the firework kindled in my chest, and, in my absence, consumed it to ashes.

I COULD find no remedy for the evil: I therefore resolved to seek my fortune elsewhere. Thus I left *Babaman* and *Schirine*, and departed I know not where. Four days after I met a caravan of merchants going to *Cairo*, where I safely arrived, and put myself to a weaver; with whom I lived several years, then came to *Damascus*, and followed the business. This employment of mine, which being more painful than profitable, makes me unhappy.



*A Continuation of the History of BEDREDDIN,
and his VISIER.*

WHEN the weaver had finished his story, the king of *Damascus* dismissed him. Then he said to his visier and favourite, this man seems to be no happier than you ; but yet I will not believe there is no person in the world that enjoys a perfect felicity. Go, visier, said he, to all my officers and courtiers ; I will examine them apart, and know whether any secret sorrow disturbs the comfort of their lives. He had the patience to talk to them every one ; but found none exempt from trouble. One complained of a bad wife ; another of undutiful children ; some of not being rich ; others for want of health. In short, he found all of them had something to occasion their inquietude. Your majesty seeks in vain, said the visier, there is no contented man upon earth. I am not of that opinion, replied the king ; and I have a sudden thought come into my head, which will decide the matter in dispute. Order a proclamation to be read in all parts of the city to-morrow, importing, that all those who have nothing to cause their disquiet, should appear before my throne in three days. The time was elapsed, and not a soul came to court on that account.

THE king was much surprized, that in so rich and populous a city as *Damascus*, there should not be one happy man. Then turning to *Atalmule*, added, if my kingdom was at peace, I would range over the whole globe with you, to convince you of this error. Soon
after

after a general peace was concluded, when the king set out, resolving never to see *Damascus* till he had met with a contented person. Having intrusted the government of his kingdom to a visier, he, accompanied with *Atalmule*, *Syfel Mulbuk*, and some slaves, took the way towards *Bagdad*, where they lodged at a Caravanferail. They passed for three jewellers of *Cairo*. Here *Bedreddin* one day met with a calender preaching to a crowd of people in the street. He listen'd to him a while, and heard him say, My brethren, are you mad to take so much pains to hoard up riches, of which the enjoyment is so precarious and troublesome! the fear of losing them makes your lives miserable; and you envy my poverty, who, in the midst of want, enjoy a perfect happiness. The king overjoy'd, turning to *Atalmule*, said, This calender is happy; we need travel no further. Sir, replied he, we must talk to him by himself; 'tis very probable he does not speak as he thinks in publick; but if in private discourse he assures us he is contented, I will own myself in an error.

WHEN the calender had done talking, the audience gather'd him some money, and he went off. They followed, and asked him whether he would be merry with them. The calender accepted of their invitation. He carried them to a little house, where two other calenders lived, who were also extremely pleased. *Atalmule* took some sequins out of his purse, and giving them to one, bid him buy what was necessary for our purpose. He returned with provisions, fruit, and wine. They eat and drank heartily, and the calenders were so merry, that *Bedreddin* thought them perfectly happy, and asked *Atalmule*, if he would now own his error. No, no, sir, said he, not yet. My lords,

lords, says one of them, what is it you say? Here, says the king to him, you see three jewellers; one of my brethren maintains, there is not a contented man in the world: I am of the contrary opinion, and think you so. Speak the truth. My lord, replies the calender, neither I, nor my companions are happy. The heart of man is not capable of content. The enjoyment of one desire creates another, and our sensual appetites are never satisfied.

THE king now began to imagine he was mistaken. However, he resolved to spend the rest of the day at a *Fiquaa* shop. Here they met with two persons of consequence, talking of the cares of human life. We must not hope, said one of them, to be happy here. I know but one, among all the sons of *Adam*, who leads a happy life. Ha! says *Atalmule*, who is that? The prince of *Astracan*, replied the person, he, by way of excellence, is called the *king without sorrow*.

THE next day they set out with a caravan of merchants, and arrived safe at *Astracan*, where reigned king *Hormoz*. *Bedreddin* resolved to introduce himself into his presence, and discover the secrets of his heart. They repaired to the palace, crossing a large courtyard full of soldiers. In the first hall were slaves of both sexes, in gallant dresses, dancing. In the next were singers and musicians. Having here satisfied their curiosity, they passed into a third hall, in which they saw 20 or 30 persons sitting at a long table spread with all sorts of provisions. It was an entertainment made for the greatest lords of the court. We easily distinguished the king from his nobles. He held the seat of honour, and on his head was a crown of gold, adorned with topazes and rubies. He was about 30 years

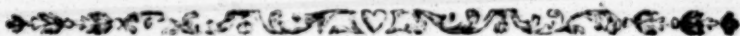
years old, handsome, well shaped, and looked with a gay air.

WHEN they returned to the caravanferail, the king of *Damascus* said to his visier: We have now met with a happy man and a prince. His favourite was of the same mind. Ay, ay, said *Atalmule*, people are ignorant of the arts of dissimulation, which are practised in courts. I shall suspend my judgment. Who knows but he has a thorn in his side, and enjoys his diversions at a dear rate. The next day each of them took a box of diamonds, and returned to the palace. They desired to have audience of the king, saying, they were three jewellers, who travelled from court to court to sell their precious stones. *Hormoz* order'd them in. They shewed him their jewels. He admired one of them exceedingly, which was as big as a pigeon's egg. Whence came this, says he. *Atalmule*, who had been a jeweller, said, Sir, it was found in the island of *Serendib*. Will your majesty please to accept of it? *Hormoz* received it with joy, and assigned them a magnificent apartment in the palace. He made them partners in all his diversions. All the nobles of *Circassia* were, by turns, invited to see them. But the king of *Damascus*, and his companions, were more intent upon examining the actions and countenance of their host, than on their entertainment. They could see nothing which shewed the least uneasiness; whereupon *Bedreddin* said to his favourite and visier, if we may depend upon conjecture, this prince is happy. But how is it possible we should enter into his thoughts. The only way to get this secret from him, Sir, says *Atalmule*, is to tell your name, and why you came to his court.

ACCOR-

ACCORDINGLY they all three went to wait on *Hormoz*, and demanded a private conference, in which they desired leave to retire from his court. In short, my lord, says *Bedreddin*, tho' we pass here for jewellers, I am the king of *Damascus*; one of these men is my visier, and the other my favourite. The king of *Astracan* was surprized at this; but when *Bedreddin*, told him why he left *Damascus*, *Hormoz* burst into laughter. I think you are happy, replies *Bedreddin*, pray open your heart to me. Since you ask me so seriously, I must say that I am of your visier's mind. Notwithstanding that I am called the *king without sorrow*, I am the most wretched prince alive.

THE king of *Damascus*, astonished at this speech, insisted to know the cause of his grief, which *Hormoz* promised to discover.



The History of HORMOZ, King of ASTRACAN, surnamed, The King without Sorrow.

ONE night, when every thing in the palace was quiet, the king sent an eunuch to conduct his guests into the women's apartment. Then taking *Bedreddin* by the hand, he led him thro' two chambers to the door of a third, bidding him look in. He did so, and beheld on a sofa, a young lady of exquisite beauty. She had a smiling countenance, and was listening attentively to an old female slave. That lovely princess, says *Hormoz*, is the cause of all my uneasiness. Does she not love you, says *Bedreddin*. Is her indifference——No, no, says the king of *Astracan*, 'tis

not

not that I complain of, she loves me, as much as I do her. How then, replies the king of *Damascus*, can she occasion your sorrow. You shall see, rejoined he, stay you there at the door, and observe what passes. This said, he entered the chamber, and as soon as he approached the princess, (unheard of prodigy!) she lost her beauty, turned pale, and seemed like a dead corpse; and as *Hormoz* came back, in proportion to his distance from her, she recovered life and complexion, like the sun issuing from a cloud. That, says *Hormoz*, is my queen. Can you think I am the happy man you look after?

FIVE years ago, I set out on my travels, with a numerous retinue from *Astracan*, and came at last to *Otrar*. I paid largely for the honours I received every where. Amongst the *Circassian* nobles, that accompanied me, *Husselyn* was appointed my governor. I one day told him at *Otrar*, that I was weary of travelling like a prince. Private men, added I, have more pleasure. I chuse to hear people talk, and to see their actions.

My governor applauded the project. Come, my prince, said he, leave your retinue here. We need no more than two horses, and we will take the road to the city of *Carizme*. We lodged at an inn, and were taken for private travellers. The next day we viewed the buildings, streets, mosques, &c. but were particularly amused with the structure of a palace, which to us appeared very singular. It was a large piece of ground, surrounded with a low wall, in which were several high narrow towers at equal distances.

WE entered, where we heard the sound of human voices.

voices. We took it for a receptacle for madmen, and heard things which confirmed us in our conjecture, for one of theſe delirious people was repeating *Arabic* verſes in praiſe of his miſtreſs. A *Carizmenian* overheard us, and ſaid, You muſt be ſtrangers here indeed, if you do not know that all thoſe young men loſt their ſenſes, by only looking at our ſultan's daughter.

THIS princeſs plays ſometimes in the mall, without a veil; but woe to them, who ſtay to gaze upon her! Some fall into deſpair; ſome languish and pine away; and others run mad; the latter of whom are locked up in thoſe towers. See there, ſaid I, to my governor, thoſe I believe are freſh inſtances of madneſs! Even ſo, replied the *Carizmenian*. Hearing theſe words, I pushed forwards. *Huſſeyn*, ſeeing me in a hurry, asked where I was going ſo faſt. I am going, replied I, to ſee the princeſs of *Carizme* playing at the mall. While the *Carizmenian* entertained us with his talk, I cried out to *Huſſeyn*, See more recent inſtances of madneſs tending this way, and pushed forward. He followed, conjuring me, by the great prophet, not to expoſe myſelf to the danger of her looks. Lay aſide your ridiculous fears, ſaid I, however amazing be the rumour of her charms, I ſhall view her with ſafety. My governor ſigh'd; but made me no answer. Soon after we heard the herald, crying in the ſtreets as follows; “ By the ſultan's order, I give notice to the people, “ that the princeſs Rezia Beghum plays this day in the “ mall; be it known, therefore, that whatever evil “ beſal any man that gaze upon her, it is to be imputed “ to his own imprudence.”

WHEN we came near the mall, we ſaw nothing but old men, and even they kept a proper diſtance. I went
boldly

boldly on, notwithstanding their compassionate endeavours to make me retire. But alas! it was my ill fortune to come too late. She had done playing, and put on her veil before we approached her, so that I could discern nothing but her stature.

I THEN addressed myself to *Hussey*n, saying, How unfortunate was I not to come sooner. The very next time she plays, I am determined to see her, tho' she were more dangerous than you can imagine. The next day a proclamation was read, importing that the princess would not exercise herself any more in public. This much pleased my governor, but caused me much affliction. However, I determined to gratify my curiosity, and run over a thousand expedients. At length I took a quantity of jewels, and went in search of the sultan's gardener. I found him, and put into his hand a purse with 500 sequins of gold: but when he was informed of my request, he returned them somewhat rudely; saying, Audacious youth! consider the danger to which you expose me as well as yourself. This answer did not in the least dishearten me. O my father, rejoined I, and put the purse into his hand a second time, let me see her, or I shall die with grief. His wife now began to take pity of me, and became my advocate. I then presented him with some diamonds, which brought him over to my interest. I took a liking to you, said he, at first sight, and have thought of an expedient to satisfy your desire, without any danger to either of us.

I APPROVED of the scheme, and suffered myself to be transformed into the gardener's boy. He put my hair under a bladder, and disguised me in such a manner, as a lady of the most warm constitution might look upon

upon without the least concern. *Hussey* impatient to know what was become of me, came to the gardener's and caught me in this pickle. I laughed at his surprise, which excited mirth in him. There is nothing now to be done, said the gardener, but to take him into the garden. You, sir, I suppose are his brother ; go home, and I will let you know how he succeeds. Soon after he took me into the garden, and put a spade into my hand. The eunuchs came to us, and seeing me so frightful a figure, said to him, You do well to employ such objects as this. In the evening, my master thinking me weary, took me to the edge of a marble basin, where we found a skin spread upon the grass, covered with all sorts of provisions ; a pitcher of wine, and a lute. When we had eat and drank, the old man grew gay, took up the lute and played. I commended him against my judgment. He then put the instrument into my hand, and I played one of the finest airs in *Abdelmouman*. The grand visier happened to be in the garden, and drawn by the melody of the lute, accompanied by my voice, approached us in silence. When I had done, he came up to us, and I rose to go away. Stay, says he, and inform me who you are ? I knew not what answer to make, which the gardener perceiving, said, He is my servant, my lord, and well skilled in gardening. The visier ordered me to sing and play again, and seemed highly pleased with my performance, saying, The sultan had not such a hand and voice among all his musicians ; adding, If it was not for his fore head, I would have made his fortune immediately.

He instantly left us, and on the morrow told the sultan he had a treasure in the garden ; who answered, I will go this day and see it. Let my musicians prepare
a consort

a confort for me there ; and set out a table with all kinds of provisions. As soon as the sultan and his company were seated, I was ordered to come before them. My loins were girt with white linen, and I carried in my hand a basket of flowers, which I set down at the sultan's feet, and retired with the utmost respect. He cast his eye upon me, and said, Away ; begone, thou loathsome wretch ! My old master answered, My lord, he is my servant, and understands the mystery of gardening extremely well. The sultan believed what he said, and asked if that was the boy who play'd so well upon the lute.

SEVERAL buffoons were present, who imagined the sultan said this, only to make game of me ; one took me by the hand, and desired me to dance with him, hoping I should perform in so awkward a manner, as he would have the honour of diverting the assembly. I instantly seized him with a fortitude of mind, and managed him so roughly, that the laughter was on my side ; after which, I let him see that I could excel him in dancing. All the company agreed that I danced with a better grace, and heaped praises upon me. When I had danced some time, I took the gardener's lute, and sung and play'd to the admiration of all the auditors. Afterwards they gave me a harp, a viol, and a flute, which I touched so well that the sultan was astonished. He immediately called for a purse, in which were ten thousand sequins of gold ; I opened it, and distributed the pieces among the musicians. At this action they seemed all amazed, and said, this young man has a great soul, what pity it is, he should be afflicted thus in his head. The sultan asked me why I did not keep the gold. I answered, I want not riches. Pleased with

with my conduct, I gained the applause of the whole assembly a second time.

THE third day after I engaged in work, I seated myself under a rose-bush to rest, and play'd upon the lute for my own amusement. On a sudden there came to me a lady veiled, who said, Throw aside thy instrument, and go gather some flowers for the sultan's daughter. Why is this not done? Are you the gardener's boy? I bow'd with reverence, and said I was ignorant of the princess's coming, and that I was as cautious of causing her displeasure, as I was too of exposing my own infirmity and disease. Because your head is a little out of order, says she laughing, you are afraid of being seen. Come, come, go with me, we all know your distemper, and shall be pleased to see you. Haste then, and bring your basket; *Rezia*, whose governess I am, will receive you favourably. I ran to the old gardener, gather'd a basket of flowers, and followed the lady, who conducted me to a stately edifice raised in the middle of the garden, where the princess was seated upon a throne of gold, encompassed by 40 slaves, all young and beautiful. The princess appear'd like the sun among the stars, on whom I gazed with amazement. My disorder was visible to them all, and occasioned a general laughter. I was indeed, thunder-struck, and had almost lost my reason, when the governess came to me, and said, You stand motionless like a statue. Advance, and present your flowers. I went up to the throne, placed my basket on the lowest step, and prostrated myself before the princess. She bid me rise, that she might take a full view of me. The slaves shrieked out on seeing my cap, and afterwards burst into laughter.

THE

THE princess now order'd a lute to be given me, saying, Surely thou knowest not how to sing or play to such perfection as is reported of thee by my father. I instantly tuned the instrument, and sung a *Persian* song in the *Uzzal* measure, setting forth my passion and despair. Then a slave took from me the lute, and gave me a tabor ; afterwards the harp, viol and flute, on all which I performed to their satisfaction, and received their compliments. *Rezia* now called for castinets, and commanded me to dance. All the slaves renewed their commendations, but the princess remained speechless for a while ; then breaking silence, descended from the throne, crying out, *What pity it is that he should be diseased!* and retired.

I WENT directly to the gardener's house, where I found my governor. Well, sir, said I, I have seen *Rizia*, and must confess I deserve a place in one of the towers ; and tho' *Hussey*n and the gardener endeavour'd to alter my resolution, I determined to continue my disguise. But the succeeding day, finding myself inclined to rest, I sat down on the brink of a canal, where I was informed the princess used to bathe. Here, as in a mirror, I beheld my frightful form, and pulled off my ugly cap. While I was putting it on again, *Rezia's* governess approached me, and said, Detestable wretch as thou art, my mistress desires to hear thee play, and see thee dance again. Be in this very place when it is dark. Transported with the message, I ran to the gardener, to inform him that he should not be uneasy at my absence ; then returned to the place appointed, where, at the close of day, an eunuch came to me, and carried me into the seraglio.

THE princeſs lay upon a ſofa, her ſlaves on a carpet before her, who on my entrance ſaid, Here is the gardener's boy, who entertained us ſo well yeſterday. She inſtantly order'd a lute to be given me. I play'd and ſung as before. Then performed ſeveral dances with great activity, which threw the bladder off my head ; at which *Rezia* ſeemed greatly diſpleaſed, ſaying, I took thee for a lad of no conſequence. Hope not thy diverſion will excuſe thy inſolence. A whole poſſe of eunuchs immediately ruſhed in upon me, ſeized me, and confined me till morning, then carried me before the ſultan, who commanded me and the gardener to be delivered into the hands of the executioners. At this juncture, the king of *Gazna* enraged at the ſultan's reſuſal of his daughter to him, whom he had demanded 10 months ago, had enter'd into an alliance with the prince of *Candabar*, and, having paſſed the *Oxus*, were on their march between *Samarcande* and *Bocara*.

IN this dangerous ſituation he aſked the advice of the grand viſier, who was of opinion, that all the ſtanding forces ſhould march to oppoſe them ; that the mosques ſhould be ſet open day and night, and prayers be offered without ceaſing ; that the poor ſhould receive alms, and the priſoners be releaſed. To all which the ſultan agreed. By this means did I eſcape death, and returned to the inn, where I found *Huſſeyn*, who had given me over for loſt. He, ſurprized and overjoy'd to ſee me again, begged with tears in his eyes, that I would leave that fatal city. I at length yielded to his entreaties, and cried, adieu *Rezia* ! May the rigour of your heart call reaſon to my aſſiſtance, and wear you out of my remembrance.

I HAD

I HAD scarce done speaking, when the gardenet came to inform me that he was turned out of his business. As it was for my sake, said I, come along with me: I will provide for you. I thank you, sir, replies he, I was born in *Zagathy*, and will die in the same place where I drew my first breath. What I have saved in my employment, with your presents, will make my days happy enough. I gave him more gold and jewels, and he departed well satisfied.

I LEFT *Carizme* that very day, and took the road for *Otrar*, where I joined my retinue, staid a week, and set out for *Astracan*. On the road we met a courier, who told me my father was very ill, and desired to see me before he departed. Upon this intelligence I made all the haste I could; but when I came to the palace, found my father just expiring. Oh my son, said he, are you returned? I have nothing more to ask of heaven: I die content, and then gave up the ghost.

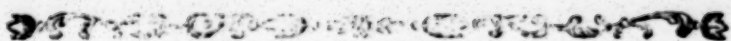
WHEN I had performed the funeral honours due to my royal progenitor, and ascended the throne of *Circassia*, amidst the acclamations of the most loving subjects, I soon perceived that I had not forgotten *Rezia*. Hereupon I told *Husselyn* my grievance, and sent him to *Carizme* to demand the princess in marriage, not doubting his ready compliance, if I would assist him against his enemies. At length *Husselyn* returned, and reported to me, that the sultan received him kindly, but that I must quit all hopes of enjoying *Rezia*, because she is promised to the king of *Gazna*.

THIS answer destroyed my quiet. I complained of my

my destiny, and almost lost the use of my reason. *Hussey*n imagining that a new beauty might displace the image of *Rezia*, filled my seraglio with the most beautiful slaves in the kingdoms of *Asia*.

WHILE *Hussey*n was thus employed, my grand visier came to tell me, that there were lately erected very magnificent baths before the gates of *Astracan*, and no man could give any account of the builder. I sent for the master, who was about fifty, and said, Great philosopher, I have a request to make to you, How comes it to pass, that you are able to build such stately baths? I have, said he, 40 workmen in my service, who are all masters in their art, by whose assistance I can, in less than a day, raise baths much more surprizing. But they are all dumb, tho' they can comprehend your meaning by the smallest signs or motions. If it pleases your majesty to give your commands, they shall immediately be obeyed; but then every soul must withdraw.

My courtiers soon retired, and I desired the master and his slaves to make me a bath in the hall where we were talking. They instantly fell to work, and it was finished in the space of a few hours. There were 12 pillars of green marble, finely polished, and several fountains spouting out water into a white marble basin. Amazed at this performance, I asked the philosopher how it was done? That relation, sir, said he, will be too tedious. Suffice it to acquaint you, that I am master of 39 sciences. I then asked his name, and of what country he was. He replied, my name is *Avicene*, and I will relate to you my history.



The History of AVICENE.

A TOWN of little note called *Asbana* gave me birth ; and I was sent to the university of *Bocara* while yet an infant. At ten years of age I could solve any problem in *Euclid* ; after which I studied mathematicks, theology, physick, and philosophy. When I arrived to 20 years, my name was well known from the frontiers of *Gibon* to the mouth of the *Indus*. My father and I one day set out for *Samarcande* : I went to the court, and met several persons who had heard great talk of me. At length the grand visier was told I was in town, and, sending for me, desired I would live with him. I consented, and he did nothing without my advice. He soon after died, and I succeeded him ; which office I executed for some time with honour and reputation. But out of my thirst after knowledge, I asked his majesty to permit me to resign, and quit the affairs of state ; to which he consented with great reluctance. I had no intention to leave the court, so I gave my apartment to my successor, and lodged in a private part of the palace, where I divided my time between the prince and my books. I communicated my reflections to the publick as fast as I could put them into writing ; and my works, by way of pre-eminence, are called, *The Glorious Works*.

I WAS now far advanced in the cabalistical science, when an ambassador from *Couthreddin* arrived at *Samarcande*. The king desirous to know the cause of this embassy, soon gave him audience ; but was surprized, when he said to him, fir, The king of *Caschgar*

gar my maſter talking at table one day with his courtiers, was deſirous to know, if there were any perſons now living ſo ſkilled as *Hippocrates*, and ſo wiſe as *Socrates* ; when a courtier replied, there were two famous philoſophers at *Samarcande*, whoſe merit was equal to the greateſt among the ancients ; that the name of the one was *Avicene*, and of the other *Fazel* ; and, ſir, he conjures you to ſend them to him. The king of *Samarcande* immediately ordered us to come before him, and told us it was his opinion, we ought to comply with king *Couthreddin's* requeſt. Not willing to diſoblige our Sovereign, we conſented to go, and he having cloathed the ambaffador with a gold veſt, ſent him away with assurances that we ſhould ſet out without delay. We travelled together for ſome days, and till *Fazel* died on the road. I buried him in the mountain of *Bofom*, and divided amongſt all his ſlaves the money which the king had given us for their maintenance during our ſtay at *Cafchgar*, ſaying, go where you pleaſe.

AFTER this loſs, I began to grow ſick of my intended journey, and reſolved to range over the world. I took the road to *Cogende*, and after ſeveral days arrived at *Carizme*. As I was walking thro' the ſtreets to take a view of this great city, I obſerved a public crier amidſt a crowd of people, who cried every quarter of an hour, *O ! you who love the ſciences, know that to-morrow is the day to go into the cavern*. I followed him, deſiring to be informed of this place. He took me to be of ſome religious order, and ſaid, O holy man ! near the gates of this city, towards the *Caspian* ſea, lies the red mountain ; at the foot of which is a cavern, which has four doors that open at the beginning of every year. In it there is a prodigious

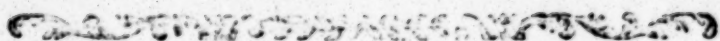
number of books, of these every one takes what he pleases to peruse. They make all possible speed to get out with them, because the doors shut again in forty five minutes; and he who stays beyond the time is sure to be starved, unless he can live without provisions till the next year. But, in short, added he, all the secrets of nature are laid open in one or other of these volumes; and whoever carries any books off, must bring them back the year following, or suffer torture, and sometimes death.

THUS instructed, I entered next morning among the curious, resolving to stay there after the rest, and run the risk of whatever should happen. I impatiently waited for the coming day, when on a sudden the doors flew open of themselves with a terrible noise. Every one rushed in immediately; and I among the rest; they all made haste out again excepting me. The doors shut, and I was left alone in the cavern. Men, less knowing than I, would have been terrified in these regions of darkness; but I had not the least dread upon me. I ordered the spirits who had the care of this subterraneous library to take notice of my commands; to bring me light, and to have the cavern well illuminated for the future.

THEY instantly obeyed, and then I applied myself to the reading of several books which treated of the occult sciences, and which not one of the learned could understand. I call'd for pens, ink, and paper, which I was readily furnished with, and copied some passages. The spirits also brought me provisions, and the choicest wines of *Chiras*, so that I passed my time here very agreeably.

THE beginning of the following year the doors burst open as usual, and I took the opportunity to get out ; but as my hair and beard had not been cut off for twelve months, I made a frightful figure. See there the forcerer *Monk*, cried they, he delights in nothing but mischief ; let us seize him and carry him before the *Cady* ; they did so, and he bid them repair to the place of execution, while I, added he, go to inform the sultan of all that has passed. He hastened thither himself in a litter, and bid me follow. As soon as the sultan cast his eyes upon me, he condemned me to be burnt. The people all brought wood, and I was fastened to the pile in an instant : but as soon as the fire was put to it, I repeated some words, and my bonds fell off. Then I took a piece of wood from the pile, gave it the form of a triumphal car, and mounting up into the air, hung over their heads, and spoke thus to the sultan : “ Unjust prince, “ to condemn me for a forcerer, who am only a sage, “ and can do greater wonders than thou.” I then disappeared.

I HAVE travelled ten years since this adventure, and at last came to *Afracan*, where I determined to make my name famous. I went one night some distance from the city to a coppice, where I cut forty twigs of the same length, and by the virtue of some words, gave them life. These, sir, are my forty boys, who built the baths at the gates of this metropolis.



The Conclusion of the History of King H RMEZ.

WHEN *Avicene* had finished his story, I said to him, Oh ! what a happiness it is to have so great a sage for my friend ! I verily believe, should you command one of your boys to bring hither the beautiful *Rezia*, princess of *Carizme*, he would even execute those orders, and instantly transport her to my palace. Yes, certainly, replies *Avicene*, if you desire it. If I desire it, answer'd I with transport ! You, sir, shall be soon satisfied then, said he. I long to be revenged of the sultan for his ill usage of me. He then beckoned one of his 40 boys, whispered in his ear, and bid 'him begone. He instantly vanished, and a few hours after returned with *Rezia*. I cast my eyes upon her, and my heart bore witness of my love ; but was still afraid it was some phantom. Behold, said he, the beauties of *Rezia*. Believe your own eyes, and examine her. Upon this assurance I hung upon her knees, and said, Ah ! princess, I despaired of ever seeing thee again. In me you behold the young man, who appeared before you disguised in the seraglio ; you cannot forget, how I was forced out of your apartment, and condemned to an infamous death. She was at first amazed to find herself in a strange place ; but soon recollecting me, said, At any other time I could not have pardoned this violence, but as my present affairs stand, I forgive it.

AFTER the king of *Gazna*, in conjunction with the king of *Candabar*, had defeated my father's army, they advanced to the gates of *Carizme*, the sultan in
this

this distress sent one of his visiers to them, who concluded a treaty of peace, wherein it was first stipulated, that I should be put into the possession of the king of *Gazna*, to whom I had a mortal aversion. The day being fixed for my departure, the king of *Candabar* laid claim to me. The two kings, on this occasion, commenced foes to each other; a battle ensued, in which the latter gained the victory. The king of *Gazna* was slain in the combat, his army cut to pieces, and his enemy mounted the throne. Thus triumphant, he demanded me in marriage: thus powerful, my father durst not refuse to give me up to his ardour. I had cause to hate him for his publick character. The fatal day was at hand, whereon I was to be joined to a husband whom I detested, when I found myself seized by a man, and in an instant brought hither.

It gave me no small pleasure to hear she was unmarried; but with what transports was I ravished, when she declared, that if I could obtain her father's consent, she would be my wife. I longed for the return of *Husséyn*, whom I had sent to demand her; and told her, she ought not to disdain the crown of *Circassia*, which, with my heart, might prove worthy her acceptance.

IN the mean time I placed *Avicene* in the rank of my friends; and he was of opinion, that I overpaid him for all his services. Hereupon he advised me to send an ambassador to the sultan of *Carizme*, to advise him of his daughter's fate, to demand her, and leave the rest to him.

BUT now to return to *Husséyn*, whom I had sent to

the court of *Carizme*. As soon as the sultan was informed of the strange manner in which his daughter was taken away; he, with the advice of his council, had recourse to a famous astrologer, called *Scheberestan*, who said the princess was in my seraglio. Upon this, the sultan order'd *Husseyn* to come before him, and, after a short examination, condemned him to be beheaded. But in the very instant the executioner was about to give the fatal stroke, *Husseyn* was raised into the air by the charms of *Avicene*, to the great amazement of the sultan and spectators. His slaves were likewise carried off at the same time.

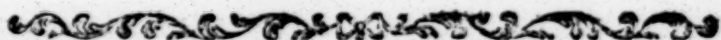
ON a sudden *Husseyn* appear'd before me, and assured me, that the sultan, enraged at this adventure, had engaged in an alliance with the king of *Candabar*, and they were marching to lay waste the kingdom of *Circassia*. While he was giving me this information, *Avicene* came in laughing, and said, Leave the defence of your territories to me. He executed his commission faithfully, by making use of but one of his secrets, which was to sow discord among my enemies. The two princes immediately turned their arms against each other, and came to a battle, in which the king of *Candabar* was killed, and all his men cut to pieces.

IN the mean while I and *Avicene* passed the *Volga* with my small army, and marched against the sultan, who immediately surrendered himself. I carried him to *Astracan*, where I spared no pains to mitigate his rage; and succeeded so well, that he at last accepted me for his son-in-law. Magnificent preparations were made to celebrate my nuptials; after the solemnization of which, he returned to his own dominions; but before his departure, he took care to make *Avicene* his friend. I

was

was no sooner married, than *Rezia's* affection for me increased every day; when, on a sudden, he, who was the author of our happiness, put an end to it.

AVICENE, in spite of his philosophy, soon fell in love with the princess, and was so audacious as to declare to her his passion. She highly repented it; and her husband endeavour'd to overcome his passion by arguments drawn from reason. This usage added to his insolence, so that she was obliged to use him roughly; when he, first breathing upon her, mutter'd something to himself, and vanished. She instantly lost her senses, and has remain'd in that condition you saw her ever since.



The Continuation of the History of BEDREDDIN LULO, his Sorrowful Visier, and Favourite.

BEDREDDIN having now satished his curiosity, took leave of king *Hormoz*, and set out for *Damascus*. The condition of *Rezia* was often the subject of discourse on the road. One day *Seyfel Mulouck* said to the king, Tho' it must be confessed, my lord, that the princess of *Astracan* is a perfect beauty; yet we all three looked on her without losing any of our senses. My head was full of *Bedy al Femal*: *Atal-mule's* mind was possessed with the thoughts of *Zelica*; but what surprizes me most is, the king our master's indifference; tho' he is not prepossessed in favour of any lady.

You are in an error, says *Bedreddin*, to think I was
M 5 never

never in love. To tell you the truth, I am as much in love as you; and it is no princess that reigns in my heart, but a woman of an ordinary rank.



The History of FAIR AROUYA.

NOT many years ago, there lived at *Damascus* a considerable merchant that had a young wife, who may very well be compared to the princess of *Astracan*. Her husband's name was *Banou*, a man of gaiety and expence, who valued himself for his liberality. When he had wasted his fortune, he applied to his friends and creditors for supplies; but the former refused to assist him, and the latter denied their debts. *Banou* laid this usage so much to heart, that it caused him a fit of sickness. During his illness he remember'd that he had formerly lent 1000 sequins of gold to doctor *Danischmonde*, and sent his wife to demand them. When she came to the doctor's, she was led into the *Alfakib's* apartment; where lifting up her veil, she said, I am the wife of *Banou*, and my husband desires you to send him the 1000 sequins he lent you. The doctor, smitten with her beauty, answer'd, I will give you them, and as many more, if you will comply with my desires. Your husband is too old to deserve your affection; then came up to embrace her. Hold, insolent, said she, I would not stain my virtue for all the riches in *Egypt*. On this repulse he replied in a rage, I owe *Banou* nothing. If the old fool has ruined himself by his extravagance, does he imagine I am to set him up again? This said, he turned her out of doors. She went home in tears, and told *Banou* what

what passed, who bid her go to the *Cady* and complain of the doctor's treachery.

THE *Cady* was naturally amorous, and led her into his closet, where having seated her on a sofa, he made her lift up her veil. She here told him her story, and he promised to do her husband justice; adding, Give me, my fair one, what thou refusest the doctor, and I will present thee with 4000 sequins. Here *Arouya* burst again into tears, and said, O heavens! is there no virtue in man? Those, whose duty it is to punish criminals, are guilty of greater vices! The *Cady*, unable to gain his ends, assured her, he would do her no service.

THE next day *Banou* sent her to the governor of *Damascus*, whom he had trusted with large sums, and who was, even then, in his debt. But he was as much inflamed with the beauty of this young woman as the doctor and the *Cady*. When he was made sensible of her errand, he promised to make the doctor repay the money he borrowed of her husband, provided she would that moment retaliate the obligation in such a manner as he should require; but she was no more disposed to satisfy the governor than the rest; so returned from him very disconsolate. At this news the old merchant fell into despair. She comforted him, saying, I have thought of an expedient how to satiate our revenge upon the Governor, the *Cady*, and the *Alfakib*; but would not tell him her design. However, he consented to leave it to her management.

AROUYA then went to a box-maker and bought three chests, each of which would easily hold a man, and caused them to be carried home and put into her closet.

closet. She then dressed herself in her richest attire and went to the *Alfakih*, saying, Signior, I am come once again to desire you to pay my husband the money you borrowed of him. If you do it for love of me, depend upon my gratitude. Fair lady, rejoins the doctor, you shall have 2000 sequins on the condition I promised them. Bring the money then said she to my house this night exactly at ten o'clock, and I will introduce you to my apartment. The doctor was overjoyed at this assignation, and embraced her. Then she went to act the same part with the *Cady*; and said to him, I have not had a moment's rest since I left you. I remembered it was my fault that I had you not for a lover. I now repent of my obstinacy. At these words the *Cady* was transported, and said, Where shall we meet? Come to my house, replied she, at eleven in the evening, alone. Fear not any disturbance from my husband, he is old, and worn out with infirmities. The *Cady* also promised to come at the time appointed.

Nobody now remained but the governor, whom she determined to catch in the same trap. She had the address to make him believe all she said, and it was at length agreed that he should come at midnight. This done, she ordered an apartment to be put in nice order, and spread a table with fruits and sweetmeats to treat her lovers. The first that came was the doctor, whom an old slave conducted to her mistress. As soon as he looked at her, he cried out, O thou *Phoenix* of the age! and threw a purse, in which were 2000 sequins, on the table. She then taking him by the hand, smiling, desired him to sit down on a sofa; then calling her old slave, bid her help to undress her lover. She pulled off his cloaths, left him in his vest, and bare headed. In the midst of his joy a great noise was heard in the house.

houſe. She bid *Dalla*, the old ſlave, go and ſee what was the matter, who ſoon returned full of grief, ſaying, Ah madam, we are undone ! your brother is juſt come. Ah me ! ſays the miſtreſs, How ſhall I hide my ſhame ? Why are you ſo diſquieted, replies the old ſlave ; Put the doctor into one of the cheſts your huſband bought to carry goods into *Cairo*. The doctor approved her advice, and *Arouya* locked him up, ſaying, We ſhall ſpend the night more agreeably together for this ſhort interruption. He full of the ſweet deluſion, lay comfortably in the coſſet, not doubting the lady's ſincerity.

AT eleven o'clock they again heard a great knocking at the door. *Dalla* ran, and aſk'd who was there ? The *Cady* replied, ſpeak ſoftly, for fear of waking *Banou*. My miſtreſs, replied ſhe, has a love for you, and ordered me to introduce you into her apartment. The judge was all on fire at this promiſing proſpect. The old ſlave led him to her miſtreſs. Oh ! my queen, ſays he, there is no happineſs comparable to mine. I am no longer my own maſter. I cannot, replied ſhe, delay your paſſion. Undreſs yourſelf this moment. Get into that bed, while my huſband is laid aſleep. I'll return inſtantly. *Arouya* came back in a fright, and fell a weeping, playing her part ſo artfully, that the *Cady* really believed her huſband was coming. I am not in the leaſt afraid of his menaces, rejoins the judge. You are ſafe from all chaſtiſement, while under my protection. I know that, ſaid ſhe, but pleaſe, ſir, to conſider, I ſhall hereby loſe my character, who am looked upon as a pattern for all diſcreet wives. At theſe words ſhe burſt out into tears.

WHILE ſhe was thus bemoaning her hard fate, *Dalla* entered, and ſaid, I have juſt thought of a way to eaſe
you

you of your pain. What's that, says the *Cady*? Your, my lord, replied she, need only put yourself into a chest that is in my lady's closet. I'm very sure my matter will not look for you there. With all my heart, says the judge, if your lady thinks proper. She approved of the thought, and locked him up, promising to set him at liberty as soon as her husband and relations had visited her apartment.

There now only remained the governor to be trapped. He came at midnight, and *Dalla* introduced him as she had the others. *Arouya* received him in the same manner. Soon after a great knocking was heard at the door. The old slave came running into the chamber in great confusion, crying out, Here is the *Cady*. He is just gone into your husband's apartment. *Arouya* bid her listen to what he said, and bring her an account of it. She returned sometime after, and declared from what she could learn, that the judge came to examine her, in the presence of the doctor who accompanied him, about the 1000 sequins. Hereupon she fell a crying, and added, I beseech you, my lord, to hide yourself. I conjure you to prevent my shame. Go into my closet, and suffer me to lock you up in a chest for a moment. So the governor was trapped. Then *Arouya* locking the closet door, went to inform her husband what she had done. This made them both merry; but how, says *Banou*, do you think to get off this adventure. You shall know to-morrow, replies she.

THE next day she came to my palace, and into the hall where I was giving audience to the people. I took notice of her noble air and beauty, and bid her draw near me. She pushed thro' the croud, and fell at my feet.

fect. Rise, said I, and tell me your business. She replied, Oh mighty monarch ! I am the wife of *Banou*, a merchant, who has the honour of being one of your majesty's subjects, and lives in this capital. Then related to me the doctor's knavery ; the *Cady's* injustice, and the governor's proposal to seduce her. I thought it a story invented to do them ill offices with me, and not willing to believe her, said in surprize, Where are your witnesses ? At home, sir, replied she, if you please to send for them, you will not suspect my veracity.

I IMMEDIATELY dispatched a party of my guards to *Banou's* house, and he delivered to them the three chests, which they brought into the hall. Here, sir, says *Arouya*, are my evidences ; then pulling three keys out of her pocket, opened them, and produced her three lovers almost naked in open court. All the spectators burst into laughter, nor could I refrain ; but soon resuming an air of gravity ; I first reprimanded them ; then condemned the doctor to pay *Banou* 4000 sequins of gold, and turned the *Cady* and Governor out of their places. After this I bid the young woman lift up her veil. The emotion she was in, on account of being exposed to the whole court, added to her charms, and I never saw any thing more beautiful. I was struck with amazement, and cried out, in a kind of transport, Thy three lovers are not so blameable as I imagined. The hall resounded with her praises, and every one thought *Banou*, notwithstanding his circumstances, the happiest man living.

IN short, her image was always before me ; not a moment passed in which she was absent from my thoughts. Finding I could have no peace of mind without

without her, I sent for *Banou*, and told him I was passionately in love with his wife; that I would load him with riches, and give him the fairest slave in my seraglio, if he would make a sacrifice of his wife to me. Great monarch, replied he, Wealth is no temptation to me, if I must purchase it with the loss of *Arouya*! Yet such is my love for her, that I will prefer her happiness to my own. I will give her an account of our conversation, and if she approves of your majesty's offers, I will instantly put her away.

BANOUE was as good as his word; but she burst into tears, and replied, Can you imagine that I am charmed with the love of a king? No, no, I had rather live with thee in a Cottage, than with the greatest prince in a palace. What shall we do then, says the husband? How shall I defend you against so formidable a rival! Instead of returning to the king, replies *Arouya*, let us take what money we have, with the best of our goods, and leave *Damascus* as soon as possible. They left the city that very evening, and made the road for *Cairo*, as *Dalla*, who refused to go with them, afterwards informed me. Her beauty and virtue are so fixed in my heart, that for above 20 years past I have been insensible to the charms of women.

BEDREDDIN had scarcely finished his story when they were diverted with the sight of a number of camels and horses grazing in a meadow. They made towards them, and perceiving a magnificent tent, in which were men eating and carousing, they observed among them one taller than the rest, very richly attired. He sat cross-legged on a floor-cloth of fine tapestry, and had several golden dishes before him full of various kinds of meat. He was a venerable person, about 50 years
years

years of age, attended by 20 or 30 officers; one of whom, spying the king of *Damascus* and his companions, came up, asked who we were, and whither bound? The king answer'd, we are three jewellers, who come from the court of *Circassia*, and are going to *Bagdad*. Pray tell us who your master is? My lord, replied the officer, he is called *Aboulfouaris*, or, *The Great Voyager*, and values himself for his magnanimity. He commonly resides at *Basra*, where he has built a marble palace. This said, the officer returned to his master, who no sooner saw the three strangers, than he rose and went to receive them. He introduced them into his tent, and desired them to sit down, and eat and drink with him. The entertainment being over, *Aboulfouaris*'s slaves loaded the camels, folded up his tents, and proceeded on his journey, we three accompanying him. On the road, he insensibly conceived a friendship for us his fellow-travellers. We got him into a vein of talking, and he told us his adventures, which are so extraordinary, that no one would believe them, was he not remarkably known to be a hater of lies.



The Adventures of ABOULFOUARIS, *surnamed,* THE GREAT VOYAGER.

VOYAGE I.

MY father was a merchant of *Basra*, who carried on a great trade to the coast of *India*, and took me, ere I was 12 years old, along with him. In less than 10 years after, I became the richest merchant in that city. One day he said to me, Son, I have an accompt to settle with one of my correspondents at
Serendib,

Serendib, and intend to send you thither. I was unwilling to part from him; but at the same time had a desire to see that city and island. We had the good fortune to arrive there safe; here I first enquired out my father's factor. He was well known in the city, and one of the wealthiest merchants in the island. He received me with great respect, and took me to his house. He was an honest man, and I finished my business in less than six weeks; then prepared to set sail with the first fair wind. As I was coming home, the very evening before I designed to embark, a lady richly dressed, and well shaped, passed by, attended by a slave who carried her luggage. I was struck with her princely air and mein, and cried out in transport, What lovely creature is this! She heard, turned about, and looked at me; but remained silent. I was afraid I had offended her, and began to feel what I never felt before; when the slave came up to me, and said, my lord, I have orders to conduct you to my mistress's apartment.

THO' I was to embark the next morning, I followed him, leaving every thing to the venture. He led me thro' several narrow streets to a palace, and carried me into a spacious room, magnificently furnished, where he desired me to stay till he came. While my thoughts were full of the lady, there came in several others, all exceeding beautiful; but not one like her whom I expected. At last she entered unveiled; came forward, and seated herself by me on a sofa. Her women ranged themselves on both sides. Come hither, young man, says she, I must let you know, my stars incline me to do you a favour, if you devote your heart to me sincerely: A favour I never yet granted.

PROS-

PROSTRATING myself at her feet, I cried, Ah sultana! to what high dignity do you design to advance a stranger? Tell me, replies she, of what country you are? Of what quality, and what brought you hither? I readily satisfied her curiosity, and added, that I designed to return home on the morrow; and tho' there were objects enough in this fine city to captivate the eyes of a stranger, nothing but her beauty was capable of detaining me. Then, replied the smiling, you now will not depart so hastily. After this treatment, madam, said I, how should I have any will but your's. Such sentiments, rejoins she, must endear you to me, and I repent not of my choice. She then bid me sit down by her on a sofa, and told me her name was *Canzade*, the only daughter of the king of *Serendib's* grand visier; that by the death of her father she was possessed of an immense treasure, which it would be my fault not to divide with her.

WHILE we were engaged in this discourse, tables were spread with variety of dishes, and delicate wines were presented. During the collation, she entertained me with gaiety and wit. She often drank a little to me, while I greedily sucked in the poison of love. Supper being over, the lady's women entertained us with songs and musick. When they had done, she called for a cup of wine, and looking upon me with tenderness, sung herself to the following purpose: "*Wine, by its soft heat, disposes the heart of a lady to mingle flames with her lover.*"

WHEN I was about to depart, she cried, with an air of affliction, Will you leave me? I then told her how civilly I had been used by *Habib* my father's factor; that

that it would be cruel not to ease his pain for my staying out all night ; but that I would return in less than an hour. She fearing my wife host, should detain me, would only suffer me to write to him what she dictated ; which was as follows : “ An affair of importance obliges me to put off my departure, and will detain me for some days. Be under no anxiety about me, “ &c.

WHEN she had shewn me all over the palace, and it was time to go to rest, slaves were order'd to put me to bed. I knew not what to think of this affair, but was divided between hope and fear, and could get little sleep all night. When the sun arose, the rich furniture of the room dazzled my eyes. I got up. The slaves hearing me, enter'd with splendid apparel. I chose a robe of green silk embroider'd with gold. I was scarce dressed, when *Canzade* came in, and enquired how I slept ? I told her that I had spent the night in such a manner, as became an impatient lover. She replied, I will be assured of your sincerity before I engage in a treaty on which my happiness or misery depends. I staid with her eight days, and was treated like a king.

ONE day, as we walked in the garden, *Aboulfouaris*, says she, I flatter myself you love me. Give me your heart with your hand, and let us be joined together in wedlock. This speech of her's put me into great disorder. I knew she was of the sect of the *Guebres*, and I a *Mabometan*. The lady guessed the cause of my confusion by my looks, and said, I rather expected transports of joy, than this shocking consternation. I replied, my fair one, there is an unsurmountable obstacle, which prevents my happiness. My religion

religion forbids me to marry a woman who is not of the faith of *Mahomet*. I expect then, rejoins she, that you worship the sun and the fire; that you abjure your own tenets, and profess mine. My silence gave her fresh provocation. She wept bitterly, and loaded me with reproaches. At length she grew more moderate, and said, I hope your mind will alter. I give you eight days to consider of it; and if you do not then comply with my desire, expect the highest resentment of an injured woman.

THE time was now elapsed, and I was to know my fate. I had just dressed myself, when six of *Canzade's* slaves conducted a band of strangers into my room, the chief of whom bid me follow him. I asked, whither I was to go; one of them answer'd, we are forbidden to tell you. They led me to the port, and put me on board a ship. Here the master told me, he was bound to *Golconda*, and that *Canzade* had given me to him for a slave, and charged him never to let me return to *Basra*. I grieved much for several days; however, at last I resolved to serve my master faithfully. He was a good man, used me well, and I grew more and more in his favour.

AFTER a long and dangerous passage we arrived at *Golconda*, in which capital our master was received like a man loved and respected by every body. A thousand caresses passed between him, his wife, and daughter. Then he presented me to the ladies as a slave, and desired them to accept of my service. I soon got into their good graces, and nothing was done well but what I did. *Dehaoufch's* love for me daily increased, and he made a distinction between me and the rest of the slaves. *Aboulfaouaris*, said he, one day,
for

for I had told him my name; from the first moment I saw you, I took a fancy to you. You have seen my daughter; there is not a handsomer woman in this city. I am determined you shall marry her, having found the likes you. My lord, said I, the honour of being your son-in-law would be great, if you believed in *Mahomet*; but you are a *Gentile*. My daughter shall this moment turn *Mahometan*, replied he, and so will my wife; I am weary of worshipping calves and oxen; it is a shocking piece of superstition. There certainly is a supreme being. Accept, therefore, my proposal.

FACRINNISA, tho' very amiable, and a match very advantageous to me, was at this time engaged to a merchant's son in the city, who loved her to distraction, and had often demanded her in marriage; but on occasion of a quarrel between the two families, was as often repulsed. Do you, *Aboulfaouaris*, marry me, said she, and the next day put me away in a fit of anger; then make choice of my lover for your *Hulla*. I had no inclination to marry her. This indifference arose from the dear remembrance of *Canzade*; so I told her, that she should be satisfied; but added at the same time, I love my master, and he will reproach me with ingratitude. Leave that to me, replied she, I'll promise to appease my father's rage.

I ASSURED her, that I was ready to comply with her request. We were married, and a few days after I repudiated her. *Dabaousch* came to me, and demanded the cause. I answer'd, fair *Facrinnisa* has given her heart to another, and I did this to prevent my possessing a woman against her will. He laugh'd at my delicacy, desired me to take her again, adding, she will
love

love you by degrees. I seemingly consented, and went into the town to seek for a *Hulla*. Her father went home better satisfied, while I was looking about for *Facrinnisa's* lover, who was married to her before the *Cady*. They passed that night together, and he refused to put her away in the morning. I ran and told *Dabaousch* of it. Let me see who he is, said he. While we were talking the *Nayb* enter'd, and said, Signior *Dabaousch*, the *Hulla* your son-in-law, is the heir of merchant *Amer*, and desires you my patron to agree to the match; adding, I will make matters up between you and his friends soon. Hereupon a good understanding was again cultivated between the two families. The merriest thing of all was, my patron pitied me, and gave me a sum of money, with my liberty.

THE same day I embarked in a vessel bound for *Surat*, in hopes to find there another to convey me to *Basra*; but being too much taken up with the curiosities in that city, one day as I was diverting myself in the gardens, an elderly man entered into discourse with me. He said he was a Gentile, had a ship of his own, and was wont every year to make a voyage. I told him my adventures, and put my trust in him. He seemed troubled, saying, I am naturally tenderhearted. I am old, rich, and have no children; then embraced me tenderly. In short, the result of our conversation was, that I should go home with him. The porter let us in, after which the old man made me bathe with him; then we sat down, and eat and drank so plentifully, that my host got very merry, and told me he had a secret to impart, as a proof of his affection to me. In 15 days, says he, I shall sail from *Saouala*, to an island where are found very valuable pearls,

and

and which I visit once a year. You shall go with me. My late captain, whose favourite I was, having discovered these treasures to me before ; I promised to go with him, provided he would contrive to convey a letter from me to my father, to let him know I was at *Surat*.

DEPENDING upon *Hyfoum's* care, for that was his name, I willingly embarked, and at the end of three weeks we made a little desolate island, where we cast anchor. *Hyfoum* commanded all the seamen to remain on board, and only took me on shore with him. We had each in our hands a lighted torch to keep off the wild beasts, and proceeded in search of the pits. We found one very deep, at the foot of a mountain, in the middle of the island. He let me down into it by a rope, where I found pearls of an extraordinary size and beauty. I filled several bags with them, which he drew up, and when he had got as many as he could carry, he cried out to me, Farewell, young man ! I every year bring a mussulman like thee to sacrifice in these pits. Ah ! wretched *Aboulfaouaris*, cried I, when will thy misfortunes end ? But it was my credulity which occasioned it, and it was not in my power to escape what I was predestinated to suffer. I examined the bottom of the pit, which was of vast extent ; I advanced boldly to an opening, where I thought I heard the fall of waters from the sea, which broke into this pit by subterraneous caverns. I threw myself into the waters, being almost suffocated before I was conveyed to the shore, and left near a crevice of the mountain. Here I recovered my senses, and returned thanks to heaven for my deliverance ; then rose and went round the island ; at length spied a great ship sailing near. I made a signal, and the boat was ordered out

out to take me in. You may gueſs at my tranſport, when I here found that the captain of the veſſel was a particular friend and acquaintance of my father's. I told him my adventure ; and all the crew agreed to land in the iſland. We did ſo, went down into the pits by turns, and brought up abundance of fine pearls ; then continued our voyage to *Serendib*, to ſell our calicoes and buy cinnamon.

THE weather proved favourable to us for ſome time. At laſt a violent ſtorm aroſe, which drove us out of our courſe for fix days. On the 8th we ſaw a mountain of vaſt extent, and very high, whoſe ſides looked like glaſs. Upon this an old ſeaman cried out, We are loſt. We are held here by a charm, and cannot keep off the ſhore. The whole crew was ſtruck with horror. For my own part, ſaid I, I am not at all frightened. Let you and I, captain, endeavour to aſcend the mountain, and there ſeek out a remedy for our miſfortunes. We went on ſhore, but it was with great difficulty we reached the top of it.

HERE to our great aſtoniſhment, we ſaw a magnificent dome, on the top of which was a pillar of ſteel fix cubits high. At the foot of it was faſtened, with chains of gold, a little drum, round which were written in gold letters, “ If any ſhip is ſo unfortunate as to
“ come near this mountain, it can never get off, till
“ one of the ſhip's company ſtrike this drum three
“ times with the ſtick. At the firſt ſtroke it will get
“ off a little way : at the ſecond it will loſe ſight of
“ the mountain : at the third it may go where it will ;
“ but the man who ſtrikes it muſt ſtay here, and let the
“ others depart.”

WHEN we had read the inscription, we went back to the ship, but not a soul on board would sacrifice himself for the rest. I offered to stay, on condition the captain would go directly to *Basra*, give my father the pearls that belonged to me, and inform him what was become of me. They all swore to do as I required, then put me on shore. I climbed up the mountain, struck the drum, and the ship got off. I advanced forwards to the top of the mountain, which was about a league over. In less than an hour I spied a decrepit old man, sitting on a stone at the door of a hut. I prayed him to tell me why a ship within such a distance of the mountain was attracted to it? He told me they were attracted towards the mountain by the currents; but if I wanted to know the meaning of the drum, I must go to his brother, that was much older than he, who perhaps would give me some insight into the matter. His brother could not tell me, but said, My eldest brother, who lives but a few paces off, will inform you who is the author of the *Talisman* on the mountain. I went on, and asked the third old man about it, whom I thought the youngest. He said, we are called the three brothers of the mountain; I am 100 years old, but my never having had either wife or children, occasions me to look younger than the other two. As for the *Talisman*, continued he, all I know of it is, that I was told when a boy, it was composed by an *Indian* cabbalist. I then enquired how far I was off from any part of the island that was inhabited. He answered, Keep to the path on the right hand, it will lead you to a good city, where there is a very fine port.

I THANKED him for his information, and by his
direction

direction came to a very large city, where trade seemed to flourish, and saw a great number of ships in the port. While I stood surveying them, I was accosted by *Habib*, my father's tutor at *Serendib*. Who could have thought, said I, that we should have ever met again! I then told him my adventure with *Canzade*. He told me he was bound to *Serendib*, and in twenty-four hours would make the best of his way thither. After an ill passage, we at last arrived at the desired port; where I one morning went out to enquire in what condition *Canzade* was; resolving, if possible, to see her. I did not go far before I met with one of her slaves, who by her order, was sent for the captain to whom I was delivered. He stopped me, saying, he was not pleased with that commission; and hoped, I was of the like opinion. I am, said I; giving him a ring. My lord, replied the slave, *Canzade's* affairs are much altered within these two months. The king obliged her to marry an old lord of the court, who was in love with her. Seeing me concerned at this news, he added, It was your own fault; Why did not you renounce your prophet? I do not know continued he, whether it may be proper to tell my mistress that you are in town; but as your grief is such, I will not deprive you of all consolation; one of her women shall tell her of it; let her also know at the same time, the thoughts of losing her distracts you; and that you heartily lament her being joined to a man she cannot love. I agreed, and he swore he would do as I desired.

A FULL month passed, without hearing a word from *Canzade*, which made me imagine I should hear from her no more. This reflection caused me to retire to a country seat *Habib* had about four leagues from the

city. Here I spent my time in viewing the country; and one day walking by a river side, I came near a magnificent pagod, where the remains of mortality are burnt, and the wives sacrifice themselves to the *Manes* of their husbands. I observed at a small distance, several gentiles employed in building a kind of hut, with combustible materials. I went to them and asked what they were doing? They answered, One of the chief lords of the court is dead, whose body is to be burnt in five or six hours, and his faithful wife is to be consumed on the same pile.

At the time appointed for this shocking spectacle, I saw several persons carried on palaquins, with slaves marching before them, some bearing banners, others sounding trumpets, among whom was the governor of *Serendib*, mounted on an elephant, attended by twelve persons, and sitting under a tent, erected on the back of the elephant. About three hours after above 30000 men, women, and children, assembled about the cabin. I jostled thro' the crowd, and saw about a score of priests, who fell on their knees before the victim appeared.

WHEN it began to be dark *Canzade* approached, mounted on a white palfrey, attended by twelve women on horseback, with gold rings and bracelets. They had pearl necklaces, diamond ear-rings, and on their heads crowns of gold. Her husband's corpse was brought to the side of a rivulet that ran near the pile. Here she washed it all over, then delivered it to the priests, who laid it on a heap of straw mixed with sulphur. She then walked round it, washed her face and hands, embraced her women, gave them their liberty, and prepared for the sacrifice with great intrepidity.

pidity. I drew near the pile, and when she lifted up the silver plate which covered her face; how was I surprized to see it was *Canzade*. Great God! said I, can I bear this sight! I saw her delivered into the hands of the priests, and led by them into the cabbin, who exhorted her to behave so as to merit future happiness. She lighted a torch to set fire to the pile, and I, overwhelmed with grief inexpressible, returned to *Habib's* country seat; to which he came that evening.

He demanded the cause of my melancholy. I am surprized, replied he, that this lady should perish for the sake of an old lord whom she did not love, when she is not compelled to make him that sacrifice. The governor, by his majesty's orders, always examines those widows who demand to be burned. He endeavours to dissuade them from it, and will never allow them to die, but on account of their own obstinacy; and few sacrifice themselves, but such as are persuaded their voluntary death will procure eternal happiness. So that *Canzade*, to have a statue erected to her memory in the pagod, has been goaded on to suffer death without terror.

WHILE my host was talking to me in this manner, and using all possible means to divert me, a slave came into his house, and enquired for me. I knew him to be the same I met on my arrival at *Serendib*. He called me aside, and said, Signior, my mistress valued herself upon her heroick virtue, and consented to be made a sacrifice to a person she did not love, purely to gain the veneration of the gentiles. I am now the slave of another lady as beautiful as *Canzade*, who loves you more. On hearing you were departing for

Surat, she sent me to inform you of this advantageous incident.

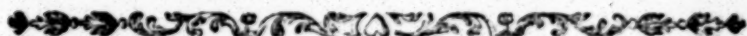
I AM obliged to be ungrateful, said I, for *Canzade's* image is ever before me. I can relish no other object. I refused to see her, imagining after this I should never more be troubled with the slave or his lady: however, the former returned the same night with a billet; the purport of which was;

“YOUR conversation with my slave afforded me more joy than grief. It heightens the impatience I have to see you; and if you are really taken up so much with the thoughts of *Canzade*, we shall both be soon satisfied.”

THO' I knew not what to think of this, after a short pause, I determined to follow the slave, who conducted me to a mean apartment, and bid me stay till he brought his lady. Imagine my condition, when I knew her to be the princess *Canzade*. *Aboul-fauaris*, said she, I did not design to fright you; I am in reality still alive. She then told me how one of the priests, for a sum of money, saved her from the flames. My dear princess, replied I, you needed not have dissembled so far; there was no force put upon you. Yes, rejoined the lady; I was under a necessity to act that part, when my design was to put you in the place of my husband, and to abjure idolatry. Ah! my queen, said I; and did you do this for my sake? Saying this, I threw myself at her feet: You have this moment made me the happiest of mortals. She raised me, and replied, You have but little reason to boast of your felicity. *Canzade* is not so valuable a prize. She is no longer in possession of those riches which

which ſhe offer'd you with her perſon. The prieſts ſhared a great part of them, and the governor made me pay dear for leave to burn myſelf. How cruel are you, replied I, to imagine that my love was founded upon intereſt? No, no, my charming *Canzade*, when you expoſed all your wealth to my view, I call heaven to witneſs, that my whole ſoul was fixed upon your perſon only.

AFTER this we agreed to embark for *Baſra* as ſoon as poſſible. I took leave of my hoſt, and in the night took with me ſome faithful ſlaves, who carried her jewels on board a veſſel bound to *Surat*. Here we met with another about to ſail for *Baſra*; at which place we arrived ſafe, after a pleaſant paſſage. My father's joy to ſee me was inexpressible, and he received *Canzade* very favourably. The next day my father and I waited on the *Cady* with the lady, where ſhe abjured the idolatry, in which ſhe was educated. He then aſked her conſent, and we were married accordingly. The rejoycings laſted fifteen days.



Continuation of the Adventures of ABOUL-FAOUARIS.

VOYAGE II.

I WAS now in poſſeſſion of my beloved *Canzade*; we enjoyed the delights of a perfect union, and prayed to heaven for the duration of our happineſs. But alas! our lives are chequer'd with joy and miſery. Soon after our marriage my father died, and divided his eſtate between me and my brother, whoſe name

was *Hour*. He laid out all his fortune in the purchase of a ship and merchandize for *Malabar*. His ship was cast away ; and tho' he saved his life, he returned a beggar. I set him up again, but he met with the same fate. Hereupon I advised him to comfort himself for his losses, and live at ease with me. My time was wholly employ'd in contriving how to please *Canzade*, while my brother walked about, and diverted himself with his friends. We both loved expence, and in a few years my income, which was very considerable, became greatly impaired. I therefore enter'd into partnership with a rich merchant, and resolved to go and trade to the kingdom of *Golconda*.

My partner was a very honest man, and we bought goods proper for *Surat*, where we intended to take in others more suitable for our voyage.

THE day before my departure, I broke from the arms of *Canzade*, and bid my brother adieu ; adding, I leave the charge of my house to you, and be sure to defend my wife against any ill-designing persons till my return. He boasted much of his honour, and promised fidelity. We set sail with a fair wind, and arrived at *Surat*, sold our merchandize, and bought a cargo fit for the market of *Golconda* ; where after some fatigue we arrived, and disposed of our goods to advantage. My partner well-knowing the value of diamonds, we laid out most of our stock in that commodity, which he assured me would pay us 400 *per Cent.* at *Bagdad*. After this we embarked for *Basra*.

ON our return we met with a storm, which drove us on a rock at the point of a desert island, where the ship and all the crew perished, except my partner
and

and me, who both leaped into the boat, and rowed to shore. The very moment we were about to land, a large crocodile struck his tail against the boat, and dashed it in pieces ; at the same time stretching open his jaws, seized my partner. In the mean time I reached the shore, and ran up into the island. I came first to a fountain, whose water was as white as milk, and the taste of it more delicious than the best sherbet. I then gather'd some herbs which grew near, and found them excellent food. From this fountain I went to a wood, which I enter'd ; and, having gone about 300 paces, came to a flowery meadow, which perfumed the air with its odours. In the middle of the meadow stood a very high spreading tree, under which was a tent of brocade, and in that was a man lying upon a couch. Near him lay a dragon, holding in his mouth a box of balsam, which he frequently put to the old man's nose. I was much terrified at this sight, and ran and hid myself in the wood, to observe what would become of the man. I had not waited long, before the dragon flew into the air, and was out of sight in a moment. I then returned to the tent, where I found a person who seemed to be about 120 years old ; yet living, tho' in a state of death. I survey'd him a-while, then took up the gold casket on which he leaned his hand, opened it, and took out two tables, on which was written ; “ *Asef* son of *Barkia*, and grand vizier
“ of *Solomon*, is the old man that rests in this tent ;
“ which he raised, and laid himself upon this couch,
“ where he died, having wrote these words, and put
“ them into this casket. Let all who enter upon this
“ island be of good courage, for they must soon perish.
“ if they are not proof against the greatest dangers.
“ If they fear nothing, let them go to the west side
“ of the isle. At the foot of the mountain they will

“ find an opening : let them enter it boldly, and go
“ forward till they come to a meadow, at which they
“ will be astonished. ’Tis by this alone they can obtain
“ their wishes.

HAVING read these words, I kissed the tables, fell on my knees, and, lifting my eyes unto heaven, cried out, Pity me, O God ! let me not perish in this dismal place. Then marching on towards the west, I came to the foot of a mountain, where I saw an opening. Tho’ dreadfully dark, I enter’d it with good courage, and proceeded on for 20 hours all on a descent : I at last beheld the light of day, by which I was led into a meadow full of various fragrant flowers, and fine fruit-trees. Much fatigued, I lay down on the grass, and fell asleep. When I awoke, to my great surprize, I saw 10 or 15 black genies about me.

ONE of them said to me, Son of *Adam*, what brought thee hither ; I told them all. And being sore troubled, they conducted me to the king. Oh ! *Iman*, said he, what is the cause of your sorrow ? I told him. After a short pause, he replied : Since you have a wife whom you love, and are thus uneasy about her, I freely give you leave to depart ; and, as a mark of my affection, will cause a genie to transport you to *Basra*. A genie at that time passing by in a cloud, he asked whither he was going ; to which answer was made, I am going on a good errand to *Basra*. If so, says the king’s prophet, you must then do me a piece of service. Carry this *Mussulman* to *Basra*, and set him down at his own door.

In less than 12 hours, he transported me to my own house. It was dark when I knocked at the door. A
slave

slave opened it, and, observing what a figure I cut, refused me admittance. I told him I was his master. Upon this he went and told my wife, who came herself to me, and gave a horrible shriek. What is the matter, said I; Is it possible for *Aboulfaouaris* to frighten *Canzade*? Call *Hour*, continued I, let me speak to my brother. He came and survey'd me very strictly, declaring he did not know me. My brother was handsome, said he, but you are ugly. I knew I was alter'd, but was surprized that my wife and my brother should forget my features. Have not you, said I, knowledge of your once beloved husband? When a young man coming to me said, I have married *Canzade*.

I LOOKED with indignation upon *Hour* and my wife, and cryed out, What do I hear? Has *Canzade*, said I, whose constancy I really thought equal to my own, married another man? The next day we all four went to the *Cady*. My lord, says the young man, I was married to *Canzade* yesterday; our marriage is not consummated; but this man coming last night and pretending to be her former husband, disturbs our happiness.

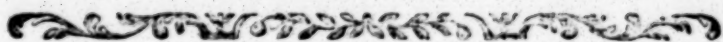
THE *Cady* knew *Aboulfaouaris*, and said I was not like him; then turning to *Canzade*, said, What do you think of it, fair lady? If I was to judge by my eye, my lord, replied she, it is not he; but my ear tells me his voice is the voice of *Aboulfaouaris*. Ah! judge of the *Muffulmen*, said I, be careful of deciding this affair too precipitately. If I am altered, it is by living so long under ground with the genies. What's that you say, rejoins the *Cady*, Can a mortal man live under ground? Without doubt, replied I, and if you please, I will give you an account of what has befallen me.

Here

Here the young man interrupted me, saying, He has a romantic story ready to deceive you. Hold your tongue, says the *Cady* to him; then turning to me, said, Speak, I will hear you.

I TOLD him the whole story; after which, he said, I must own, what this man says is not very probable; yet, as the affair before me is of great importance, you must all four go to *Aly*, the son-in-law of *Mahomet*, and the great *Omar*, commander of the faithful, will give a decisive judgment. We all set out directly for *Medina*, and went to *Omar's* palace, who conducted us to the *Raouze*, where we found *Aly* at prayers on the prophet's tomb. *Aly* asked my name, which when he heard, he cried out in a transport, This man is no impostor. For *Mahomet*, my father-in-law, gave me notice that a man called *Aboul-fauaris* would one day come hither, and inform me of wonderful things. The day is come, and I long to satisfy my curiosity. I then once more related my adventures; with which *Omar* and *Aly* were mightily pleased. Then *Omar* dismissed the young man, and gave me my *Canzade*, with 200,000 sequins of gold, 100 slaves, and 100 camels.

THE king of *Damascus*, now fully convinced there was no man in the world who had not something to trouble him, said, Those are the happy persons whose afflictions are most supportable.



*The History of NASIRADDOLE, King of
Moufel; ABDERRAHMANE, a Merchant
of Bagdad, and the FAIR ZEINEB.*

ABDERRAHMANE was a young rich merchant of Bagdad, who lived like a person of quality. All the people of distinction in the city were welcome to his table, and his bounty was equal to his hospitality. He one day enter'd into a *Fiquaa* shop; and seeing a genteel stranger sitting by himself, he sat down at the same table. They, from this time, enter'd into a strict friendship. The stranger was soon obliged to go to *Moufel*. I shall soon be there myself, says *Abderrahmane*; where shall I find you? At the king's palace, says the stranger: there you will know who I am; and fear not a hearty welcome.

SOON after the merchant's affairs called him to *Moufel*. The first thing he there set about, was to seek for his friend. He went to the king's palace, and view'd every one's face he met, to find the unknown man he loved. He at last perceived him in the middle of a crowd of courtiers, and doubted not but he was the sovereign. The monarch soon cast his eyes upon him, and advanced to receive him. The young merchant fell at his feet. The king raised and embraced him, then led him into his closet; which kind reception amazed the whole court, insomuch that the favourite nobles grew jealous of him; and their jealousy soon turned to hatred.

THE

THE king caters'd him in an extraordinary manner, and said, he loved him better than any of his courtiers; adding, such is the misfortune of the great, that they can never be sure that the affection of those who pretend to love them, is sincere; but you made me a tender of your friendship, without the least knowledge of me, and I can now boast that I have one friend. You shall reside in my palace while you stay at *Moufel*.

THE merchant lived a whole year with *Nasiraddole*, when he received advice, that his affairs at *Bagdad* required his speedy return; to which the king, with some reluctance, consented. The merchant came home, readily repaired the losses he had sustained during his absence, and began to live at a greater expence than before. He bought new slaves of all nations; among the rest was a female who was born at *Circassia*; about 18 years old, and one of the most perfect creatures that ever was seen; her name was *Zeineb*. *Abderrahmane* conceived a violent passion for her; and she loved him with equal ardour.

WHILE they were tasting the sweets of mutual affection, the king of *Moufel* arrived at *Bagdad*, and went directly to the young merchant's house, saying to him, I have a mind to see the *Calif's* court *incog*. I love to mingle among private people, and must own the time I have spent in this manner has been the happiest part of my life. The king boasted that he had in his seraglio the handsomest slaves in all the world. The merchant's love for *Zeineb* caused him to oppose his royal guest, and to extol the charms of the *Circassian*. You are in love with her, replied the king. This said,

Abder-

Abderrahmane whisper'd an eunuch, and bid him order all his women to dress themselves in their richest apparel, and come into the lightest room of his palace; then returning, said, My lord, you shall be judge if I am not right.

THE eunuch, who was sent on this errand, came in and told the king and his master, they were all together; and not one of them had forgot to shew her charms. The merchant instantly led his majesty into a magnificent apartment, where 30 young and beautiful women were diverting themselves, sitting on a sofa of rose-colour'd silk. On the entrance of their master and his guest, they all rose from their seats. As grand a prince as *Nasiraddole* was, he readily confessed he had none more beautiful. He then examined them one by one; and when *Zeineb* came before him, he said with transport, this, I suppose, is the fair *Circassian*! Yes, my lord, says I, did you ever see any thing like her.

THE king of *Mouzel* making no reply; the merchant presumed he had boasted too much of her beauty.

THE next morning the young merchant waited on him; when, to his great surprize, he found him greatly discomposed. Why, my lord, are you so pensive, said he. Ah! my friend, replied the king, I will this moment depart for *Mouzel*. The young merchant pressed him to discover the cause of his uneasiness, and at parting the secret came out. I will tell you, said the king, I adore *Zeineb*; I have sucked in the fatal poison, which will make my life miserable. Let not your friendship upbraid me; alas! I shall pay for it dearly.

dearly. Having said this, he left the house, and took the road to *Moufel*.

AN wretch that I am! said *Abderrahmane*, how imprudent was I to let him have the sight of *Zeineb*, who is a king as superior in virtue as dignity. Shall I strike a sword into his heart? No, no, my dear prince, I will yield her up to you, if I perish for my gratitude. This said, he order'd a litter to be got ready, sent for *Zeineb*, and told her she was no more his. The king of *Moufel* my friend, has a violent love for you, and I present him with your person. She burst into tears, crying, Is it possible you should forsake me, after having sworn so often an eternal love. Ah faithless! some new charmer has taken possession of your heart! My soul melted to hear her. If so, says she, I am of all my sex the most miserable. If your friendship is an over-match for your love, my love shall be an over-match for your friend, was he greater than *Solomon*. However, the officers put her into a litter with an old female slave; and they follow'd the king to *Moufel*.

ZEINEB no sooner came to the palace, than one of her guards inform'd his majesty of her arrival. O *Abderrahmane*, cried he, thou art a friend, indeed, who preferrest my happiness to thy own! He then sent the chief of his eunuchs to receive her, and gave her one of the most magnificent apartments in the palace, whither he soon after came to visit her; and observed her sorrow.

FAIR lady, says he, I find you are more sensible of the loss of a man you love, than of the conquest of a king. My lord, replied *Zeineb*, I must conform my sentiments to the destiny which brought me hither; and
am

am proud of being introduced to ſuch a virtuous prince as you. I wiſh I could blot the thoughts of the ingrate from my memory. But ah! I dote on the traitor. At this ſhe broke out into a flood of tears. Ah! charming angel, replied he, deny me not the hope of flattering myſelf, that time may alter your preſent reſolution.

In the mean time *Abderrahmane* fell into a deep melancholy for the loſs of his fair ſlave. He had been in this way near three months, when on a ſudden the grand viſier ſent his officers to apprehend him, and put him into priſon. The keeper of the priſon went in the night, and told him, that his ſentence was, to have his houſe razed, and himſelf to be beheaded the next day. But, my lord, continued he, you have done me ſervice, and gratitude obliges me to make you ſome acknowledgment. Begone from this priſon, the gates are open. I thanked the keeper for his generoſity; but at the ſame time added, you hazard your own, to ſave my life. However, I went out of priſon to a friend's houſe; the next morning the grand viſier being informed of my eſcape, ſent for the keeper: Thou villain, ſays he, thou haſt ſuffered a traitor to eſcape; cauſe him to appear before me in 24 hours, or thou ſhalt undergo the puniſhment which for him was intended. I opened the doors, replied the keeper, and am ready to expiate my crime by the death you prepared for the moſt honeſt and innocent man in *Bagdad*. What proof have you of his innocence, ſays the viſier? His own word, replied the keeper, and he is not capable of ſaying any that is falſe. Do you know the young merchant's accuſers? Dread the ſpilling of innocent blood.

THESE words, which the keeper pronounced with some warmth, made the visier resolve to search into the bottom of this affair; but as he had order'd the young merchant's house to be razed, and his effects to be confiscated, the bait was too tempting not to order the *Cady* and his *Asas* to make strict search after him, and to order the keeper into strict durance.

WHEN they had made diligent search for about a month, to no manner of purpose, *Abderrabmane* determined to go to *Moufel*. His danger made him lose no time. When he arrived there, the noise of it was spread thro' the palace, and reached the king's ear. That prince immediately whisper'd his treasurer to give him 200 sequins of gold to trade with; but to charge him not to return to the palace till the end of six months. The treasurer executed his commission with honour and honesty. But the young merchant was exceedingly surprized, and said, Have I done any thing to offend his majesty? Do not afflict yourself, replies the treasurer, the king loves you, and has his reasons for what is done at this juncture. Act according to his desire, and you, perhaps, will have no cause to repent it. I used all possible means to improve this little stock; but industry will not always succeed in trade. If fortune is not the merchant's friend, all his care will but little avail. Notwithstanding all the pains I took, at the end of six months I wanted 50 sequins of my principal stock. With the remainder I went to the treasurer, and told him, I had sunk one fourth of the principal. The treasurer instantly told me out 50 sequins, and said, Go try your fortune once more, and come to me again six months hence.

ABDERRAHMANE could not tell what to make of this uſage ; but yet reſolved to do as the king had order'd. He enter'd a ſecond time into trade, and at the fix months end gained 100 ſequins ; then returned to the treaſurer, telling him, that he had now better luck, having advanced his principal to 300. Well then, replied the treaſurer, I will conduct you to the king. No ſooner did that prince ſee him, but he roſe and embraced him, ſaying. Ah my dear friend, you had reaſon to expect a more agreeable reception from me. But I heard of your diſgrace, and durſt not take you into my palace till the ſtorm was blown over.

NASIRADDOLE, hereupon, gave the young merchant an apartment in the palace. They ſpent the firſt day in mirth and jollity. When night came on, the king ſaid, I muſt make you ſome acknowledgment for your favour in giving me the young ſlave you loved. I pretend to give you her equal, and even her who is moſt dear to me ; upon condition, that you will marry her. My lord, replied the young merchant, I humbly thank your majeſty for this kind offer ; but I can love no woman but *Zeineb*, and hope you will lay me under no constraint. As full as your heart is of *Zeineb*, replies the king, I greatly queſtion whether you can look on this perſon, and not love her. All I demand is, that you will ſee and talk with her.

WHEN *Abderrabmane* retired to his apartment, the chief of the eunuchs came to him, followed by a lady veiled, and withdrew. The young merchant prayed her to ſit down, and placed himſelf by her, ſaying, Fair lady, I am ſatisfied, that you are afraid that I am
ready

ready to accept of the king's generous offer ; but be under no apprehension that I shall do you so much violence. I love him too well to rob him of the object which he adores ; and hope you will not be offended. At this speech, she burst out a laughing, lifted up her veil, and he beheld his dear *Zeineb*. Elated with joy, he clasped her in his arms, crying out, Is it you ? Is it you I see ? Ah princess ! Why did you not discover yourself on your first entrance. when his majesty was so good as to restore you into my possession : my dear, replied she, All the arts and pains he took to make me love him proving ineffectual, he detained me here only to give me to my beloved.

THEY wasted that night in mutual expressions of approaching felicity. In the morning the king came to visit them. They fell at his feet ; he raised them, and said, Happy lovers ! Live here, and taste the blessings of futurity. To engage your hearts by stricter ties, you shall this day be married ; and I will not only assign you pensions, but also give you 20,000 acres of land, exempt from all taxes. What added to their happiness was, *Abderrahmane* the same day received advice from *Bagdad*, that one of his accusers, stung with remorse, discovered the whole plot to the grand visier, who, on his deposition, had put his accomplice to death ; pardoned the keeper, and declared the young merchant innocent. This intelligence called him to *Bagdad*, where he waited on the visier, who restored to him part of his effects, which he made a present of to the keeper of the prison where he was first confined ; then hastened back to his beloved *Zeineb*, and spent the remainder of his days in ease and tranquillity.



The History of REPSIMA.

DUKIN, a merchant of *Basra*, left off business on a sudden, and gave himself up to devotion. He had an only daughter, who was educated in the fear of the most high, and in the practice of all moral virtues.

REPSIMA, for that was the daughter's name, tho' exceeding careful to hide herself from the sight of man, was nevertheless found out in her retirement. The fame of her virtue drew to her several lovers, who demanded her in marriage. *Dukin* reflecting upon the smallness of his fortune, was willing she should marry some rich merchant; but fearful of doing violence to her inclination, would not propose to her a husband: she on the other hand determined not to abandon her father.

At length *Dukin* died, and after his funeral was over, the whole family advised her to marry a young merchant called *Temin*; which she did soon after. She found in him all the good things which had been said of him. He loved her passionately. But alas! his happiness was of short duration. Tremble, ye mortals, when you are at the height of your wishes!

THEY had not been married twelve months, before he was obliged to make a voyage to *India*. He left the care of his affairs to *Revendé* his brother; and charged him to make *Repsima* cheerful during his absence. He answered, The ties of blood and friendship will

will not allow me to act otherwise. Confiding in this promise, *Temin* departed, and raised his sinking spirits with the hopes of her security. But soon after his embarkation, *Ravendé* fell violently in love with his sister. She dissuaded him from it, and represented to him the ill consequences of his amour. Oh! my queen, said he, our commerce shall be above the reach of scandal. Do not flatter yourself, replied she, I would rather die in torture, than gratify your brutish passion. Is not my husband your brother?

RAVENDE finding he could not corrupt her, meditated revenge; and one night when she was at prayers, stole to her chamber, with four witnesses whom he had suborned, saying, Ah! wretch, have I surprized thee with a man. Thou makest a shew of virtue, but committest the most infamous actions. By this artifice, his sister-in-law passed for an adulteress. Not contented with spreading this scandalous report, he summoned her before the *Cady*, with the four witnesses. *Repsima* was, upon their evidence, condemned to be buried alive in the highway.

THE victim, in pursuance of her sentence, was conducted three leagues from the city, and buried up to her neck in the ground. She being left in the road in this shocking condition, an *Arabian* robber passed by on horseback. Stranger, cries she, whoever thou art, save my life, who am unjustly buried alive. The *Arab*, tho' a thief, was struck with compassion, and said, this charitable action may, perhaps, induce the most high to pardon my former villainies. He alighted, took *Repsima* out of the grave, and set her behind him. My lord, cries she, whither are you carrying me?

To

To my wife, replied he, who is the best woman in the world.

THE robber came to the tents, in which lived the *Arabian* plunderers, and delivered the lady to his wife. After *Repsima* had related her story, she was sensible of her misfortunes, and promised to assist her. My good lady, says *Repsima*, if I stay with you, give me a corner of your tent, where I may spend my time in thanksgiving to heaven for my deliverance. She instantly assign'd me a little room. But alas ! my troubles were not yet at an end.

THE negro who drove the cattle to the field, and looked after the horses, was struck with my beauty ; but being repulsed with indignation, resolved to be revenged on me. There was a child in the cradle, of which my deliverer and his wife were very fond. One night *Calid*, that was the negroe's name, cut off it's head, and laid the scimeter, with which he did it, under my bed. The next morning, as soon as the *Arab* and his wife saw the bloody spectacle, they tore their faces, and threw ashes over their own heads. *Calid* pretending ignorance, ran in a hurry to ask the reason of their Sorrow. They shewed him the cradle, the blood, and the dead child. He cried out, Oh detestable murder ! adding, but the murderer, methinks, may be discovered by the tracks of the blood ; which they followed to *Repsima's* room, where the negro pulled out the bloody scimeter. Ah wretch, says the *Arab* to me, Why hast thou shed the blood of my only son. I remained silent. Strike her head off with the same scimeter, says the negro. I fell into a flood of tears. No, replied the *Arab*, I will first hear what she has to offer in her own vindication. His wife, tho'

tho' inconsolable for the loss of her son, could not think *Repsima* was capable of doing this wickedness. They both at length were of the same opinion, and instead of taking away my life, bid me quit the tent immediately, as my presence might renew their grief.

REPSIMA travelled all day, and in the evening came to a great city and port: here she took up her lodging at an old woman's, who was highly moved with her story. The next day the old hostess went with her to see the publick baths. In the way, they saw a young man with his hands tied, and a rope about his neck, leading to execution. She asked the crime he was guilty of: was answer'd, he was a debtor, and it was the custom of that city to hang those who did not pay their creditors. How much does he owe? says *Repsima*. Sixty sequins, says one of the inhabitants. The creditor was called for, the money paid, and the young man was set at liberty. Every one longed to know who this stranger was. To avoid the curiosity of the inhabitants, she left the city; but the young man, whom she had saved from death, being told which way she went, overtook her near a fountain; and, as a specimen of his gratitude, offer'd to be her slave; but she refused him.

PRESENTLY after he made a declaration of his love; but she flew into a rage, and upbraided him with insolence; adding, begone, and do not make me repent of saving thy life. He made no answer, but proceeded on to the sea-side, where he saw a ship's crew just coming ashore, belonging to a merchant of *Basra*, who were bound to *Serendib*. He told the captain he had a beautiful slave to sell, not far off; and offer'd her to him for 300 sequins. As soon as the captain saw her,

her, he paid down the money, and gladly took her on board ; but after ſome days, finding ſhe ſhewed no ſigns of love for all his favours, he loſt all patience, and reſolved to force her into a complacency. As he was going to put this reſolution in practice, a ſtorm aroſe, which ſunk the ſhip. Every ſoul periſhed except *Reſſima* and the captain, who were thrown on ſhore in two different places. *Reſſima* was driven by the waves on the coaſt of a populous iſland, governed by a queen.

WHEN ſhe landed, a great many of the inhabitants ſtood by the ſea-ſide, who, ſeeing her float upon the water, and come on ſhore, thought it miraculous. She told them her adventures, and implored them to give her a place of refuge. The inhabitants were ſo taken with her wit, beauty, and virtue, that they allotted her a place of retirement, which ſhe dedicated to prayer ; and, at length, became their oracle.

THE queen of the iſland took ſuch a liking to her, that, at her death, ſhe bequeathed to her the crown. The people applauded her choice. When ſhe aſcended the throne, ſhe applied herſelf to the affairs of government, choſe men of probity for her officers, and took care to do juſtice to all her ſubjects. The more ſhe was honour'd by mortals, the more ſhe humbled herſelf before the Almighty. When any ſick perſon came to her, and deſired her aid, ſhe pray'd for their recovery, and heaven granted her petitions. The inhabitants could not withſtand ſo many miracles ; therefore renounced the worſhip of the ſun, and embraced the religion of *Mabomet*.

SHE erected caravanſerais for ſtrangers, hospitals for

the poor, and infirmaries for the sick and lame ; which latter became so famous, that foreigners frequently resorted to them for relief.

ONE day *Repsima* being informed that there were six strangers in a caravanserail, all diseased, who requested to speak with her ; she ordered them to be brought before her throne. She was veiled. The strangers prostrated themselves at the foot of the throne, she bid them rise, and then commanded them to tell what they demanded, and from whence they came ; adding, I can do nothing for you, unless you tell me your adventures in publick, without omitting the least circumstance. Oh princess ! says one, you shall be obey'd.

I AM a merchant of *Basra*, called *Temin*, who married a young woman that had not her fellow in the world. She was beautiful, genteel, good-natur'd, and virtuous. Being obliged to make a voyage to *India*, I left her to her liberty, desiring my brother, who is this blind man, to manage and assist her in my domestick affairs. When I returned, he told me, she was found guilty of adultery, and had been buried alive ; and cried to that degree, as took away his eye-sight. I come therefore, and implore your majesty's assistance. Dost thou think, replies the queen, that that woman, who was buried alive, did betray thee ? I cannot believe it, answer'd *Temin*, when I call to mind her virtue. But alas ! the blind confidence I place in my brother, has sometimes made me question her innocence.

THEN the queen said to him, I know much better than you, whether your wife was guilty or not. Come again

again to-morrow, and I will ſee if I can recover your brother. After this one of *Temin's* company addreſſed himſelf to *Repsima*, ſaying; I bought a negroe ſlave, bred him up from a child, and he has been afflicted with the dead palsy on one ſide for ſome years, and I have brought him hither to deſire your majeſty's prayers. The queen knowing the perſon who ſpoke to her in the negro's behalf, was the *Arab*, in whoſe tent ſhe lived, and that the black ſlave was the ſame who had made an attempt on her virtue, ſaid, I know your affair, come to-morrow; then turning to the third, ſhe aſked how he came to be dropſical. Oh great queen! replied he, I know not what to attribute it to, unleſs it be a judgment on me, for offering violence to a fair ſlave I bought of a young man ſometime ago, near the ſea-ſide. At theſe words the queen looked in his face, and perceived him to be the captain to whom ſhe had been ſold. And I, ſays another ſtranger, am continually haunted with furies, for ſelling that ſame ſlave which you carried aboard. I owed my life to her, and the acknowledgment I made her for it, was to ſell her to you for a ſlave. Alas! how much greater is my guilt.

REPSIMA, knew them all, promiſed to offer up her prayers for their recovery, and ordered them to come again on the morrow. They all fix returned to the caravanſerail; four of them well ſatisfied, having told her the truth; but the brother of *Temin* and the negro ſlave were very melancholy, and had rather have lived under their afflictions, than have been obliged to diſcover their treaſon and cruelty.

HOWEVER, they all came before her throne the next day. Well, ſays the queen, three of you have

hid nothing from me. Wo! be to that man who speaks not the truth. Then the negro slave approached her, and foreseeing it was vain to tell a lye, confessed the whole truth; told what passed in the *Arab's* tent, and the murder of the child. Vile traitor! says his master, I will sever thy head from thy body this moment. No, replies the queen, you shall not take away his life. Since he repents of his crime, let us pray to the almighty to forgive him. She then fell on her knees at the foot of the throne, and immediately the dead part of the negro's body recovered its motion. The dropsical man, and he that was possessed with evil spirits also, were both cured, in sight of all her courtiers. Oh *Revendé*, cried *Temin*, it is now thy turn to speak. If he mixes the least falshood, in relating his story, adds the queen, his punishment is ready. Oh great princess! says *Revendé*, I repent of betraying my brother; and proceeded to make a moving confession of his villainy, without the least excuse.

TEMIN hereupon fell into a fit, and as soon as he recovered, prostrated himself before the throne, and cried out, Oh my princess! permit me to carry this perfidious brother of mine back to *Basra*. I will lead him to the very spot where my dear wife was buried, and there sacrifice him to her *Manes*. Cure him not, his crime is too great to be forgiven.

THE queen made no answer, weeping all the while under her veil; but at length, having wiped her eyes, thus spoke to *Temin*: Oh merchant of *Basra*, I conjure thee to mitigate thy rage for my sake. Thy brother indeed has committed a heinous offence; but he publicly confesses it, and reproaches himself with
the

the guilt. Consider, and as his blood runs in your veins, remit his punishment. *Temin* replied, Your majesty may command me. The merchant had no sooner told the queen he pardoned *Ravendé*, than she prayed to heaven to restore him to fight ; and he that very instant saw day.

THE whole assembly praised god and her majesty. Then she ordered the strangers to retire, and come again the next day. They returned at the time appointed, when the queen called *Temin*, and set him in a chair of gold, saying, Oh merchant of *Basra* ! thou hast undergone various afflictions. Thou shalt marry my fairest slave, and live in my court. At this *Temin* fell a weeping, and said, I must refuse your majesty's proposal ; I can think of no other spouse than *Repsima*, and will devote the residue of my life in mourning over the place where she was buried alive. The queen overjoyed to find her husband so faithful, lifted up her veil, and *Temin* knew his *Repsima*. The princess embraced him, and told her adventures to the whole court, which they heard with admiration.



*The Conclusion of the History of the Princess
of C A S M I R E.*

HERE *Sutlumeme* left off telling stories, the prince *Farrukrouz* being taken ill. His father, loving him exceedingly, had recourse to the chief priest of the temple of *Kesaya*, who promised to intercede with the idol, to restore his health. Next morning

the king waited on the priest to be informed if he had procured a cure for his son. Yes, sir, replied the priest; permit me to accompany you to the palace. Having entered the prince's room with a mysterious look, he said a prayer, when *Farrukrouz*, who had been long speechless, cried out, I am well!

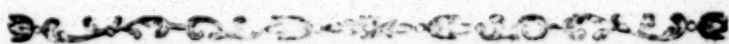
FARRUKNAZ, his sister, astonished at this miracle, resolved to pay a visit to the high-priest, but was forbid to come into the temple. The princess resented this usage, and complained of it to her father. The next morning *Togrulbey* demanded of the priest, the cause of her repulse. My lord, replied the *Dervis*, the princess does not obey the most high. She looks upon men as her enemies, and is deaf to the dictates of nature: but I will do her all the good I can.

SOMETIME after the king went again, when the *Dervis* informed him the great *Kesaya* had condescended to confer with the princess. *Togrulbey* told his daughter of it, who went to the temple next day. When the high-priest entered, he said, Oh *Farruknaz*! You are under the power of satan. I prayed to great *Kesaya* to have compassion on you; and he promises to deliver you from the enemy, on condition you follow my counsel. To this she agreed. Then, says the *Dervis*, you must take pity of a young prince who languishes for you. How can I relieve him, said she, if I know not who he is? It is, replied the high-priest, no less a person than *Farrukshad*, prince of *Persia*; and it is written on the table of predestination, that you must marry him. *Kesaya* commands it. She swore to obey him. Then says the high-priest you must instantly quit your father's

father's court, and go with me and *Sutlumeme* this very night.

THE king agreed. The next morning they arrived in a meadow enamelled with sweet-smelling flowers ; at the end of which was a garden walled round with white marble. They alighted, and sat down on the brink of a rivulet ; but observed the *Dervis* turn pale on a sudden. The princess asked the cause of his disorder. Ah ! says he, this beautiful place is the habitation of the witch *Mebrefza*. If she sees us, we perish. But I will gain immortal glory, or die in the attempt. You two stay here, and, if I come not back in an hour, be assured I have failed of success. This said, he drew his sabre, and enter'd the magician's garden.

ABOUT half an hour after, he came back to them, and smiling said, Thanks to the Almighty, *Mebrefza* cannot hurt us. Now, look upon me no longer as the chief priest of the pagod of *Casmire* ; but as the confident of the prince of *Persia*, whose story and mine I shall relate.



The History of FARRUKSCHAD and SY-
MORGUE.

FARRUKSCHAD is the only son of the king of *Persia*, and an accomplish'd prince. Some time ago he fell sick, and was attended by the best physicians in *Chiras*, who all said, the cause of his
distemper

distemper was only known to himself. His father not being able to get the secret from him, sent for me. *Symorgue*, says he, I am very sure that my son hides nothing from you. Engage him to let me know the cause of his illness.

I INSTANTLY went to his apartment. He asked where I hid myself. I answer'd, I have been a hunting. But, my prince, added I, what is the matter with you? *Symorgue*, replies he, I can keep nothing from thee. I longed to tell it thee. It is this. "I dreamt I was in a flowery meadow, where I saw a fair lady, and declared to her my passion; but she flew away with an air of disdain, and said, All men are traitors. I also saw a hind, who had by her efforts released a stag which was caught in a net; but soon after she falling into another, he ungratefully abandon'd her."

THIS dream, my friend, disturbs my quiet; and tho' I well know reason bids me drive such phantoms out of my mind, yet I keep them in my memory. No, my lord, replied I, there may be something extraordinary in these appearances. Heaven, perhaps, has presented you with the likeness of the princess, who is to be your wife. Let me go with you round the world, my prince, in search of this lovely creature.

I TOLD the king the cause of his distemper; and let him know it would be necessary for him and me to travel. His majesty agreed, and we set out from *Chiras* with a magnificent retinue. We travelled on to the city of *Gaznina*, where I left my prince, and departed.

departed for the kingdom of *Casmire*, to procure him the object of his wiſhes. After many days I came into this meadow. Pleaſed with the beauty of it, I alighted, ſat down, and fell aſleep. When I awoke, I ſaw fix white hinds, with blue ſatin houſings on their backs, and gold rings on their feet. They came to me, I ſtroaked them, and obſerved they wept. Then turned my eyes to the palace, I ſaw a beautiful lady, who beckon'd me to her. The hinds endeavour'd to ſtop me from going, by biting the bottom of my garment. But my love was too hard for my prudence. I went on, and the lady looked more beautiful near, than at a diſtance. She led me into a grand apartment, and ſat down by me on a ſoſa; then preſenting me with fruit, ſaid, "Raſh ſtranger, how dare you approach the palace of *Mehrefza*. Quit the human form this moment, and take that of a ſtag. Loſe thy ſpeech, but keep thy underſtanding, to make thee ſenſible of thy miſery."

I WAS immediately turned into a ſtag; a green ſatin houſing was put upon my back, and I was led into a large park, where there were above 200 more. In this ſituation I was inceſſantly tormented for *Farrukſchad*, whoſe deſires it was not now in my power to accompliſh.

ONE day eight or ten ladies came to walk in the park; one more beautiful than the reſt looking on the ſtags, ſaid, I heartily pity theſe poor wretches! What an inhuman creature is the princeſs of *Mehrefza*. In her abſence I am reſolved to do a charitable action. Go, mother, added ſhe, bring one of thoſe ſtags to me. Her governante conducted me to her miſtreſs, who order'd

order'd one of her slaves to gather a handful of a certain herb, which she bruised, and gave me, saying, " Oh young man, resume thy former shape !" Upon this I fell at the lady's feet. She asked my name, country, &c. I answer'd all her questions ; after which she said, I am the daughter of a prince. My name is *Gbulnaze*. She, who transformed you, is my elder sister. Nobody but I could have deliver'd you out of her hands. I fear her resentment. However, I will help you to make the prince your friend happy ; but this cannot be done without your passing for a *Dervis*. Therefore follow my directions. This said, she went to her wardrobe, and brought me the habit of a *Dervis*, a girdle, and a little ivory box filled with ointment. Take these things, continued she, and proceed to the city. But before you enter, rub your body with the ointment. Then tie on your magic girdle, and say you come in pilgrimage to *Casmire*, to see the great *Kesaya*, and they will conduct you to king *Togrulbey*, who will deliver you to the high-priest *Abran* : he will lead you to the pagod, whose palace is surrounded with a deep ditch, which boils without fire. On each side of it is a platform of steel plates red-hot. Then will *Abran* say, Oh phoenix of the age ! how many dangers have you passed before you could arrive here. *Kesaya* is hid ; men cannot behold him. You must pay your adorations here, and then return home.

You must reply, I would willingly see him. The high-priest will then tell you, that for so great an honour, you must cross the boiling water, and pass over the burning steel. The ointment, with which you must rub yourself, will make the water solid, and preserve you from being burnt. When you come to
Kesaya,

Kesaya, you must serve him a whole day. Then *Abran* will adopt you for his son. Stay with him, and while he is asleep, rub his body with the white powder I gave you, which will immediately kill him, and the king will make you his successor. When you are vested with this dignity, go to the prince of *Casmire*, who is given over by his physicians, pray over him, and he shall be cured. No more ; the rest depends upon your management.

. THIS, charming princess, adds *Symorgue*, is the artifice I used to cure you of the ill opinion you had of men ; and to prepare your heart for the most lovely of all princes. *Farruknaz* blushed, but forgave his imposture. Then he took *Farruknaz* by the hand, and led her into the palace, the beauty of which caused her admiration. He then led her into the park, where *Gbulnaze* restored above 300 stags to their natural form.

BUT how were *Symorgue* and the princesses surprized to find amongst them the prince *Farruckschad* ! My dear friend, says the prince of *Persia*, have I once more found you ? Yes, my lord, replied *Symorgue*, it is I ; and to compleat your happiness, I bring you the lovely princess of *Casmire*. This said, he conducted him to *Farruknaz*, whose likeness he had seen in a dream ; and the prince knew her to be the same person, whose image he had in remembrance.

WHILE *Farruckschad* was expressing the joy of his soul to the princess, *Gbulnaze* restored the white hinds to their natural shape, who all appeared to be amiable young ladies. These four then departed to the court of
Gaznina,

Gaznina, where that king married the prince of *Persia* to the princess of *Casmire*, and adopted him for his heir. He then gave *Symorgue* to *Ghulnaze*.

Not long after the old king died, and named *Far-rukshad* his successor. The prince of *Persia* ascended his throne; but being desirous to see his father, returned to *Chiras*, and left the government of *Gaznina* to *Symorgue*. The king of *Persia* dying soon after, *Far-rukshad* reigned in his stead.



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